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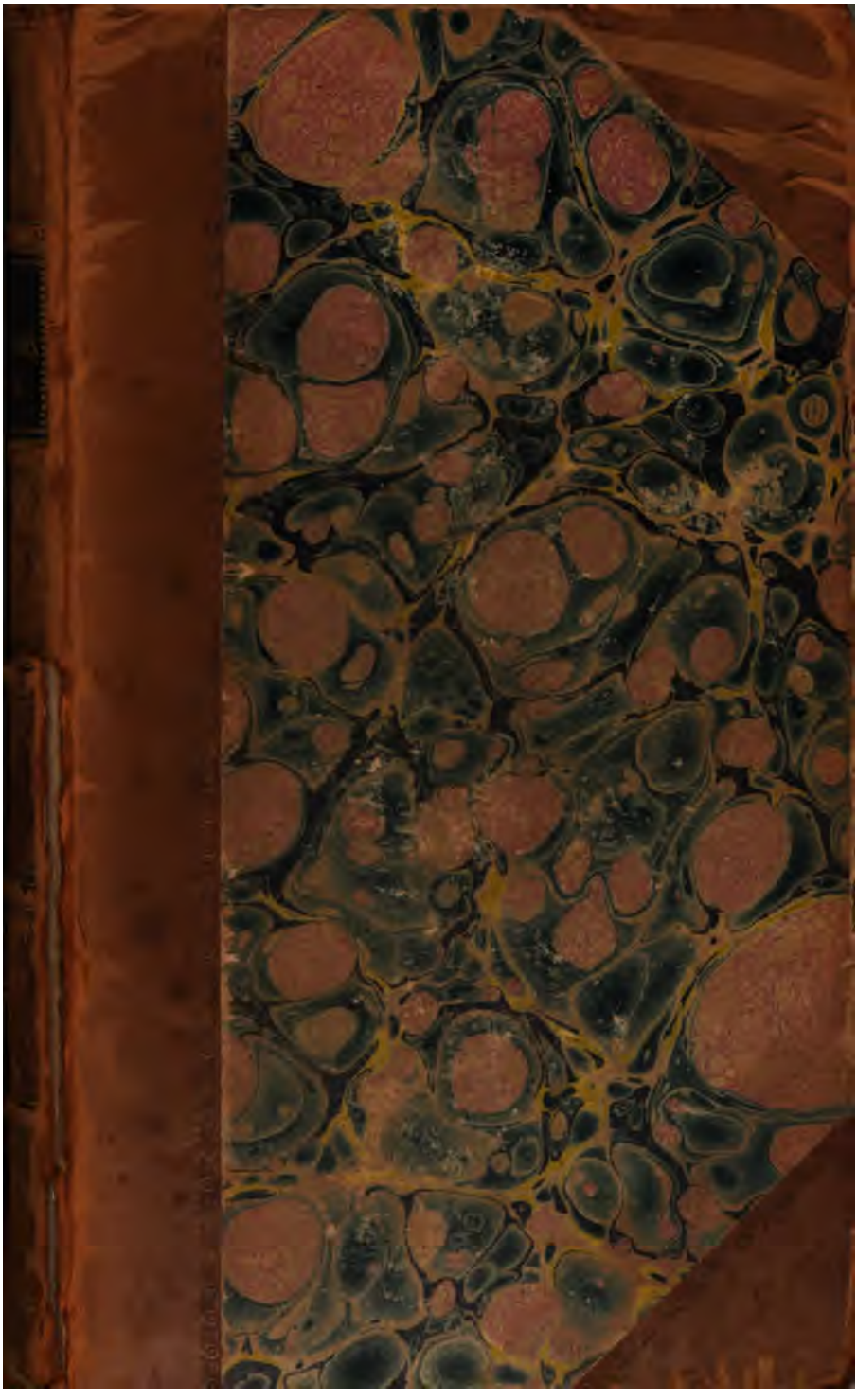

MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK.

Without female society, it has been justly said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Alembert makes a reflection that does honour to the female sex, and to his own feeling. "We are, in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman, when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities. Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still, if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival."

MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK,

CONTAINING

A Selection of approved Readings

IN

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

ADAPTED

TO THE FORMATION OF THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE

"YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK".

LONDON:

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

1834.

88.

J. MASTERS, PRINTER, 173, ALDERSGATE STREET.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

VICTORIA, DUCHESS OF KENT,

PRINCESS OF LEININGEN, &c.

This Volume

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

NOTICE.

The undisputed claim of the "YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK" *to a very extended share of literary and public patronage, induced the compilation of the present Volume, entitled* "MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK," *intended by the Editor as a presentation to his fair country-women.*

The paramount object of the Work will be sufficiently apparent to well-directed minds, and can need no detailed particulars:—in a word, to obviate any misconception, it was compiled with a view to advance the moral and intellectual culture of that sex which was evidently intended by the Creator to consummate the happiness of society, and the chief, if not the noblest ornament of our polished homes and unpolluted firesides.

Whether or not, in this sincere attempt, the Editor may one day have the assurance of believing he has succeeded, he yet feels it to be his privilege to "hope the best." His object is not "reward," or if it be, it must be the reward consequent on having rendered himself useful.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

VICTORIA! royal and benign,
A wreath of verse thy bard shall twine,
And welcome with this strain divine,
A poet's lay,
This season sacred to the Nine—
Thy natal day!

A merry month hath May been deemed
Since first an English garden gleamed,
Or England's fruitful bosom teem'd
With hidden stores,
Long ere the star of Brunswick beamed
On these glad shores!

Nor less than Nature's gladsome face,
Where no dark line of care we trace,
Thy royal presence sheds a grace
On these bright hours,
That lightly lead their joyous race
Through paths of flowers.

Illustrious maiden! not to thee
"Th' inviolate island of the free"
Would stoop the crest, or crook the knee,
In abject guise—
But hope that thou may'st reign, and be
Fair, good, and wise!

In these blest Isles where tuneful shells
Make vocal meads, and groves, and dells,
And Wordsworth's strain majestic swells
To patriot themes,
Here many a voice of fervour tells
The patriot's dreams!

And though the bard must soon lie low,
Insensate to the generous glow,
Yet shall his loyal song still flow
From mind to mind,
And foster flowers of hope that grow,
With love entwined!

When regal glory gems that brow,
So humbly meek and gentle now,
May England's haughty foemen bow,
And England's children brave,
The glory of their name avow,
The lords of land and wave!

May 24th, 1834.

PREFACE.

In submitting to the British Republic of Letters, especially to parents and guardians, as well as academicians of all classes and denominations, the first edition of the present volume, which, at the request of a highly talented lady of quality, is entitled "My Daughter's Book," I have but little to offer by way of apology; feeling that a publication like this should stand or fall upon its own merits.

In appealing, however, a second time to the enlightened mind, I am only treading in the beaten, if not flowery path, which abler and better schoolmen have done before; and in doing which, they evidently derived much real and substantial gratification. For when was a humble and sincere address, presented by the guardian angel of philanthropy, to the majesty

of the English people—PUBLIC OPINION—without an almost immediate and corresponding result? Experience has shown that these instances are indeed very rare, and never, without sufficient grounds, was the appeal suffered to remain unanswered.

The YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK made its appearance in January, 1832. The reception it met with by gentlemen of superior talents and learning, interested in similar publications, is known too well to require comment.

It would appear the affectation of modesty, were the Editor to conceal his delight in having secured the patronage of one who has been justly styled the Colossus of literature: to him indeed the possession of Lord Brougham's patronage was of itself a sufficient reward for labours at once severe and even perilous—sometimes painful and disheartening; but when, in addition to this, it has been his cheering lot to reap a gratifying harvest—to gather the fruit of that which was but prematurely sown—it would be more than ungrateful in him were he to withhold his acknowledgments to THE PUBLIC.

If the "YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK" be worthy of the popularity it has acquired, he feels, in common with all whose aim is the well-being of their species, more gratification at having rendered himself useful, by a laborious elementary compilation, than by pecuniary reward. And with this confession he concludes, confiding the present accompaniment to the former work to the candour of his patrons and friends.

THE EDITOR.

LONDON, JUNE, 1834.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view:
To memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So soft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart—and thence be still,
Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me wish for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last among the dripping dew
I wander'd silently. Lord Strangford.

MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK.

ON WOMAN.

A Brief Historical Notice of the Position of Women in Society. The various modes in which women have been treated, from the days of the Patriarchs to those of the Paladins, and from the days of the Paladins to those of the critics, is a subject of research at once curious, mournful, and amusing. Memorials of distinguished individuals afford but a fragmentary basis for speculation; but the history of the sex is the history of civilization. Lunar influences are not more immediately connected with the ebb and flow of the tide, than the rational estimate and education of women marks national progress or deterioration; not in the arts, nor yet in manners—but in the emancipation of the understanding from prejudice, in the recognition of principles, and in the desire to ameliorate the human condition. If the quantity of national comfort were made the simple test of civilization, and not the splendour of a court or the perfection of the arts, nearly all the history we have must be taken to pieces; Greece with her literary glories, Rome with her conquests from the rising to the setting sun, even Egypt with her temples, like the dreams of the Titans, must resign a large proportion of their fame. But if the treatment of women, another and yet more closely connected test, was instituted, Egypt would have to resign less than any other nation of antiquity—as, with every drawback, England would have to resign less now. The Spartan women were brutalized by the very laws; and if this be attributed to the savage state of the men,

Athens, in her palmiest state of literature and art, doomed the female citizens to ignorance, confinement, and obscurity. Cultivation was a luxury only to be obtained by the loss of character: a courtezan might be buried amongst heroes, and have her statue placed beside those of the gods; but the virtuous wives and mothers of those heroes were kept to the distaff and the spindle. The Romans, though abundantly austere, treated women better than the more imaginative Greeks; if a less refined, they were by far a more rational people; they had higher notions of female worth, had less petty jealousy, and nobly recognized the services of their matrons whenever rendered. In the east, however, where now women are most degraded, they were formerly treated with the most consideration. The Hebrews, as a people, were coarse and ignorant, what Moses emphatically called them, "rebellious and stiff-necked;" left to themselves, they would probably have treated females even worse than the brilliant Greeks and the austere Romans; it was their theocracy which lightened the feminine yoke, and gave women political consideration, by allowing them to inherit property in default of sons, and practically proved that souls are equal, by making them occasionally the recipients of the prophetic spirit, and instruments of divine government; at the same time, we never in the Old Testament read of any miracle being wrought by the hand of a woman. It does not appear that they were kept in confinement; they were allowed to assist in the construction of the tabernacle, and of their truly feminine offering (their brazen looking-glasses) was made the foot of the laver; they are mentioned by name as bound to become acquainted with the books of the law (Deut. xxxi. 12.), which law when first given to the Jews, comprised not only the Jewish religion, but their literature and their history. Leaving the Jews, none of whose merits are attributable to themselves, we find the Phœnicians, Babylonians, and the Carthaginians, treating their women in a superior manner, whilst the Egyptians excelled all the nations of antiquity. These were commercial nations; and it appears that in this respect, commerce, more than conquest or the arts, humanized the feelings, and enlarged the understanding. Women were not to them mere articles of show; the Phœnicians, and also the Egyptians, employed them in keeping accounts, and transacting business; amongst these nations, women were eligible for the supreme authority. In Egypt the princes kept the birthdays of their wives as well as their own; and in Babylon they associated with men in festal meetings. In Christian Europe woman has received every variety of treatment, having been esteemed as an angel, and drudged like an ass. Lord Byron's remark, that he would leap into a river after a woman,

but not hand her out of her carriage, is on a par with the chivalric system that led knights to do battle in honour of her fair eyes, but not to make her comfortable in daily life. The times that poetry and romance have consecrated, were not really those most favourable to female happiness: the *preux chevalier* served his mistress as the heathens of old served their idols, by slashing and slaying; they spent but little time in her society, and, except on grand occasions, she remained immersed in solitude. They fought for, and worshipped the species; but the individual was often coarsely treated, and was perpetually liable to the absurd charge of witchcraft. Francis I. has a right to be called the "gallant Francis," for he was the first who introduced ladies at court. The French have invariably claimed precedence in devotion to the sex; in parlance and manner, the claim may be allowed; in the sober facts of female freedom and consideration, they must yield to two very sober, matter-of-fact nations (commerce again)—the Americans and the English. French gallantry is even now what their loyalty was in *le grand monarque*—an affair of honour and a matter of taste. We mean no offence to this brilliant and good natured people; and we are not speaking of education, but of the national treatment of women in society, and of the customs and opinions concerning them. Our fashionable system of education is radically bad: we thank an anonymous French writer for characterizing it:—*nos pensionats de demoiselles, qui font des actrices ou des artistes, mais non des mères et des épouses*—but we have not yet acquired materials for a London companion to "*Les Intimes*," a book, which French critics inform us, is a too true picture of their "*métropole de la sociabilitié*," and which English feeling cannot yet tolerate. Woman has a mind equal in every respect to man, and though it may, and often does, lie under partial neglect, it by no means implies that women have not adequate understandings; or that they can never be brought to the same perfection as those of the male sex. Females have, in every age, kept pace in the improvement of their minds, in that proportion of proper indulgence and protection, which man, emphatically styled "their lord and master," has uniformly extended to them; nor is it at all surprising, that females seldom shone very conspicuously on the stage of life, while man,

"Who boldly bore the tyrant sway"—

withheld from them that rank and influence which their sex demanded, and which nature intended. The times are gone when it was thought a sin or a shame for a female to write a letter! The times are gone too, when it was thought impossible for a woman to learn Latin or Greek; this supposition has often

been demonstrated to be false, for females have not only approved themselves proficients in Latin and Greek, but also in Hebrew. We find, on reference to the page of history, that some women have displayed more mental exertion, and real intrepidity, than are often found in the other sex, Females have governed states—presided at councils—adjusted disputes; they have headed armies, and endured the toil of body and fatigue of mind, which are inseparable from protracted and arduous campaigns. In the literary world, the rank which female writers hold, is far from being inconsiderable. Dramatic compositions are justly considered the highest, and in this species of writing they have obtained a conspicuous place; nay, even in the more abstruse departments of science, philosophy, and the mathematics, they have excelled. The female mind has been found capable of reasoning on the hypothesis of Locke—of commenting on the various positions of Reid; and of expatiating on a proposition of Euclid, by the most subtle mathematical reasoning of a just arrangement of lines and circles. In general literature females hold a very respectable place; the works and names of More, Chapone, Rowe, Edgeworth, Smith, Centlivre, Barbauld, Inchbald, Macauley, Lady Mary, and Elizabeth Montague, Mary Howitt, &c., are too well known to require any comment. A modern poet has very poetically painted the silence that reigned in Paradise, ere lovely woman was introduced to the first of men:—

Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not what to say—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit sighed—'till WOMAN smil'd.

Woman certainly is the joy of life, rationally speaking; she is to man what the sun is to the world, cheering his brow of care, soothing his hours of sadness, and shedding beams of love on his soul in the hour of prosperity. Milton has beautifully described her, as she was presented to Adam in a state of beauty and innocence; to see her was to love her, and to love her was to respect and protect her.

WOMAN.

AYE, now I've lit upon a theme
Unbounded, thrilling, and supreme,
So let me try my mountain lore
In the oblivious theme once more;
For what is Bard, with all his art,
Who scorns to take the fair one's part,
And never hath in life perceived
(What once I sparingly believed)
That woman's fair and lovely breast
Was framed the sanctuary blest,

The home, all other homes above,
Of virtuous and of faithful love?
Sweet sex! I fear with all my zeal
I ne'er can laud you as I feel:
If nature's glowing hand imbue
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,
Stamp in thine eye the 'witching wile,
And light with love thy opening smile,
Ere prudence rises to thine aid,
A thousand snares for thee are laid;
While still to revel, wrong or right,
Among these snares is thy delight.
'Tis thus that thousands wreck'd, and hurl'd
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,
Regardless of creation's scorn,
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.
Oh! take not one degraded mind,
For model of dear womankind.
But let us rise in our compare
To beauties of the earth and air,
With their revenges—range the sea,
The wood, the waste, the galaxy,
And rather urge a parable
'Twixt rays of heaven and shades of hell,
Than woman's fair and virtuous fame
Should suffer but in thought or aim,
Or from her sacred temples fall
The smallest flower celestial.
Take woman as her God hath made her,
And not as mankind may degrade her.
Else as well may you take the storm,
In all its hideousness, to form
An estimate of nature's cheer,
And glories of the bounteous year:
As well compare the summer flower
With dark December's chilling shower,
Or summer morning, pearled with dew,
With winter's wan and deadly hue;
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,
With ocean when the tempest's blowing,
Then say, with proud discourtesy,
"This is the earth, and that the sea;
And this is woman—what you will
Please you to say, she's woman still;
And will be woman, more or less
A being prone to perverseness.
Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,
And hath not moral poet sung,
That men to war or business take,
But woman is at heart a rake?"
Injurious bard, such thing to say,
Degraded be thy shameless lay,
Such ruinous principle to own,
And damning dogma to lay down;
'Tis false:—woe to the blighted name
That would attach promiscuous blame
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,
And only view to generalize.
For me, I'm woman's slave confest—
Without her, hopeless and unblest;
And so are all, gainsay who can,
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile;

Even though he boasted monarch's name,
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely woman were away,
What were his life?—What could it be?—
A vapour on a shoreless sea;
A troubled cloud, in darkness toss'd,
Amongst the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale.
Without a steersman or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before,
Or hope of haven evermore:
A thing without a human tie,
Unlov'd to live, unwept to die.
Then let us own through nature's reign
Woman the light of her domain;
And if to maiden love not given,
The dearest bliss below the heaven,
At least due homage let us pay,
In rev'rence of a parent's sway,
To that dear sex whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill—
A motive that can never cloy,
Our glory, honour, and our joy;
And humbly on our bended knee
Acknowledge her supremacy. Hogg.

Fickleness of Woman.—The fickleness of woman is proverbial. Yet the reproach, in its usual acceptation, is in a great measure undeserved; for she is capable of long and steady attachment, and inconstancy is chargeable rather on the other sex. But though the heart is not in fault, the head perhaps is; and to inconstancy of opinion, though not of affection, women are, it is to be feared, somewhat liable. This proceeds in a great measure from inconsiderateness. They are apt to imbibe opinions rashly, and to abandon them precipitately; and they are ever ready to hear and to adopt whatever has the charm of novelty. The love of what is new is indeed natural to the sex. In many of their pursuits or pleasures, novelty is the attraction. A new dress, or a new song, is each in its way, thought very delightful. On the contrary, nothing is so ennuyant as sameness. This is especially felt by the woman of the world. Monotony is, above every thing, the object of her dread. The same faces weary her—beauty wearies her—and she often flies from the country for no better reason than because she is tired of flowers and green fields, and the unvaried dulness of the family circle. Modern ingenuity must, therefore, be exhausted to captivate her fancy; the town is a magazine of novelties, and the artist, as well as milliner, must supply the demand. Unhappily the same weakness is sometimes indulged in more serious matters. The appetite is still greedy, though the food is different; and the spiritual novelty is welcomed with the same avidity as once was the worldly bauble. Women, indeed, love

portents in every thing. A wonder, whatever it be, excites their interest; and extravagance seems with some, almost a recommendation. Religious persons, however, should be especially on their guard against this foible, lest their religion be identified with caprice, and be thought nothing more than a paroxysm of devotion, which will subside like any other fit. It is sterling principle alone which imparts stability, and which gives truth for a foundation and a guide; and she who is possessed of it may be depended on alike in all relations and circumstances. Her religion is no wayward fancy, no day-dream, no precocious and sickly plant, that springs up in the night and withers in an hour; its growth is sure and steady, though it may be slow; its roots are deep, and it will in time reach to heaven. There is an inconsistency observable in the female mind, for which allowance is not always made; and, on this account, the comparative estimate of the sexes is sometimes incorrect. Women have so much aptitude of talent: they can learn so many things, and are so dexterous in applying their knowledge; that their intellectual gifts are by some overrated, and regarded as quite on a level with those of the other sex. But strength and weakness are often sadly blended in the same individual; and an unsound judgment is found in many women, quite compatible with attainment. We are startled at the incongruity; we are surprised to see so much weakness combined with so much acquirement; and to meet a woman who can talk Greek, without being able to act common sense. Want of judgment is indeed, one of the most common defects in female character, and it is in discernment, rather than in capacity, that the inferiority of woman consists. She chose wrong at first, and liability of error seems entailed upon her. We see this repeatedly exemplified. It is where judgment is required that she is most apt to fail: and it is this, in part, which renders her so susceptible of religious error. All of us are apt to identify theoretical knowledge with spiritual discernment; yet it is very possible to talk well upon religion, to quote Scripture, to have a text for every occasion, to read the religious miscellany, and the religious controversy of the day, and yet be very ill grounded in divine truth. It is very possible to obtain credit for much piety, and yet to go wrong on the very points on which our judgment is least mistrusted. And it is in this way that some, apparently, conscientious persons not unfrequently mistake. They have in religion, as in other subjects, just that ready knowledge which is always producible, and which leads them to imagine themselves proficients in theology, and to obtain credit for being so, when, in fact, they are mere babes in spiritual experience. It is a refreshment when we do meet with those,—

and many such there doubtless are,—who are superior to all these faults. Such persons are not unconscious of their natural inferiority, nor of their individual defects, but they labour to improve the one and to correct the other. They have disciplined their mind in early youth, and they have gathered experience from the trials of life, and they afford a beautiful instance of steadiness and discretion. There have been examples of female excellence in every thing. We have heard of the heroine, and of the female martyr, of the woman of letters, and of the poetess. We are instructed by the recollection of Cornelia and Blandina, of the maids of Saragossa and of Orleans; and the legend of Sappho derives credit from our living reminiscences of Baillie, Hemans, and De Staël. But though these are instances of female superiority, greatness is not the characteristic of the sex. On the contrary, it is to be feared that littleness of mind is rather their peculiarity—and it is one which the habits of many women do not tend to correct. They are busied about little things, vexed by little cares, anxious about little occurrences. Some indeed, unhappily, seem to live but for trifles. Theirs is a youth of dress—an old age of cards and gossip. The only effort they make in the way of duty is, to order dinner, and, in the way of occupation, to work a flower, or read a novel. And when a becoming head-dress, or an agreeable partner, have ceased to be matters of interest, they fly to tittle-tattle, as to their only refuge from dulness.—*Mrs. Sandford.*

On the Relative Value of Good Sense and Beauty in the Female Sex.—Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they respect it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right. They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little merit a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. Important it is that the first impression we produce

should be favourable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principles as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those who, are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely with vain confidence on its irresistable power to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world"—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of the heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard. If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated

mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence. The favoured child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation, as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficient is the love which she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blanched rose, shall view through the vale of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

LADY JANE GREY.

MEEKLY and low she bows her gentle head,
While her wrapt soul ascends to God in pray'r—
And round her breast, a hallowing calm is spread,
For Faith is there!
Faith, pure and strong, which o'er that sinless heart
Sheds its warm sunshine and sustaining power;
And Hope and Love to that lone maid impart
One tearless hour!

Little knows she what life has yet in store!
But her young days have been one peaceful dream
Of all things fair—the glorious land of yore—
The mount—the stream—
Hallow'd by sage and minstrel! For their sake
The world around has pass'd unheeded by—
Oh! must she now in life's dark storms awake,
To mourn—and die?

Yes hapless Jane! the lightning's lurid flame,
That brightens ere it slays, around thee shone,
And, as in fitful glares its beamings came,
Revealed a throne.
And on that tottering throne, a moment seen,
While gathering clouds around it darkly swept,
Thou trembling sat'st, a victim and a queen,
Sat'st there, and wept.

The dungeon holds thee! He, the young, the brave,
Thy love, thy husband, pours his life-blood free,
And well thou know'st, the same uniting grave
Now waits for thee!
But ceased thy weeping now, and sooth'd thy fears,
Faith, hope, and virtue cheer thy spotless mind,—
And thou dost scorn that throne,—assum'd in tears,
In blood resign'd! J. WHITE.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN. Mrs. Hannah More, a writer of considerable celebrity, has declared, that among the talents, for the application of which women are peculiarly accountable, there is one, the importance of which they cannot rate too highly, and that is influence; for the general state of civilised society has a considerable dependence upon their prevailing habits and opinions. To women mankind are indebted for their very first impressions. The seeds of virtue or of vice are generally deposited in the infant heart by the mother, the nurse, or the female attendant; and when their fruits are kniting, at the approach to manhood, they may be blighted or mellowed by the female glance; for men are well aware, that their reputation is promoted by the favourable opinion of the other sex, and at every stage of life we may easily discover, that the opinion of a virtuous female commands, at least, a very respectful consideration. Although women have generally been the victims of injustice, yet in some parts of the world they have received the homage which was their due; the arts have frequently been called in as auxiliaries in the celebration of their virtues, and authors of the first respectability have done justice to their merits. Plutarch mentions an instance in which the women of a besieged city made its warriors blush, because of its dishonourable surrender; and others who seeing their relations fly before the enemy, secured the city gates, and compelled the recreants to turn in search of death or victory. During a civil war in Gaul, the women having thrown themselves between the contending armies, and effected a reconciliation, were afterwards honoured by admission to the public deliberations, and appointed arbitrators to the neighbouring states. During one of the Punic wars, the Carthaginian ladies cut off their hair to make bow-strings for the archers. At Rome, the husband received honour for his wounds in the estimation of his wife, at whose feet he deposited the spoils which he had taken from the enemy. In a single day Hortensia gave an example of eloquence to her own sex, courage to the men, and humanity to tyrants. Amongst the Jews we find Judith successfully reproving the desponding chieftains of Berbulin; a mother encouraging the last of her tortured children to be faithful unto death, and a group of pious women surrounding a Saviour's cross, when every man except the beloved disciple had deserted. In all ages and countries, the women have been more zealous than the men in making proselytes to their religious tenets. At communion I have generally observed four women for one of the other sex. They were women who first carried the Christian religion successfully to thrones, making their very charms subservient to the extension of the Gospel.

This was particularly the case in France, England, Poland, Prussia, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Germany, Bavaria, and other places. In the fourth century, St. Jerome was the zealous panegyrist of the female sex. His very style was softened and comfortable to the gentleness of his subject, when he treated of Marcella, Pantina, Eustochium, and other Roman ladies, who had embraced the greatest austerities of the Christian religion, and diligently applied themselves to the study of the Hebrew language, that they might the better understand the writings of the Jewish legislator. Mrs. More expresses an anxious hope, that in a country where her sex enjoys the advantages of a liberal education, reasonable legislation, pure religion, and all the endearing satisfaction of equal, virtuous, and social intercourse, women will not content themselves with polishing, when they are armed with powers to reform man—with captivating for a day, when they may be succesfully labouring for eternity. She has endeavoured to excite in them a spirit of generous enterprise, for the correction of public morals, and fanning the religious flame which has lately become so languid. She forcibly dwells upon the important advantages resulting from the united exertions of beauty, virtue, rank, and talents, in the indulgence of a patriotism which is at once both firm and perfectly consistent with all the delicacy of her sex.

Female Sentimentalists. There is a great deal of spurious sentiment in every thing. And the affectation or misapplication of feeling is far more prejudicial than its excess. Thus the sympathy which works of fiction excite, though it has in it something tender and romantic, by no means involves real feeling. The young woman who is versed in romances will, no doubt, acquire the language of sentiment. She will have a sigh and a tear for every occasion—a languishing look, and a nervous palpitation; she will condole with every tale of distress, and be exuberant, at least, in her professions of sympathy. She will even imagine it very pretty and picturesque to appear in a cottage, to drop a guinea on a poor man's table, and to receive, with blushing modesty, his lavish thanks. But when the effort is really to be made—when she finds that charity involves self-denial and exertion—that she must rise from her luxurious couch, and soil her silken sandals, and encounter, perhaps, rudeness and ingratitude from the objects of her relief; and that all this is to be done without observation or applause; that there is no one to overhear her silver voice, or to watch her gliding footsteps, or to trace her fairy form as she passes down the village street—then her philanthropic ardour cools—she shrinks from the painful duty, and discovers that what is very interesting and poetic in description is very dull and irksome in practice. The

very morbidness of her sensibility is a bar to the real exercise of benevolence; she cannot bear to look upon pain: there is so much that is offensive in human misery, and unromantic in its detail; there is so much that is appalling in scenes of misery, and sickness, and death, that she recoils from the mere observation of such calamities, and shuts her eyes and closes her ears to genuine distress, from the same feelings that cause her to scream at the approach of a spider, or faint at the sight of blood. Yet she delights to nurse imaginary griefs, to live in an ideal world, and so to pamper her fancy, and excite her sensibility, that they alone become to her prolific sources of unhappiness. There is a romance in grief which is highly poetic. There is something sublime in the extremity of human woe. Who does not feel its pathos when he reads of Antigone or of Hecuba, of the daughter of Aiah, or of the widow of Nain? Who does not feel it when he witnesses or experiences the too frequent tragedies of ordinary life? Yet here there is also danger in the indulgence of sentiment. There may be a pride in the excess of grief. There may be a luxury in the exuberance of tears. There may be a dreaming trance, in which the sufferers find almost pleasure, and from which they will not descend. And thus they may shroud themselves in their grief, and discard every thing which would divert them from its contemplation, and indulge in a fond and sentimental reverie, which they may almost imagine it a desecration to disturb. This is not unfrequently the case with women whose minds are sensitive, but weak, and who seem to make a merit of giving way to sorrow. But it is a perversion of feeling, not its consequence. For that sentiment is, in reality, most intense that does not indulge itself in expression; that grief most affecting that is not selfish; that emotion most noble and sublime that elevates not to ecstasy, but to exertion,—that does not spend itself in weeping over a tomb, or in wailing a coronach, but sends the mourner forth in modest, quiet, unobtrusive sorrow, to encounter again the trials of life, and to fulfil its obligations.

FEMALE SPLENETIC. There are a thousand ways of being disagreeable, and of being so with full effect; but we will suppose our present proficient in the "art of ingeniously tormenting" to be a married woman, and newly married, in order to account for the undue attention paid to her caprices. After innumerable objections and delays on the part of this privileged tormentor, imagine a "rural excursion" planned, and the party formed; the latter consisting of the obsequious husband, his much-enduring sister, and the bride's-maid, and groom's-man, who are lovers for the time being. The simple-minded reader may fancy, too, that out of such harmonious materials it would

be difficult to manufacture discord; alas! "full little doth he know that hath not tried," or rather been tried! On the eventful morning, when every thing is in its "gayest, happiest attitude," and the expectations of the whole party are as highly raised as their spirits, their evil-genius comes down to breakfast with an intolerable head-ache, (a gentleman's pain when he is jealous, and a lady's whenever she wants an excuse for an ill-humour,) sympathy—*eau de Cologne*, even *eau de vie*—are applied in vain;—the head-ache is obstinate,—but the lady will not deprive others of pleasure; the carriages are ordered to the door, and, with an air of martyr-like resignation, she takes her seat in the chaise between her husband and sister-in-law. The unmarried pair follow in a gig. When a short time has elapsed, and the lovers are deeply engrossed in interesting conversation, the tormentor discovers that the noise of the carriage wheels increases her head-ache; that riding with the windows up makes her sick, and that riding with them down gives her a pain in her face. She accordingly displaces the bride's-maid, but has, of course, an insurmountable dread of her husband's driving. This new arrangement and division of companions, having sufficiently damped the general spirit of enjoyment, by the time the party arrive at the place of destination, matters are in admirable training for the vagaries of the unhappy heroine. If the scenery is characterized by wild grandeur, she is warm in praise of a flat and fertile country; if she is called upon to admire a picturesque ruin, she either eulogises some modern mansion, or is insufferable in her recollections of a finer relic a hundred miles off. If the object of interest is a nobleman's park, she has either "no taste for the beauties of nature," or, her pleasures are of "a social and domestic character;" if a magnificent collection of pictures is submitted to her inspection, she regrets her inability to see the value of "coloured canvass," or meekly declares that *she* has no genius—plain common sense suffices *her*;" and so on throughout the regular vocabulary of spiteful innuendo. If by chance she does admire any thing, it is invariably what the rest of the party declare to be worthless, while the things they approve are in her sight perfectly execrable. The only objects she wishes to see are those which her companions have seen before, or have no curiosity to see at all. But dinner is our heroine's hour of triumph. That every single dish should be badly cooked is a matter of course,—"this is of no consequence to *her*,—*she* is not nice, thank God!—a crust is sufficient—but she does think *some one* need not have ordered the two things she particularly detests:" it may be that on this occasion "some unnatural tears she sheds:" the obnoxious viands (sure to be the greatest delicacies at table) are removed,

and harmony is restored. Alas! no such luck; a complete damp has been thrown over the party; conversation languishes; on the husband's brow is a frown, caused by, and correspondent with, that on his lady's; the lovers sigh over the past, and the unfortunate sister dreads the future! Should the weather prove cloudy, the lady-wife is vehement in her regrets that some other day had not been chosen, and becomes poetical in her descriptions of parties of pleasure in which she bore a part—"before she was married." This clause is followed by a sigh, intended for her lord's private hearing. Should, however, the weather, scenery, and dinner, be obstinately *comme il faut*, as a last resource, her morning head-ache returns with redoubled violence: she cannot stir—she dare not be left alone—if the lovers effect their escape from the scene of torment, the sister and the husband must remain behind, and fail, even then, in alleviating either her fancied pain, or real pettishness. If they converse with each other, the "noise goes through her head,"—if silent, they take "*no* pains to amuse her,"—if the gentleman laughs, "he has no feeling,"—if he looks serious, "he makes her low spirited," and thus she goes on through the interminable *et cetera* of complaints. The ride home is in character: she is suddenly seized with fears lest her bride's-maid should take cold in the night-air, and insists on the gentlemen occupying the gig, and enjoying the moon-light ride together. She, herself, either falls asleep, or maintains a sulky silence, broken at intervals by grievous sighs; but the probability is, that arrived at home, the time of tormenting being expired, her spirits and good humour return, and she suddenly discovers that there was beauty and delight in the very objects which, at the time, she pronounced "flat, stale, and unprofitable!" Thus to dissent, to disapprove, to contradict, are sure means of spoiling a party of pleasure; methods, too, of such easy practice, that neither wit nor wisdom, mind nor manner, is requisite; in short, nothing more than a tolerable stock of SELFISHNESS and ILL HUMOUR!

LAMENT FOR MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

AND has that more than angel form
Been traced within the traitor's toil,
And doth she tremble 'neath the storm
In yonder rugged, ruined pile?*
Built on a narrow, nameless isle,
Where dove-ey'd Pity ne'er was found;
And doth she waste her seraph smile
On trembling, weeping menials round?

* Lochleven Castle.

Yes! they who bared their battle brands,
And sware by heaven for her to die,
Have lifted sacrilegious hands
Against the Sovereign's liberty:
The radiance of her regal eye,
Though heaven lift, no impression made;
Lost was her sweet, her suppliant sigh,
On ruthless soul, to honour dead!

It chills my soul to think of thee,
So late the flower of Gallia's plains,
Where belted heroes bent the knee,
And princes held the bridle reins;
And poets sung in rapturous strains,
And sages praised in accents bland;
And monarchs, led in willing chains,
Contended for the peerless hand.

Loved princess! late in regal pride,
From pleasure's chalice thou didst drink;
But fiends have dash'd the cup aside,
And urged thee o'er destruction's brink:
But late these felons did not think
A gem too rare to deck thy crown;
And now, sweet captive, thou must shrink
'Neath an audacious rebel's frown.

But sacred truth shall yet arise,
And justice shall not always sleep;
And their unhallowed memories
In scorn's putrescent pool shall steep.
And execrations, loud and deep,
Shall fall on thy relentless foes;
While countless thousands yet shall weep
O'er all thy wrongs and all thy woes.

On Female Romance. Most women are inclined to be romantic. This tendency is not confined to the young or to the beautiful; to the intellectual or to the refined. Every woman, capable of strong feeling, is susceptible of romance; and though its degree may depend on external circumstances, or education, or station, or excitement, it generally exists, and requires only a stimulus for its developement. Romance is, indeed, the charm of female character. Without it, no woman can be interesting; and, though its excess is a weakness, and one which receives but little indulgence, there is nothing truly generous or disinterested, which does not imply its existence. It is that poetry of sentiment which imparts to character, or incident, something of the beautiful or the sublime; which elevates us to a higher sphere; which gives an ardour to affection, and a life to thought, and a glow to imagination; and which lends so warm and sunny a hue to the portraiture of life, that it ceases to appear the vulgar, and cold, and dull, and

monotonous reality, which common sense alone would make it. But it is this opposition between romance and sobriety, that excites so strong a prejudice against the former. It is associated in the minds of many with folly alone. A romantic, silly girl, is the object of their contempt; and they so recoil from this personification of sentiment, that their chief object seems to be to divest themselves altogether of its delusion. Life is to them a mere calculation; expediency is their maxim, propriety their rule; profit, ease, or comfort, their aim: and they have at least this advantage,—that while minds of higher tone, and hearts of superior sensibility, are often harassed and wounded, and even withered, in their passage through life, they proceed in their adventurous career, neither chilled by the coldness, nor sickened by the meanness, nor disappointed by the selfishness of the world. They virtually admit, though they often theoretically deny, the baseness of human nature; and, strangers to disinterestedness themselves, they do not expect to meet with it in others. They are content with a low degree of enjoyment, and are thus exempted from much poignant suffering; and it is only when the casual ties of life interfere with their individual ease, that we can perceive that they are not altogether insensible. A good deal of this phlegmatic disposition exists in many who are capable of higher feeling. Such persons are so afraid of sensibility, that they repress in themselves every thing that savours of it; and, though we may occasionally detect it in the mounting flush, or in the glistening tear, or in the half-stifled sigh, it is in vain that we endeavour to elicit any more explicit avowal. They are ashamed of what they do betray, and one would imagine that the imputation of sensibility were almost a reflection on their character. They must not feel, or at least they must not allow that they feel; for feeling has led so many persons wrong, that decorum can be preserved, they think, only by indifference. And they end in becoming really as callous as they wish to appear; and stifle emotion so successfully, that at length it ceases to give them uneasiness. Such is often the case with many who pass through life with great decorum; and though women have naturally more sensibility than the other sex, they, too, sometimes, consider its indulgence altogether wrong. Yet, if its excess be foolish, it is surely a mistake to attempt to suppress it altogether; for such attempt will either produce a dangerous revulsion, or, if successful, will spoil the character. One would rather almost that a woman were never so romantic, than that she always thought, and felt, and spoke by rule; and should deem it preferable that her sensibility brought upon her occasional distress, than that she always calculated the degree of her feeling. Life has its romance, and to

this it owes much of its charm. It is not that every woman is a heroine, and every individual history a novel; but there are scenes and incidents in real life so peculiar, and often so poetic, that we need not be indebted to fiction for the developement of romance. Christians will trace such scenes and incidents immediately to Providence, and they do so with affectionate and confiding hearts; and the more affecting or remarkable these may be, the more clearly do they recognise the Divine interference. They regard them as reminiscences of heaven, to recall to them their connexion with it, and remind them, that, whatever there may be to interest or excite their feelings here, there is infinitely more to affect and warm their hearts in the glorious and glowing prospects beyond. It is natural that women should be very susceptible to such impressions; that they should view life with almost a poetic eye; and that they should be peculiarly sensitive to its vicissitudes. And though a Quixotic quest after adventures is as silly as it is vain; and to invest every trifle with importance, or to see something marvellous in every incident, is very preposterous; there is no reason why the imagination should not grasp whatever is picturesque, and the mind dwell upon whatever is impressive, and the heart warm with whatever is affecting in the changes and chances of our pilgrimage. There is, indeed, a great deal of what is low and mean in whatever is connected with this world,—quite enough to sully the most glowing picture; but let us sometimes view life with its golden tints,—let us sometimes taste its ambrosial dews,—let us sometimes breathe its more ethereal atmosphere: and let us do so, not as satisfied with any thing it can afford,—not as entranced by any of its illusions; but as those who catch, even in this dull mirror, a shadowy delineation of a brighter world, and who pant for what is pure, celestial, and eternal. This is surely better than clipping the wings of imagination, or restraining the impulses of feeling, or reducing all our joys and sorrows to mere matters of calculation or of sense. They are, indeed, to be pitied who err in the opposite extreme, whose happiness or misery is entirely ideal; but we have within us such a capacity of both, independent of all outward circumstance, and such a power of extracting either from every circumstance, that it is surely wiser to discipline such a faculty, than to disallow its influence. Youth is, of course, the season for romance. Its buoyant spirit must soar, till weighed down by earthly care. It is in youth that the feelings are warm, and the fancy fresh; and that there has been no blight to chill the one or to wither the other. And it is in youth that hope lends its cheering ray, and love its genial influence; and that our friends smile upon us, and our companions do not cross us, and our parents are still at

hand to cherish us in their bosoms, and sympathise in all our young and ardent feelings. It is then that the world seems so fair, and our fellow-men so kind, that we charge with spleen any who would prepare us for disappointment, and accuse those of misanthropy who would warn our too-confiding hearts. And though, in maturer life, we may smile at the romance of youth, and lament, perhaps, its aberrations, yet must we often regret the depth of our young emotions, the disinterestedness of our young affections, and that enthusiasm of purpose, which alas! we soon grow too wise to cherish. Young women are peculiarly liable to enthusiasm of every kind. They are so gentle, and so tender, and so imaginative; and they have often so much leisure to indulge in reveries and ecstasies, that it is not to be wondered at that they should be occasionally somewhat visionary. Yet their extravagance has contributed more than any thing else to bring discredit upon sentiment. Its affectation often sickens more even than its folly. It is so distressing to see a young woman sighing, and weeping, and dreaming away her existence; one moment in an hysteric, and another in a faint; always getting up a scene, or supporting a part, that one is almost prepared to accede to any tirade against sentiment, the caricature of which is so truly absurd. Young women should be taught the folly of sentimentalism. They should be taught, that though it is a very right thing, and a very serious thing, to feel, it is a very wrong thing, and a very silly thing, to be languishing and affected. They should learn to look at life through a faithful medium; to see its long perspective in all its true variety of light and shade, of what is beautiful and what is depressing. And if, even while they allow the preponderance to the latter, their eye will still seek out and linger on some few bright spots, and their young anticipations will scarcely submit to be sobered by any thing but by their own experience, they should, on this account especially, learn to stretch their view beyond this earthly prospect, to rest their sight upon a far distant land, where there is, indeed, every thing to transport, and every thing to satisfy; where there are scenes too vivid for imagination to paint, and pleasures too sublime for intellect to conceive. The romance of youth is naturally associated with that of love; and it is the intimacy of their union, and the inconsequences which frequently result from the latter, that may, in some degree, account for the horror which certain persons entertain of sentiment. A romantic girl is concluded to be in love, or ready to become so. She is, in her own imagination, a lady of romance; and her sensibility is the cause of a thousand follies, if not of more serious aberrations. Love seems to her such a pleasing dream; it is iden-

tified with so many soft and sweet emotions, and associated with so many picturesque and pretty things; with the interesting flutter, and the speaking sigh; with music, and poetry, and moonlight, and a cottage, that her foolish heart welcomes its very name; and she courts the tender passion till she is, or affects to be, its victim. And no wonder, then, that she cherishes it, be it ever so incongruous. Opposition is its nourishment, for it is her ambition to be a heroine; and, though she might disdain her inamorato were he admitted to her mother's drawing room, she will think him irresistible as she smiles on him from a garret; and will nurse and pamper her capricious and wayward fancy, till it becomes a dangerous disease. And even without such excess, there is often a great deal that is foolish and sentimental in young women, which the modish coquetry and silly vanity of the world tend too much to encourage. To be the object of admiration and remark; to talk over in the morning coterie the flirtations of the evening assembly; to be absorbed by a Platonic sentiment, may seem, at the time, very interesting. But these are often the beginnings of sorrow. If love has rendered many women very unhappy, and some very criminal; if that, which may be the fountain of a woman's joy, becomes to her, too often, only a source of misery; if, instead of leading a contented and useful life, she pines away in chagrin, or languishes in inertness, or becomes at once an object of pity and of blame;—this is often attributable to the mere gratification of a paltry ambition, or to the indulgence of a morbid sentimentalism, which a little energy and a little common sense would soon have subdued. She has talked and amused herself into love, and has affected the symptoms, till they have really taken possession of her heart. A little wholesome occupation is by far the best cure for this fantasy. It is the best remedy both for sickly fancies and for real grief; and persons, even of superior intelligence and high religious feeling, need and experience its efficacy in the latter; and for the hypochondriasis of love it is an infallible specific, and those who have not recourse to it are wilful suicides. Yet it is a better preventive even than it is a cure; and to keep the mind well exercised, and the body actively engaged, is an effectual antidote to the extravagances of sentiment, or the inconsequences of romantic passion. Still, however silly sentimentalism may be, an attempt to reduce to cold calculation the warm affections of youth is very unwise, as well as for the most part very futile. The follies of romantic persons are often attributable to such treatment. It is precisely the girl who has been daily schooled in lessons of mere worldly prudence—who has been told that love exists only in the reveries of poets—and that it is highly

indecorous and wrong ever to entertain such a sentiment, who will listen to the first fond tale, and will give away her heart to the first bold bidder, and who will fancy that there can be nothing so interesting and delightful as a descent on a rope ladder, or a flight to the Tweed. Or if she is so credulous and so docile as to believe and follow her instructors, how certain are they to render her unhappy! They will lead her to take the most important step in life with the same indifference, and for the same reasons, as she would accept a partner or conclude a bargain; and she will then have to experience all the bitterness, and be exposed to all the dangers of a life without sympathy, and of an union without affection. And why deprive life of its softest charm, and woman of her loveliest attraction? Is there any sentiment so sweet as that which unites those who virtuously and truly love; which identifies their hopes, their joys, their prospects; which inspires the weaker with affiance, the stronger with sympathy; which becomes more pure, more disinterested, more intense, the longer it is experienced; and which, looking beyond the narrow span of this earthly existence, longs for its renewal in a brighter world? And is there any thing which can compensate for the want of such a sentiment in woman? She may amuse, or dazzle, or look pretty; she may show off well in a drawing-room, and gratify for a while the vanity that selected her; but her brilliancy cannot compensate for her indifference: nor can she inspire an exalted sentiment, who is herself incapable of feeling it. What but love can dictate the amenities so essential to domestic happiness,—can excuse mutual faults,—can drive away dullness, and give interest to duty,—can lighten every burden, and enhance every pleasure,—can sweeten every thing bitter, and render more grateful every thing sweet? Love is, indeed, the golden thread which imparts richness and value to the coarsest woof,—and happier, far happier are they, who, with love in their hearts, encounter many a shock, and cope with many a struggle, than they who, soured by mutual disesteem, find even their luxurious indolence fatiguing, and their costly pleasures disappointing and tasteless. It were well that young women should feel that affection is a thing too precious to be thrown away, and too serious to be trifled with. They may, and probably they will, love; and, if the object be worthy of their regard, the more deep and sincere the sentiment, the more likely it is to make them happy.—*Mrs. Sandford.*

THE VIRGIN MARY'S EVENING SONG.

CHILD of beauty, brightness, power!
Sleep, it is the evening hour!
Sleep, though rude thy chamber round,
Fear not, this is holy ground;
Viewless watchers hover here,
Angel-bands are bending near.

Child of mystery and might,
What can all thee, babe, to-night?
Infant, tender, pure, and pale,
Rosebud, delicate and frail.
Ah! I see upon thy brow
Some uneasy feeling now;
And thy quiet falling tears
Wake my heart's foreboding fears.

Child of high and holy love,
Thou hast left thy bower above:
Come, then, to an humbler nest,
On thy mortal mother's breast;
Wherefore still thy murmurs heard,
Wherefore fluttering, timid bird?
Is it my rude songs that break
Dreams from which thou would'st not wake?
Are the angel-hymns on high
Softer than a mother's sigh?

Child of heaven! a lowlier lay,
It were meet for me to pay;
Gem of glory, fount of bliss,
Borne upon a breast like this;
Holy as thou art and dear,
May I love thee without fear?
Oh! too beautiful thou art
Thus to slumber on my heart;
Yet, while thus our arms entwine,
Thou art mine—for ever, mine! J.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION. The subject of education has been so frequently discussed, that little novelty can be expected. A celebrated divine has proposed, that even infants should receive moral and religious impressions; that useful learning should be more attended to than the parade of ornamental erudition; and that, in the education of females, the art of pleasing, not by personal allurements, but by good sense and cheerfulness, should be diligently inculcated. Referring to music, dancing, and drawing, he says, "They are letters of recommendation, and dispose us at first sight to think well of the possessor; but their influence extends no farther: unless they are accompanied by higher attainments, they produce

neither esteem nor love. The most useful, and in my judgment, the most bewitching accomplishment a lady can possess, is the only one which by common consent is left entirely to chance. Conversational talent is really essential, for it is wanted almost every hour of the day, and is not the less pleasing because it makes no pretensions. Beauty itself is not half so engaging as a soft and pleasing manner of speaking in a young woman, because it always indicates a gentle and amiable disposition; and where it is combined with a beautiful person and a moderate share of intellect, it is absolutely irresistible. Strange as it may appear, it is frequently found by those who seek not for it, and is generally missed by those who wish to find it. Whether parents wish to make their children happy or highly accomplished, they must lay the same foundation; they must endeavour to make them good. Root out of their nature every thought that rests in selfish gratifications, and let their happiness consist in pleasing God, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow-creatures; do this, and you will make them cheerful, animated, and happy; you will heighten their charms if they should be beautiful, and throw a veil over their bodily deformities, if they should be otherwise. You will endow them with the highest and best of all accomplishments—the power of making all men pleased with them, and best fit them to distinguish themselves in the world by their talents, by giving them the power of keeping their thoughts under the control of their reason.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND. It might seem that the accomplishments, and the various modes of occupying time, universally taught to our young women now, would have been more usefully and necessarily bestowed at a period when the whole female sex lived so much more in seclusion, both from the interruptions and from the improvement arising from worldly society. Certain it is, that, generally speaking, they possessed few of the means of self-amusement, now in the hands of almost all the world. Music was cultivated by none excepting those whose strong natural taste and talent for it, made them overcome all obstacles in its pursuit. Drawing, or any taste for the fine arts, seems never to have been thought of, either as an employment of the hands, or a cultivation of the mind; although such a taste is, perhaps, the more peculiarly desirable for woman, because it furnishes a source of conversation free from scandal, and from all idle and vulgar enquiries into the affairs of others. No woman, really possessing such a taste, will ever be a gossip. Reading, except for some express purpose, was hardly esteemed an amusement among the young men of the world, far less

among the young women. The romances of the day, unlike the modern furniture of a circulating library, were serious voluminous works, whose perusal was scarcely undertaken except by those who had a turn for study and solitary occupations in the long leisure of a country life. The divine poetry of Milton (as has been justly observed by a modern critic) was little celebrated, not from an absence of taste, but from a paucity of readers. Letter-writing, according to modern habits, was practised for many years at this period. In spite, therefore, of the numberless tapestry, chairs, carpets, beds and hangings, now for the most part discarded in rags from the garrets of their granddaughters, an unsatisfied curiosity yet remains as to the amusements of the younger women, whose fortune and rank elevated them above the common every-day household cares of existence. The private letters of the times, yet preserved, for the very reasons above mentioned, furnish us with little information. Those that are not written expressly on some family business, evince none of the ease in composition, so necessary for familiar details. They all betray a great ignorance of the language, of its grammar and its spelling, and often, a want of facility in the mechanical part of writing, which proves how little it was practised. Whatever may be said respecting the march of intellect, it must readily be admitted that the present system forms a glorious contrast with that which is described above.

Education of English Females of Rank. An English young lady at sixteen or seventeen years of age, sometimes sooner, goes from a boarding school into the world—(you know what a boarding school is;) the governess with whom she has lived ever since her childhood (except during the holidays) restores her to her parents, who, frequently the same day, introduce her to their friends, of whom she knows a little by a few cold caresses she has received from them in her mamma's drawing-room, when at home for the holidays, before being brought out. She knows very well how to conduct herself at church, repeat her prayers, and note down the heads of the sermon. She has a hundred ways of recommending herself to the world for her devotion to the religion she professes—her own conscience, and the patroness of the Bible Society to which she belongs. She has read, at least once, all the popular novels; she knows a number of extraordinary tricks which lords and ladies play in the fashionable world; she is ignorant of none of those little flirtations with which the imagination and judgment of girls are exercised; she can paint flowers, and adorn chimney-pieces with straw and gilt paper, and other nick-knacks, as elegantly as a supplier to one of the bazaars. Perhaps she also knows how to embroider a flower on muslin in worsted or satin-

stitch, to work *en appliquée*, making bead-bracelets, and even gentlemen's watch-guards. She has been taught in the dancing room how to walk a quadrille, and in the coach-house how to step into a carriage; gives admirable stares, and inimitable nods. Lastly, if she is found to have no taste or talents for music, the singing-master must bestow the more pains in teaching her to *sol-fa*, and she will scream most confidently little opera airs, and play long concertos. Think, madam, how wonderful are the knowledge and acquirements of a young English lady of rank who has been fashionably educated! The mother exults in introducing a daughter so well tutored to play her character—affirms she is all talent, beauty, and elegance—completely finished—an absolute phœnix. The young lady, enriched with so many perfections, finds herself the leader of a numerous and flattering set of acquaintance—is presented at Almack's—goes to every party—devotes herself to fashion—and is advised by her mamma to become the bride of the most eligible man that offers before the close of the season.

THE GOVERNESS. There is no class of people I pity so much as those unhappy creatures called Governesses, who, equally removed from those above and below them, hold little communion with any human being. A line of demarcation appears to be drawn between them and the rest of their species. They seem to exist but for others, since their own feelings go for nothing: their best days are destined to be spent in servitude, their declining ones most probably in want and misery! and yet to these unfortunate beings do we commit the most sacred of duties. To these persons, whom we consider as unfit for our own society, we entrust the sole care of our offspring; that child who is the centre of all our hopes, the rallying point of all our wishes, for whom we live and for whom we would die, is given up to the sole charge of her whose mere presence in our drawing-room would be considered as the height of intrusion. Strange inconsistency! that those whom we deem unfit for our own society we should, nevertheless, consider proper for that of our children, at that ductile period of existence when the mind takes its colour from what surrounds it. These reflections have arisen from a circumstance which has just occurred within the limits of my acquaintance. A gentleman, whose fortune had been acquired by trade, bought a domain in the neighbourhood of the village of Tinholit; and, had his ancestors been in possession of the estate as long as those of the person from whom he purchased it, Mr. Grubly could not hav been prouder of the dignity attached to being lord of the manor I pardon him for that weakness; something must be conceded to the novelty of his situation, and to the agreeable contrast be-

tween Pentonville and Yorkshire; but there are other weaknesses attached to the Grubly family, which are neither so harmless nor so respectable, consequently not so easy to be tolerated. Amongst the most ludicrous of their follies is the conviction that, whatever they possess is the very best of its kind, and that no one can have any thing like it. Mr. Grubly's wine has been longer in bottle than any one's else; Mr. Grubly's plate is quite as fine as the king's; nay, I do not know if his majesty had not expressed something very like envy when he accidentally saw it; his horses are splendid; his cook would shame Ude; and his chairs cost more than those at Crockford's. Nor is Mrs. Grubly behind hand with her worthy lord; every thing is perfect in her department: her diamonds are finer than the Duchess of R.'s; her flower garden is superior to White Knight's; and Maria Antoinette, in her brightest of days, had not such a toilette. Following up this principle, the education of their children was to be equally complete: but where should they find that perfect creature who was to superintend that of their daughters? This was the question which occupied their minds one day when I called on Mrs. Grubly. "My dear Mrs. ——, do you happen to know of a governess?" exclaimed that lady as soon as I was seated, "I know nothing is so difficult to find. She must be a perfect lady, accustomed to the very best society, yet contented never to leave the school room. She must be *au fait* at, and know, every thing; she must be mistress of the harp and piano, speak every language, ancient and modern, and be a complete artist." Mrs. Grubly here stopped for want of power to go on. "Nothing short of this will do," she continued; "but the thing is, where shall I find such a being? for you well know nothing but perfection will suit Mr. Grubly and myself." I confessed I thought it a hopeless case. "Nay, my dear," she answered, "why should we despair, who are so fortunate in every other department?" In a short time I received a note from Mrs. Grubly, informing me of her good luck in having discovered exactly the person she wanted; nay, she was more than she required, and surpassed the catalogue of perfections before enumerated; was quite lovely in person, refined in manners, and, to crown all, had been recommended by the Countess of ——. Now I happen to hate perfection, or rather what is in this world called so; and I therefore concluded that the charming governess must have a thousand bad qualities to redeem so many good ones. With this impression I set out to see Mrs. Grubly and the paragon: but I soon confessed my error. Miss Foxton was lovely in the best sense of the word: her beauty was not of feature, but of mind. Milton, in describing the loveliness of

Eve, dwells neither on form, feature, nor complexion; so should I have depicted Emily Foxton: it was grace, it was dignity, it was feeling. One forgot to look at the shape of her mouth, or to discover the colour of her eyes, for the beautiful smile of the one, and the expression of the other, won our admiration: one felt she was beautiful, and became impressed with the truth of the remark, that

> "It is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full result of all."

Her manners and acquirements too were equal to her personal charms. "Is she not perfect?" cried Mrs. Grubly, "You see how fortunate I always am: my children adore her, that's the great point; even John, who cannot bear governesses, says she is endurable: a great deal from him: and then her principles, my dear madam!" Some months rolled away. I left the village, and on my return, after a long absence, found the scene changed. "Mrs. Grubly," said I on my first visit to that lady, "where is the amiable Miss Foxton?"—"Where is she? O, the shocking creature! have you not heard? oh, you will never believe it!—John actually fell in love with her!" Now, as I happened to think this was the very best thing that could befall the said John; and, moreover, had no idea that he had soul enough to admire any thing so charming and so superior to himself, my countenance, I fancy, did not express all the horror Mrs. Grubly expected. "And what happened then?"—"Oh, I pushed her off pretty soon, I promise you."—"And where is she now?"—"I am sure I do not know; but we are so unfortunate, and people are always imposing upon us!" Superlative in all things, my friend now thought it necessary to be supremely unlucky. An acquaintance of Mrs. Grubly's and of mine soon after related to me the real version of the story. John, the hopes of the Grubly family, was any thing but a promising youth; his appearance ignoble, his manners *parvenu*, and his education, despite of its being the best possible, had done nothing towards making him a gentleman. Yet the heir of all the Grublys was to accomplish a great marriage, with nothing to recommend him but wealth; his parents expecting him to bring them a bride at once noble, lovely, young, and amiable. All these qualities, with the exception of the first, Emily Foxton possessed; and though not so splendidly descended as to exempt her from the condition of the late revered sovereign of these realms, who would have been excluded from the court of Dresden, because he could not prove his sixteen quarterings, her family was infinitely superior to any thing the Grublys could boast. Mrs. Grubly stormed when

her son confided to her his wishes—Mr. Grubly raved. Mr. John Grubly swore that nothing should interfere with him; that Mrs. John Grubly Miss Emily Foxton should be, and that no one should prevent it. Meantime he had forgotten one trifling circumstance, namely, to obtain the consent of the young lady. When she heard she had been the cause of such commotion, she was very much surprised, and begged to know on what grounds Mr. John Grubly founded his pretensions to her hand? His answer was a proposal of marriage; which, under the impression that he was sure of her consent, he had postponed making, as the last and least necessary part of the business. Miss Emily Foxton's simple and dignified rejection surprised her lover, and changed the tone of Mrs. Grubly's anger. What! refuse MY son! could she have the impudence to do it? The rejection seemed yet a greater crime than the acceptance could have been. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Miss Foxton immediately returned to her own family; and, I am happy to add, was soon afterwards extremely well married, in the best sense of that hackneyed term; whilst her rejected suitor, after proposing to every noble damsel under forty, has lately married his mother's housemaid.

CONTEMPLATION.

ETERNAL Spirit of the Universe!
Mysterious mover of the countless worlds!
With awe I gaze upon thy works sublime,—
A pleasing awe, that overwhelms the soul
With feelings of delight! Oh! how serene
This orb and its inhabitants appear,
Shrouded from day by the dark veil of night!
I raise my eyes to Heaven, and Thy great power
Is visible! The great, the wondrous scheme,
Oh! who can comprehend?—I bend them down to earth,
And lo! a beauteous, untaught mystery
Prevails! proclaiming thy Almighty hand!

A time there was when this great world was not!—
When darkness brooded o'er the gloomy void!
"Let there be light," was heard throughout the deep,
And at the voice the dreary, boundless space
Appeared illumin'd, and the worlds blazed forth!

How beautifully grand are all thy works,
Eternal God! What dread magnificence
Pervades the whole! Now howls the tempest o'er
The troubled ocean, and the blackened clouds,
O'ercharged, pour torrents to the briny deep!
The livid lightning tracks along the horizon,
Shedding a momentary light throughout
The fearful gloom!—and by that transient light,

I see the mariner's lone bark o'erwhelmed
With foaming billows,—and beneath,—a gulf
Wide yawning to receive it!—now, again,
The prospect darkens to the aching sight,
And thunder makes earth tremble with its roar,
Loud echoing through the wide extended vault!

How sweet it is to turn the eye from earth,
And contemplate the wonders of creation!—
To meditate, when no unpleasing thought
Intrudes to censure! Oh! such bliss as this
Doth make existence dear, a precious gift!
The soul by meditation thus is raised
To heavenly realms, and feels thy power, O God,—
And feeling,—pours to thee a silent prayer!

All merciful and Omnipresent Being,
Great Source of light and life, thou First and Last!
Direct him who implores thee, and impress
Upon my mind a knowledge of thy will!
Almighty Father, I thine aid implore;
Oh! let a portion of that holy light
Which has its source in thee, around me fall,
To light the page, when I essay to write,
And lead me to the blessed paths of truth.

THE PROPER SITTING POSTURE FOR FEMALES. This question has been disputed; one party insisting that girls should always sit erect, while others are advocates for a lounging position. It is not difficult to shew that both are wrong: when a delicately formed girl is supposed to be sitting erect, she is generally sitting crooked: to a superficial observer she may appear quite straight; but any one who will sit on a music stool, and endeavour to keep his body in a perpendicular line for ten minutes, will be convinced that it is difficult for even a strong man to sit as long as a delicate female is expected to do, without allowing the spine to sink on one side, or to fall forwards. The attempt to sit erect beyond a certain time is injurious; for although bending the spine occasionally is useful rather than hurtful, yet when it is done involuntarily, and when the bend is attempted to be concealed by an endeavour to keep the head straight, there is a danger of the spine becoming twisted. Indeed a double curve is generally the consequence; there is first a bend to one side, to give ease to the fatigued muscles; and then, to conceal this, there is a second curve, that is necessarily accompanied by a slight twist in the vertical line of the whole column. The proposal to allow the children to sit in a crooked or lounging position, seems to have been founded on the idea that all the muscles are more relaxed in this way than even when the child lies at full length on its back. This

notion is certainly incorrect, and such a mode of sitting is injurious; for even were the muscles more relaxed by it, the bones and ligaments acquire such a shape as necessarily produces distortion. It may naturally be asked how a girl should sit, since it would appear, whether she is in an erect or stooping position, she is equally in danger of becoming crooked. As sitting, in a manner generally recommended, affords little or no support to one who is weak, the answer would be, that a delicate girl should not sit for even more than five or ten minutes without having some support to her back, and when she is fatigued, that she should lie down or recline on a couch. But as it would be very annoying to a girl not to be allowed to sit up except for so short a time, and as a couch is not always at hand, we must endeavour to shew how a delicate girl may remain in an upright posture for a reasonable time without incurring any risk of becoming crooked. This leads to an inquiry into the merits of the chairs which are at present generally used by children. Young ladies are often obliged, while at their music lessons, to sit upon those chairs which have high backs, long legs, and small seats. These chairs are said to have been invented by a very eminent surgeon, and are intended either to prevent distortion, by some supposed operation on the spine, or as the most effectual means of supporting the body. It is difficult to imagine how a chair of this description can effect the first purpose; and to discover how far it is calculated for the second, the reader should make the experiment on a chair of the same proportion to his figure, as the chair in question is to that of a little girl. He will find that if the seat or surface on which he rests is small in proportion to his body, the chest will, after a time, either fall forward or on one side, unless he exert himself to a degree that is very fatiguing. Indeed, if the seat be at the same time so high that the feet do not rest fairly on the ground, but dangle under the chair, a forward position of the head is almost necessary to preserve the balance of the figure. The objection to such chairs has been met with the assertion, that girls feel remarkably comfortable in them. This is no argument in favour of their use; for it is not uncommon for a girl who has seven or eight pounds of iron strapped upon her body, and next to her skin, to say the machine annoys her so little, that she does not care how long she wears it. But whether this chair is agreeable or not, it is easy to shew that it is not calculated to give much proper support to the body, and that it is almost impossible for a delicate girl to sit long in a natural or easy position upon it. It may be allowed, that the chair which we consider the most comfortable, that is, the chair which affords the most support to the body,

should, if made in proper proportions, be the best for a delicate girl. In such a chair, the seat should be scarcely higher than the knees, (thus permitting the whole of the foot to rest upon the floor) and of such a size, that on sitting back, the upper part of the calves nearly touch it. This form of seat is very different from that of the chair alluded to, the back of which is also equally objectionable; for, instead of being in some degree shaped to the natural curves of the spine, it is made nearly straight, and projects so as to push the head forward. A delicate girl should always sit so as to rest against the back of the chair, and if the lower part of her spine is weak, a small cushion will afford great relief. As it is quite a mistake to suppose that the shoulders, if raised in any other way than by the action of the muscles, or by the curvature of the spine and ribs, will continue high, there is no real objection to a girl who is delicate being supported by an arm chair: for occasionally resting on the elbows, a considerable weight is taken off from that part of the spine which is the most likely to yield. These observations refer only to the manner in which delicate girls, whose spines are still straight, should sit; when the spine is actually distorted, it will be necessary to use other means.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN. Women are considered under very different points of view by the different nations of Europe. With some they absolutely serve for no other purpose than as objects of amusement and pleasure. Do they cease to please and amuse? they are abandoned and forgotten. They are loaded with flattery and presents as long as they prolong the illusion and intoxication of the senses; as soon as the illusion ceases, they cease to belong to society. Among other people, who pretend to be governed by the most enlightened reason and the purest morals, the women are the first public functionaries of the house, and in that quality it is necessary that they should serve and obey. A certain hypocrisy, founded on a concentrated selfishness, excludes them from the society of men, under the plea of sparing their modesty. The merit of a woman has no other thermometer than the number of pounds sterling she has saved her husband per annum. Whether she be gentle, compassionate, pure in her affections, or irreproachable in her conduct, all this is more or less praiseworthy according to the taste of the husband. But all husbands are agreed on the subject of their respective superiority. At the club, in the exchange, in the coffee room, the husband is the equal of those who surround him; at home, when *tête à tête* with his wife, he is always chief; he always assumes the voice of command. In Spain, women are treated in a manner quite different from these two systems. If they be loved, as in Italy, if they be respected,

as in England, there results from that respect and that love a mingled and improved sentiment, to which no other name can be given than that of adoration. Among all the chivalrous traits which constituted the ancient Spanish character, and which continued till foreign dynasties corrupted almost all that was good in the morals and politics of Spain, this it is that has been preserved in all its purity. Cervantes has destroyed the vast family of the Quixotes, but that of Dulcinea still remains. Tobosi is the true type of Spanish society. In the eyes of every Spaniard his mistress is a princess, adorned with every species of merit. Their species of tender and respectful worship is so much the more agreeable to a man, inasmuch as it flatters his self-love, and fills him with the consciousness of real superiority. He feels that he is the protector of the female, but he makes a point of mitigating whatever humiliation there may be, in the consciousness of standing in need of protection. Incited by his poetical and ardent imagination, he takes a pleasure in avowing himself the slave of a human being, the victim of the gentlest of creatures. Even in her reproaches, and the explosions of her jealousy, there reigns a something which speaks of defeat and infirmity. The technical epithet applied to a cruel or perfidious woman is tyrant. This word is more expressive than all the insipid cant of French gallantry. From the domain of love, this species of noble and ingenious flattery has passed into the common language of society. They do not say to a woman, as is said in France, "*J'ai l'honneur de vous presenter mes respects;*" they do not drily enquire of her as in England, "How do you do?" they always salute her with a confession of the dominion which she holds—"*Sennora, beso a V, los pies.*"—Madam, I kiss your feet. Every body knows what the force of this compliment is in the mouth of a Catholic; in offering to kiss the feet of a female, he places her on the same footing with the head of the church. All other demonstrations of civility are distinguished by the same characteristics. In England, the hand is given to a female, but she is expelled from the table as soon as the hour of social enjoyment commences. In France they salute her cheek, but they do not allow her to occupy the front seat in the theatres. In Spain they are neither so familiar nor so selfish. Women are accosted in society only when some services can be rendered them. If a lady is about to descend a staircase, the hand is offered her. If about to enter a church, holy water is presented to her. Every where she claims the first place, the first honours, and the first privileges. If tea be taken in Spain, it is not the female who is incommoded with the troublesome task of preparing and distributing that beverage. Imitation of French customs has in-

troduced at Madrid the fashion of imposing upon females the task of carving during meals. What would our respectable grandfathers have said, could they have seen their granddaughters cutting up poultry, and distributing slices of mutton? The Spaniard lives much at home. He has no inclination for spectacles, clubs, and meetings, and has no taste for travelling. He deems it requisite that all the actions of his life should be fostered by the presence of his wife, as plants are by the rays of the sun. The husband does not despise the most humble occupations, provided he can render assistance to the partner of his life. He washes and dresses his children, he acts the part of cook, he goes to market, and takes upon himself the half of all that is most troublesome in domestic management. No public amusement, not even a bull-fight, is exclusively devoted to the gratification of the men. During the reign of the Cortes, the ladies were very much offended at finding themselves excluded from the gallery of the legislative body. They addressed a petition to the assembly on the subject, and couched it in terms of considerable energy. Finding the object of their demand refused, they forced their way into the place, attired in men's clothes, and the centinels suffered them to pass with a smile. From this general deference shown towards women in all classes of society, result the peculiar qualities of the Spanish female—qualities with which all travellers have been struck, and to which all the foreign armies which have occupied the Peninsula, either as friends or foes, have been compelled to yield their homage. During the siege of Cadiz, in 1812, the magic of a pair of dark eyes was all powerful in the head-quarters of marshal Soult, and a little cock-nose scented the secrets of the ambassador of a great power in alliance with the patriots. It is, indeed, impossible to resist the peculiar kind of grace indigenous to the Peninsula, and which has nothing in common with what is designated by the same name throughout the rest of Europe; a grace which is composed of the vivacity of the imagination, of the epigrammatic salt of the repartee, of the brilliancy of the glance, of the flexibility of the attitudes, and elegance of the motion; grace, which is animated by that nameless power, without which nothing is beautiful, nothing is impressive, either in nature or in art—expression. The amorous glance of the Spanish female is not the language of desire, nor is it the languishing expression of impassioned melancholy. It is a mixture of tenderness and majesty, of pride and resignation. It is the mirror of her soul; it is her whole soul which exhales through those dark orbits, and from beneath those long eye-lashes which adorn them. There is no calculation,—no studied design in that mute and eloquent language. That which you read in her

eyes is written on her heart. The most common style of beauty in Spain is not that which may be called beauty in the artist's acceptation of the word. Their shapes possess no grandeur, but they are perfectly well modelled; their features are often deficient in regularity, but in the midst of the irregular caprice of the *tout ensemble*, they contain a quality which it is impossible to define, and equally impossible not to admire. A Madonna of Raphael induces us to fall upon our knees; but what sensations have we before a Holy Virgin of Murillo, save those of tenderness, sympathy, and love? The reason is, that the Madonnas of Murillo are Andalusian women.—*J. J. De Mora.*

NORWEGIAN LADIES. Eating and drinking are the great business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any other of the European countries. I have heard an English lady, married and settled in Norway, say, (not from her own experience, but from what she saw around her,) that she would rather be a maid-servant in England, than a *frou* in Norway. And let me here mention a distinction between *frou* and *madame*, which is peculiar to Norway. In all parts of Scandinavia, excepting Norway and Denmark, every married woman may be called *frou*, *madame* being a more honourable appellation; but in Norway and Denmark it is otherwise. There, every shipper's or tradesman's wife receives the title of *madame*, whereas that of *frou* is the distinctive honour. Formerly, it was only the wives of noblemen or superior officers in the army who were entitled to be called *frou*; but, by a late regulation, the wives of dignified clergymen, of doctors in medicine, and of persons holding certain offices under Government, are entitled to be so distinguished; and so much is this distinction prized, that I heard of an instance in which a gentleman purchased an office in Copenhagen, that his wife might be entitled to be addressed *frou*. There is, perhaps, no occasion to apologise for this digression, as it contains some information, the want of which might lead the traveller into an error in etiquette, that might be prejudicial to him. But to return: well might the English lady express herself as she did. Women even of the highest rank in Norway are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of females in England. Whatever the number of servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal housekeeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not intrusted with any of the

great operations in the art; her duties are precisely those of the menial, who in England is designated a scullion. If a *frou* be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *frokens*, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day was spent in the kitchen; and she whose turn it was to do this duty, did not take her seat at the dinner-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was nearly concluded; and then with cheeks that would have made rouge superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of dinner. The young ladies (if there be any) carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but in Norway, a servant is seldom or never seen in a dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house, where we occasionally visited, and in which there were no young ladies, a farmer's two daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to any English servant in the waiting department. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away.

THE MISS-NOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
  Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a grey head of hair,
  Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
  Miss Rich can scarce muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
  And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
  Miss Dove's ever coarse and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
  And Miss Heaviside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
  Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
  While Miss Still is for ever in action.

Miss Green is a regular *blue*,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly!
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
Miss Mee's not at all like *myself*,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning!*

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking!*

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make *wait* I am thinking
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair—one and all!
No mis-apprehensions be making:—
Though wrong the dear sex to *mis-call*,
There's no harm, I should hope, in MISS-TAKING.

MRS. BARON WILSON.

FEMALE DRESS. If men are, in any degree, the slaves of fashion, most assuredly women are ten times more so. The artificial existence which a young lady of rank is now compelled to assume, however advantageously it may be thought to

heighten her charms, must inevitably entail upon her evils which are eventually calculated most certainly to embitter that existence. The mode in which her education is conducted, is, in most instances, calculated rather to constitute a superficial state of acquirements, than a sound, and extensive, and durable system of mental cultivation, or corporeal strength. After this she lives in strict obedience to rule: and when she becomes fully and freely involved in the vortex of the "busy world," late hours, crowded, and consequently heated rooms, and an incessant succession of alternate excitement and depression, complete the bad work, debilitate her frame, worry and irritate her mind, and render her particularly liable to all the "numerous ills that flesh is heir to." It should seem, that there is a vast and most vehement emulation amongst the "fair maidens of England," to excel each other in tenuity of waist, circumference of bonnet, and smallness of foot. To this end, the ingenuity of the various *artistes*, who are conversant with such affairs, is put to the test in every conceivable manner; and the fortunate milliner, who succeeds in outraging nature most, becomes as much in request, among the votaries of fashion, as Sir Henry Halford is amongst invalids, or Mr. Cartwright amongst those who require a new set of teeth, or to have their old ones kept in decent repair. The object of all this is to improve the figure by setting it off to the best advantage. But wise people know that the artificial methods which are practised to improve the forms of our beautiful countrywomen are more frequently detrimental than beneficial, and that they even contribute, in some instances, to the production of actual deformity. We all know that in Circassia, and other Eastern countries, which are famed for the luscious beauty of their women, the most loose and unincumbered dresses are worn; by these means a perfect freedom of the limbs and an easy and graceful carriage of the body are insured, while every part of the frame is allowed to reach its maturity, without any interference or obstruction from the coercive measures of art. It is very different with our highly civilized Europeans; and, in addition to the mischief which the cramped costume of the fair sex produces upon the external parts of the body, the more important organs are injured in their functions, and the health of the victim consequently affected.

Stays. No rational person can reflect without concern upon the influence of this tyrant of the female form, encompassed by whose baneful pressure young girls reach womanhood. At least whilst they were of shorter proportions they pressed on the more resisting bony case of the chest; and though they impeded the action of the muscles around the ribs

in respiration, they left the midriff free. But, lengthened as they now are, they oppress the organs of digestion continually; and by pushing the abdominal viscera against the diaphragm, render respiration still more imperfect, and favour that scourge of the fair sex in England—consumption. We will not dilate on the evil effects of their pressure on the married lady of fashion who figures in the quadrille, whence her future hopes should exclude her. Without this appendage, the form would still have the grace nature has imparted, and the chaste beauty of the Grecian model. But if it must be preserved, let it be shortened, and above all, let it not be rendered more destructive by bone and steel.

Dress of Girls. I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female birds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of La Belle Assemblée, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from 13 to 70 for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of foreign milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling, to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the tone and aspect of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired of the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown up world.

Ruffs. The ruff worn in the reign of Elizabeth attained the most extravagant pitch of absurdity. It reached behind to the very top of the head, and being of fine texture, it was strongly starched to make it stand upright; and in addition to this, was supported by an underpropper called a supertasse. Stubbs says, "One arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdom of great ruffs is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter they call starch, wherein the devil has learned them to wash and dye their ruffs, which being dry will stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." The same writer gives the following true and awful relation of the punishment of an Amsterdam belle, who had been led into evil by this prevailing fashion:—She could

not get her ruff plaited according to her taste, though she employed two celebrated laundresses. Upon which "she fell to swear and tear, to curse and ban, casting the ruffes under feete, and wishing that the devil might take her when she did wear any neck-arches again." The devil being an arch one, assumed the form of a handsome young man, and "tooke in hand the setting of her ruffes, which he performed to her great contentation and liking; insomuch as she, looking at herself in a glasse (as the devil bade her) became greatly enamoured of him."

DRESS OF PERUVIAN LADIES. The dress and attitude of the females, both being seated astride on horseback like men, the universal fashion here, were calculated to attract more particular attention. The mother, an uncommonly fine woman of thirty-five, tall and straight, appeared to great advantage on a noble and high-spirited black charger. Her head-dress was a man's hat of Manilla grass, with a narrow black ribband for a band, and fastened under the chin by ties of the same, the rim being left unconfined. The upper part of her person was entirely concealed by a poncho of blue, falling to the saddle-cloth, and over which her long black hair, in two heavy braids, hung to the horse's back behind. Nothing of the under dress was seen, except a few inches, on either side, of a white pantalet, terminating in a white silk stocking and black satin shoe. The daughter, a delicate and beautiful creature of fifteen, was mounted on a nice dun pony. Though dark, her complexion was sufficiently clear to exhibit the bloom of youth in her cheek and on her lips, while a good-humoured and playful black eye, with a set of pearly teeth, exposed occasionally in conversation or a laugh, combined in testifying the claims of the Peruvian ladies to beauty. The dress was similar in style to that of her mother, but more neat and elegant—hat the same, and worn in the same manner; but her hair, in place of being braided, clustered in rich curls about her temples and ears, sparkling with jewels, and fell widely over the neck and shoulders upon a poncho of white, broadly striped in a variegated pattern of gay colours. Pantalets of fine muslin, trimmed with lace, falling over a foot of the most delicate mould, playing gracefully in a silver stirrup, in silken hose and slipper of blue, completed the display.

DRESS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MUSSULMAN LADIES. Their robes are formed of rich satin, or cloth of gold, goolbudden or mussheroo striped washing silks manufactured at Benares, fine chintz,—English manufacture having the preference,—silk or cotton ginghams,—in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm textures, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of

the wearer. By the most fashionable females, they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness: the extremity finished, and the seams are bound with silver ribband; a very broad silver ribband binds the top of the pyjaamah; this being double has a zarbund (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the zarbund are finished with tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels. One universal shape is adopted in the form of the ungeeah (bodice), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of the gauze or net, muslin, &c. the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the sleeves are very short and tight, and finished with some fanciful embroidery or silver ribbon. Even the women-servants pride themselves on pretty ungeeahs, and will all strive to have a little finery about them, however coarse the material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but continue to be worn a week together, unless their beauty fades earlier, or the ornamental parts tarnish through extreme heat. With the ungeeah is worn a transparent courtie (literally translated shirt) of thread net; this covers the waistband of the pyjaamah, but does not screen it; the seams and hems are trimmed with silver or gold ribbands. The deputtah is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female costume. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the deputtah's dimensions; the quality depends on choice and circumstances; the preference is given to our light English manufacture of leno or muslin for every-day-wear by gentlewomen. But on gala days, gold and silver gauze tissues are in great request, as is also fine India muslin manufactured at Decca—transparent and soft as the web of the gossamer-spider;—this is called shubnum (night dew), from its delicate texture, and is procured at a great expense, even in India; some deputtahs are formed of gold-worked muslin, English crape, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions ladies wear them simply bound with silver ribband, but for dress they are richly trimmed with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene, when two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The deputtah is worn with much original taste on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in front, one end par-

tially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder.

FEMALE ECONOMY. "You have no reason to complain of my expensiveness," said *la belle Eugénie* to her fond and confounded husband; "no lady in Paris goes so simply dressed as myself; no cachemires of a thousand or two thousand crowns value (her husband looked affrighted!) no ball dresses to last but one night; no lace veils, the price of which would pay a year's rent; nor do I even, like the Countess of Clarion, require a pair of silk shoes and two pair of gloves daily; shoes once per week suffice for my unambitious dress, and I can make a pair of gloves do twice; besides I do not ruin you either by the jeweller's bill, or the change of the furniture in our house yearly, or oftener; four times a week satisfies me of public places; I never gamble, and my ordinary attire is a gown of coloured cotton or muslin *à l'Anglaise*, and a white one when more dressed; one hat or bonnet lasts me eight or ten days; in short, Auguste, you know not how to appreciate a good and saving wife (here she panted and looked fond); and it is a pity that you have not Madame Grandpré for your wife, who would spend your small fortune in fans and feathers only, and would—(a pause)—do something worse to you besides." He rubbed his forehead. "Dear Eugenia!" cried her contrite partner, "never more will I reproach you, I am convinced that you are right"—(here he sighed;) "I only regret my small means, and see that a young man should not venture upon matrimony without an ample fortune; a pretty woman (Eugenia smiled) must be dressed at least neatly, and it is not a trifle which can afford even that style in these extravagant times; they, not thou, sweet one, are to blame, nor should I have uttered a word of complaint did I not find myself terribly in arrear this last half year, and could I account for the *deficit* in any way but by the numerous bills of dress-makers, marchandes de modes, shoemakers, laundresses, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (Eugenia smiled contemptuously.) Twenty-one gowns in one year!" continued he.—"Ay," replied Eugenia, "at a paltry twelve or twenty francs each."—"The making, Eugenia, perhaps two Napoleons each, (Auguste's colour increased:) the getting up, or washing," added he, "five or six francs each (he elevated his eyebrows,) to be worn"—"Only once, you simpleton."—"And," observed he, "then you scarcely dare sit down for fear of discomposing flottans, volans, falls, flounces, and falbalas."—"What of that?"—"Why nothing; then again, twenty-four francs for a pocket handkerchief, and the cart-loads of fichus and linen which go to your blanchisseuse, with whom you quarrel every week, as

also with your ironing woman, who alleges that one of those *cheap* dresses takes her a whole day to get up."—"To be sure"—"and a *whole* day for you to wear," ironically cried the suffering husband.—"Why surely you would have me go clean!" tauntingly added madame.—"Well, love," concluded Auguste, "I have no objection, but it certainly *cleans* out my coffers."—"Why did you marry then?"—"True, darling, I was wrong, but we will go on quietly as long as we can."—"How seldom do I require silks and crapes!" observed the lady, "or new jewels, or costly entertainments at home, or—" Here he tried to stop her, but the female tongue is not thus suddenly controlled,—"do I, like your neighbour, break your rest by late hours?"—"No, dove."—"Or break your heart by flirting with the men?"—"No, dear."—"Or"—"Kiss me, my dear Eugenia, you shall have it all your own way; try to be as economical as you can."—"Nobody can be more saving," answered she. Her husband resumed, "Don't be out of temper; I will go out and try to borrow a thousand crowns upon my country-house, and (he looked fondly) I only regret that I am not richer."—"Stuff," exclaimed his wife; "and (saluting him tenderly) if *thou* dost borrow the money, thou wilt buy me an *amazone*, (or riding-habit,) and let me get that great bargain of lace: recollect it is only second-hand, and will be sold at a third of its value."—"*Comme tu voudras*," meekly replied the fortunate husband. They embraced, exchanged the adieus of the eyes, and parted. The husband proceeded to a Jew's, and his fond spouse went out to purchase an embroidered trimming, *cheap* and simple, as she styled it. How different from lace or artificial flowers. Happy Auguste, to have such a moderate wife!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

Three summer suns have smiled on thee,
  Three summer suns of peace;
And it hath cheered my heart to see
  Thy loveliness increase.
Alas! I reared thee, lovely flower,
To perish in a hapless hour,
  Thy joys and smiles to cease.
Thy brothers now beside thee lie,
My babe, my babe, thou too must die.

Oft like a willow o'er a stream,
  I've bent, my child, o'er thee,
And watched thee in thy silent dream;—
  This ne'er again may be.
I've seen thee among flow'rets stray,
Beautiful, young, and frail as they;
  I've mingled with thy glee,
And thought that death or sorrow ne'er
Could blight or wither one so fair.

All fair and lovely as thou art,
I grieve not for thee now,
I sigh not that thou must depart,
Or to the tyrant bow:
For lovelier, fairer wilt thou be,
In angels' glorious company,
And gems will deck thy brow,
And thou wilt change this world's distress
For never-ending happiness.

Oh! weep not now—oh! do not weep,
But smile, my babe, at death;
A richer harvest shall we reap,
When spent our dying breath.
Though sorrowing may endure a night,
Joy cometh with the morning light—
Then wherefore wail at death?
Rejoice that ere the sun has set,
In glory we shall all have met.

Thy brothers' spirits now have flown,
Then haste to meet them there;
Oh! linger not an hour alone
Amid this world of care;
Oh! bear death's pangs without a sigh,
Think of the joys beyond the sky,
Which soon with them we'll share;
Soon wilt thou soar from all beneath,
And wear the martyr's fadeless wreath.

REFORMING A WIFE. Mynheer Van der ———, who in 1796 lived in high style on the Keizer Gragt, in Amsterdam, had a very modest wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money, quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van der ———. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—k—r, determined to send her for six months to a Verbatering Huisen, or House for the Reformation of Manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns of Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance, and incorrigible levity; added to

which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier, a stipulated sum every month, which was more than competent to meet the current expenses of his household; while to meet a loss which occurred in play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a benevolent money lender, who accommodated the necessitous, upon unexceptionable security being previously left in in his custody. Her husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed, before she should be carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation. Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies, who were invited to a grand ball and supper, at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful way of answer, saying, "She certainly had been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation." "You must begin to-day," said her husband, "and as a proof of your sincerity, I entreat you to drop the company of ——, and to spend the evening at home this day, with me and your children."—"Quite impossible, my dear man," said the modest wife in reply, "I have given my word, and cannot break it." "Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day, dressed, to meet that party, remember for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return: are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be for ever barred against me!" Without either anger or malice, Mynheer Van der ——— told her "not to deceive herself, for as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him, "If nothing else had power to induce her go, it would be his menaces." With this they parted, the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening. To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners, and dressers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire. At the appointed hour, the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman (full dressed, or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach,

told the driver to stop at ——, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her as from a dream. She pulled the check-string, but the driver kept on; she then called out, when some one behind the coach told her, in a suppressed voice, that "she was a prisoner, and must be still!" The shock was severe; she trembled every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatering Huisen, where she was doomed to take up her residence. The matron of the house, a grave, severe, yet well-bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight. "Where am I? I beseech you tell me, and why I am brought here!" "You will be informed of every thing, madam, if you please to walk in-doors."—"Where is my husband?" said she in wild affright, "sure he will not let me be murdered?" "It was your husband who drove you hither, madam; he is now upon the coach-box!" This intelligence was conclusive; all her assurance forsook her; she submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute, and trembling, her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband, deeply affected, first spoke; he told her, "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and when she quitted that retreat, she would be worthy of his esteem." She then essayed by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to be permitted to return, and vowed, "that never more, whilst she lived, would she ever offend him. Save me (said she) the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order of her confinement, during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent, "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me." Her husband, who loved her with unabating affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home; where not one of the domestics (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knee, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expendi-

ture, as to make good the sums which she had so inconsiderately thrown away. Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when instead of being driven to ———'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts, outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband desired, a good wife and an affectionate mother.

ANCIENT MAIDENS. Mr. Hayley, in his very ingenious and pleasant "Essay on Old Maids," gives the argument of one of the debaters who had gallantly taken the side of the neglected sisterhood upon the following question,—"Which is the more eligible for a wife, a widow or an old maid?"—The orator insisted, that a man who married an old maid had a greater chance of being beloved by his wife, than he who wedded a widow. The affection of the re-married widow, he maintained, was a pocket-telescope, which she directed towards her good man in the grave, and it enlarged to a marvellous degree all the mental and personal endowments of the dear departed. She then turned the inverted glass to his diminishing successor, and whatever his proportion of excellence might be, the poor, luckless living mortal soon dwindled in her sight to a comparative pigmy. But this was not the case with the old maid. No; her affection was a portable microscope, which magnified in a stupendous manner all the attractive merits of her spouse—he filled her mind, occupied her eye, and engrossed her heart. The widow was generally preferred to the old maid; but the reason, he said, was, that the former was an experienced angler, who had acquired patience to wait for the favourable minute, and struck in the very instant when the fish had fairly risen to the hook:—while the old maid was an angler whom fruitless expectation had rendered impatient—she was thrown into trepidation by the appearance of a nibble, and by making a too hasty movement, she often rendered her bait an object of alarm. He compared a weeping widow to the moaning hyæna—that artful, destructive, and insatiable creature, which lured into its den by a treacherous cry of distress the unwary traveller whom it intended to devour. Chaucer, he said, made his Wife of Bath glory in having already buried four husbands, and express a perfect readiness, whenever heaven might give her the opportunity, to engage with a sixth!—and Chaucer, he insisted, copied nature most faithfully. Now, the old maid, good soul! remembering how long she had waited for her first husband, instead of hastily looking forward to a second, directed all her attention to cherish and preserve the dear creature whom she had at last acquired. He had no rival to fear either among the living or

the dead. It was of infinite importance, he maintained, to matrimonial felicity, that the husband should receive into his arms a partner for life, whose disposition and habits, instead of being fixed by a former lord, were to be moulded according to the will and abilities of her first and only director. In this point, the widow was a piece of warped wood, which the most skilful workman might find himself unable to shape as he wished—but the old maid was the pliant virgin-wax, which follows with the most happy ductility every serious design, every ingenious device, every sportive whim of the modeller. In conclusion, the speaker conjured every gentleman, who might happen to hesitate between a widow and an old maid, to remember, that reason and experience, that equity and the general interest of mankind, all loudly pleaded for his preferring the latter. He entreated him to recollect, that the man who married a widow had great cause to apprehend unreasonable expectations, unpleasant comparisons, and variable affection—while he who married an old maid might with confidence prepare to meet unexacting tenderness, increasing gratitude, and perpetual endearments.

AVARICIOUS MARRIAGES. As to the affections, they seldom flow in a natural direction. Look at their marriages! How few can say—

> "'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
> Unnatural all, and foreign to the mind,
> That binds OUR peace, but harmony itself,
> Attuning all our passions into love!"

Imagine for a moment, (and it will not be difficult to do so, for the reality is frequently before our eyes), a fine girl, endowed by nature with a kind heart, an open, generous disposition, and qualities of mind capable of rendering her esteemed, respected, and beloved by all; imagine such a girl as this under the influence of parental avarice, striving to overcome the better feelings of her nature, to annihilate each interesting charm, and to become a slave, a mere thing of the world. At last her nature yields; behold her, then, the purchased property of one who loves her little, and whom she loves less; the golden vision over, its real value known, and stern reality presented to her view in all the horrors of remorse. Some little quarrel, perhaps, with him she formerly could just endure, converts indifference into hatred; and then if formally solicited by one she loved, too late she cries, "Where might I now have been!" Stung with remorse, she flies to books, perhaps, to dissipate the anguish of her mind; but here, again, she fails. Perhaps a few lines, descriptive of the joys of virtuous life, may meet her eye; she dares not read them; throws the book away; and, in the anguish of her soul, despair becomes the sole possessor of her

mind. Such are the matchless joys of purchased love, and such the history of half our race. But days and years roll on, until at length the constant struggle kills those kindlier feelings which she once possessed. At last she wonders why she ever felt a pang; calls love the dream of childhood, and becomes herself the vender of her offspring's joy. If such, then, be the picture of the wealthy world, we cannot envy it. If such the purchased joys of wealth, let us no longer blame the purchaser; who, misled by promises of pleasure, false as they are fair, pursues the shadow and neglects the substance; but rather let us think of him with pity, and lay before his view a specimen of what true pleasure is. In vain will falsehood then defend her cause; "truth will prevail," and man will yet become a happy race.

LIFE.

"What is the gift of Life?"
Speak thou, in young existence revelling
To thee it is a glorious, god-like thing;
Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way,
Ambition kindles up her living ray.
There is a path of light marked out for thee,
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be:
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all;
Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

"What is the gift of Life?"
To thee, subdued and taught by wisdom's voice,
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice!
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,
Who has no fountain to supply the waste;
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round
On broken columns in the desert ground,
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene,
Of what Life was, and what it might have been;
Oh! is not Life a sad and solemn thing?

"What is the gift of Life?"
To him who reads with heav'n-instructed eye?
'Tis the first dawning of eternity;
The future Heaven just breaking on the sight;
The glimmering of a still increasing light;
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heav'nly joy,
Its storms and tempests sent to purify:
Oh! is not Life a bright, inspiring thing?

"What is the gift of Life?"
To him whose soul through this tempestuous road
Hath passed, and found its home, its heav'n, its God?
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,
And years as boundless rolling o'er his head;
No cloud to darken the celestial light;
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight;
Is not that better life a glorious thing?

MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

FOREIGN WOMEN.

DESCRIPTION OF AN EASTERN DANCING GIRL. Mahomed Alli's party proved to be a "notch," or dance, where the company, unlike that of a European ball, took no share in the performance: instead of dancing, we were danced to; and, what is more, were sung to by one and the same person. The performer was a celebrated dancing-girl, well known in Western India, of great wealth and talents in the line of her art, which was as different as can be conceived, in all respects, from that displayed at the ballets of our hemisphere. In the first place, this figurante was encumbered with huge piles of dress, so much stiffened by embroidery, formed of gold and silver threads crossing its texture, that the folds stuck out nearly at right angles from her waist, and hung so low down, that even her ankles were entirely hidden. The shoulders, likewise, and breast, being totally eclipsed by endless folds of cloth, wound round her in such quantities, the only wonder was how she contrived to move at all under the load. I forget in what taste her head-gear was arranged; but well remember that her nose was pierced, like that of a sow, with an immense gold ring, and that her face and hair shone like a new dollar with cocoa-nut oil. Her feet were bare, and she wore no gloves on her hands, while both ankles and wrists were concealed beneath the multitudes of rings or bangles by which they were encircled. I believe bells were attached to the good lady's legs; but this fact we could not ascertain by actual observation, on account of the vast profusion of petticoats already described. At all events, the sound made by the short, quick stamping of this celebrated performer's feet, seemed louder than any bangles or mere circles of gold or silver, might have been expected to produce. Most of her dancing consisted of gesticulations with the hands and arms, accompanied by what we should call horrible contortions of the body, all of which were considered particularly fine by the admiring natives. The movement most frequently practised was executed with the hands waved or rather twirled round the wrists as sockets, as if all the articulations of the joints had been destroyed. A correspondent slow twisting and twining of the arms and legs, with a comical sort of wriggle of the whole body, and a sudden round turn now and then, completed the leading features of this least graceful of exhibitions. The sound of the bells, or whatever they were, attached to her legs, made us fancy at first that the damsel had concealed a timbrel or

eastern tambourine amongst the folds of her huge robe, and that she gave it thumps from time to time with her knee. Occasionally, the singer squatted down on the floor, where she remained for several minutes singing, or rather screaming, at the full stretch of a shrill voice, and grinning, with what she doubtless considered a very languishing and winning smile. As the recovery from this low position was not an easy affair, she generally contented herself with resting on one knee as a centre, round which the foot of the other leg described a circle, in a circumference of little stamping paces, in good time, to the squalling voices of a couple of pretty young girls, further aided by the accompaniment of two very harsh-sounding stringed instruments. An hour or two of this monotonous work is rather tiresome to witness; and I suspect that, even amongst the natives, it serves the purpose merely of a running bass to their bald chat while smoking their pipes, and drinking their well-cooled sherbet. I afterwards attended many of these Hindoo notches; and, although there certainly appeared an occasional dancer with a figure so graceful as to defy art to disguise it, and a simplicity of movement which no corruption of taste could altogether pervert, yet, upon the whole, it is difficult to conceive any thing less agreeable to European habits than these exhibitions. I think I may add, as a general remark, that almost all dancing, except in countries where the intellect has been much cultivated, is not only ungraceful and tiresome, but generally disgusting, very often highly indecorous, and repugnant alike to good taste and good manners.

American Ladies. They have strange ways of adding to their charms. They powder themselves immoderately, face, neck, and arms, with pulverised starch. The effect is indescribably disagreeable by day-light, and not very favourable at any time. They are also most unhappily partial to false hair, which they wear in surprising quantities. This is the more to be lamented, as they generally have very fine hair of their own. I suspect this fashion to arise from an indolent mode of making their toilet, and from accomplished ladies' maids not being very abundant. It is less trouble to append a bunch of waving curls, here, there, and every where, than to keep their native tresses in perfect order. Though the expense of the ladies' dress greatly exceeds, in proportion to their general style of living, that of the ladies of Europe, it is very far (excepting in the city of Philadelphia) from being in good taste. They do not consult the seasons in the colours or the style of their costume. I have often shivered at seeing a young beauty picking her way through the snow, with a pale rose-coloured bonnet set on the very top of her head. I knew one young lady whose

pretty little ear was actually frost-bitten from being thus exposed. They never wear muffs or boots, and appeared extremely shocked at the sight of comfortable walking shoes and cotton stockings, even when they have to step their sleighs over ice and snow. They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose. I must say in their excuse, however, that they have, almost universally, extremely pretty feet. They do not walk well, nor, in fact, do they appear to advantage when in movement. I know not why this should be, for they have abundance of French dancing masters among them: but, somehow or other, it is the fact. I fancied I could often trace a mixture of affectation and shyness in their little, mincing, unsteady step, and the ever-changing position of the hands. They do not dance well;—perhaps I should say they do not look well when dancing. Lovely as their faces are, they cannot, in a position that exhibits the whole person, atone for the want of tournure, and for the universal defect in the formation of the bust, which is rarely full or gracefully formed.

AN AFRICAN BEAUTY. A young Jenna woman came to visit us this forenoon, accompanied by a female friend from Haussa. Her hair was traced with such extraordinary neatness, that we expressed a wish to examine it more minutely. The girl had never beheld such a thing as a white man before, and permission was granted with a great deal of coyness, mixed up, perhaps, with a small portion of fear, which was apparent, as she was slowly untying her turban. No sooner, however, was our curiosity gratified, than a demand of two hundred cowries was insisted on by her companion, that, it was alleged, being the price paid in the interior by the male sex to scrutinize a lady's hair. We were obliged to conform to the established custom, at which the women expressed themselves highly delighted. The hair, which had excited our admiration, was made up in the shape of an hussar's helmet, and very ingeniously traced on the top. Irregular figures were likewise braided on each side of the head, and a band of worked thread, dyed in indigo, encircled it below the natural hair, which seemed by its tightness and closeness to have been glued fast to the skin. This young Jenna woman is by far the most interesting, both in face and form, of any we have seen since our landing, and her prettiness is rendered more engaging by her retiring modesty and perfect artlessness of manners, which, whether observed in black or white, are sure to command the esteem and reverence of the other sex. Her eyelids were stained with a bluish-black powder, which is the same kind of substance, I have.

no doubt, as that described in a note in Mr. Beckford's "Vathek." Her person was excessively clean, and her apparel flowing, neat, and graceful. Before taking leave, the girl's unworthy companion informed us that her protegé was married; but that, as her husband was left behind at Jenna, she would prevail on her to visit us in the evening, after sunset. Of course we expressed our abhorrence at the proposal, and were really grieved to reflect that, with so much meekness, innocence, modesty, and beauty, our timid friend should be exposed to the wiles of a crafty and wicked woman.

FEMALE BEAUTY. The Singalese women are generally well made and well-looking, and often handsome. Their countrymen, who are great connoisseurs of the charms of the sex, and who have books on the subject, and rules to aid the judgment, would not allow a woman to be a perfect belle, unless of the following character, the particulars of which I give in detail as they were enumerated to me by a Kandyan courtier, well versed and deeply read in such matters:—"Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock, long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow; her eyes, the blue sapphire and the petals of the blue manilla-flower. Her nose should be like the bill of the hawk; her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jessamine buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the berrigodea. The chest should be capacious; the breasts firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut; and her waist small enough to be clasped by the hand. The lips should be wide; the limbs tapering; the soles of the feet without any hollow, and the surface of the body in general, soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the asperities of projecting bones and sinews."

ALBANIAN WOMEN. The Albanians have a custom which, at any rate, prevents a portion of deceit and disappointment in regard to marriages. The younger females wear a kind of skull-cap, composed entirely of pieces of silver coin, paras and piastres, with their hair falling down in braids to a great length, and also strung with money. This is a very prevailing fashion, and a girl before she is married, as she collects her portion, carries it on her head.

THE GEORGIANS. The beauty of the Georgian women has ever been proverbial, and no less so the profligacy of the higher classes, of whom an Armenian writer says, "they were born twenty-four hours before the devil!"

NEW YORK LADIES. In New York, a lady never takes the arm of a gentleman, unless he is a relative, or one to whom

she is about to be married. To be seen arm-in-arm, is to say, "we are engaged;" at least, such is the construction adopted by this fastidious people. The ladies, therefore, in general, are forced to shun the ordinary familiarities of polite behaviour, to avoid the imputation of their being engaged to every man in whose company they may happen to be, and to prevent the disagreeable report of a match having "fallen through," in which they might be supposed interested, from the bare fact of their having tolerated civility. A slight touch of the elbow of a lady, intended as an auxiliary when crossing a gutter, treading a broken pavement, or stepping over a thimbleful of water, constitutes the prescribed homage of a New York beau. This prudish custom of affected reciprocal reserve must be prejudicial to the *politesse* of the place. It repudiates the characteristic ease and elegance of good breeding, and maintains an awkward distinction in mixed society: gentlemen are compelled to "keep at their distance," and ladies are rendered foolishly timorous to escape the *on dits* of officious observers.

PICTURE OF A MADRID BEAUTY. The Madrid beauty is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her basquina. Her foot is, however, her chief care; for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardour of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but, if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan, in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul, you may lay it at once at her feet, and become her slave.

KEENE, OR FUNERAL LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!
At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled;—
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes:
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.
I shall go to sit beside thee,
Thy kindred graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost son in the earth;—
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!
Let the roof go down! Let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

MRS. HEMANS.

WOMEN IN TURKEY. During the plague, a Turk of distinction, at Amassia, requested me to visit his wife, who was ill, and curiosity got the better of discretion. The women of Amassia are reputed to be the handsomest in Turkey; and this lady was considered, even among them, as an extraordinary beauty. Her husband's name was Jussuf Aga: he had resided at Constantinople, and obtained the appointment of Musselim, of his native place, Amassia; but, on the removal of the Pacha who conferred it, he was deprived of his office, and was now no more than Ayan. With the authority over the town he lost also his authority in his own house, where his wife reigned absolute mistress. She was a Turcoman, and had, from mercenary motives, married the Musselim, who had settled upon her a considerable dower, and to this was added a handsome fortune left by her father. The Musselim, on the other hand,

had become reduced in circumstances, and his wife allowed him very little for his support. The poor fellow was shabbily dressed, while she glistened with jewels. The lady had several negro slaves to wait upon her; he had not so much as an attendant to carry his pipe. Before I entered the harem, the husband begged me to wait a little in the court-yard; and, when all was put to rights, I was ushered in. The women's apartment is arranged in the same manner as the men's. The room was square; at the entrance there was a small place where people took off their slippers: the lady was seated in the corner of a sofa at the window, and at the further end was a railing where the female slaves awaited the commands of their mistress. She never stirred, either for her husband or for me. A more beautiful woman I have scarcely ever beheld. Her bracelets and necklace were garnished with emeralds. Her caftan, of velvet, was embroidered with gold; her pipe was enriched with diamonds, and a great number of precious stones adorned her fingers and the clasp of her girdle. As soon as I had seated myself, she ordered the slaves to bring me a pipe and coffee, and complained of her ailments, which seemed to be rather imaginary than real. I recommended exercise and change of air. "You are right," replied she; "I am the daughter of a Curd, a soldier—I can climb mountains and tame the wild horse. Formerly I could rove at liberty about the country, and needed no veil when I went abroad—what occasion, indeed, has an honest woman for a veil?—There I lived, there I breathed—now I am obliged to muffle myself up: now I crawl about gloomy and silent, with a troop of slaves continually at my heels, and visit stupid Turkish women, with whom I am forced to associate! Yes, the air will do me good, and liberty still more." The husband heard my advice with evident dissatisfaction: she observed it, and desired him harshly to go and order some more coffee, and not come back till he should be sent for. He accordingly went and left us alone. "Thou hast seen the old brute," said the lady to me: "he is the real cause of my illness, and that consists entirely in the *ennui* which I feel with him. He is unfortunate, and what pleasure can there be in living with a man who has no power or authority in the town—nay, who even has nothing to eat? My dear soul, is there no way of getting rid of him? Thou art the king of physicians, the quintessence of doctors; canst thou not give me some little thing or other, which, by the blessing of God, can release me from him? Then would I return to the country where I was so happy, and live as I was wont from my youth up, and for ever leave this town, which may God sweep from the face of the earth!" Unpleasant as it is to give a refusal to

a female who unites with beauty a touching voice and a fascinating smile, I was not tempted to aid her in the pious work; and only repeated my advice to her husband to take her into the country, and to give her plenty of exercise. This anecdote I relate to show not only how little scruple is felt in Turkey to the use of poison, but also what mistaken notions are formed respecting the women of that country. I had frequently occasion to penetrate into the harems, and neither perceived any particular jealousy on the part of the men, nor did I find that the women were treated like slaves: they possess the same authority in the house as with us, and command or obey, according to their understanding and their disposition. The wearing of a veil is to them no disagreeable constraint: it is a habit in which they are brought up, and which seems to subject them to little inconvenience. One day I entered the house of a Turk, in a small town, and was chatting with him and his wife, when a Mahometan came in, and placed himself opposite to the latter. The husband begged him to go away, observing, that there was nothing unbecoming in his letting me, a European, see his wife, because such was the custom in my country, but that it would be a disgrace to him to suffer her to be gazed at by a Turk. It would, indeed, be a different affair were a man to gain access in a clandestine manner to a harem; but, even in this case, the vengeance of the husband would be not so much the result of jealousy as of a religious ordinance: and, were he disposed to exercise mercy instead of justice, the wife's relations would oppose it. If the invader of conjugal rights is a Mahometan, it is the duty of the husband to revenge his disgrace; if he is a raya, he must turn Mussulman, and still his life is in danger; but, if he refuses to change his faith, death is inevitable. In either case the wife is sacrificed; in general, she is put into a sack and drowned. The Greeks and Armenians, in the interior, pursue the same course in regard to adultery, unless the male culprit is enabled, by his situation, to save the partner of his guilt, which is almost always the case when a Mahometan has injured a Christian. Upon the whole, I have remarked that women in general do not complain of their lot: as they see scarcely any persons but their own relations, they are not agitated by the desire to please and to shine; their greatest fault is, nevertheless, a fondness for dress. They are in general good housewives, attending assiduously to their domestic concerns and to the education of their children. I am not the only one who entertains the notion, that they would refuse liberty if it were to be offered them: this was the opinion of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who, as a female, had frequent opportunities of associating with Turkish

women. I might adduce another proof:—In the space of thirty years the Russian government has not been able to abolish the use of the veil in Georgia; and yet the population is Christian, and well disposed towards improvement. Such is the power of prejudice and of popular customs!

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE HOTTENTOT WOMEN. Their mothers allowed themselves more privileges, and felt no hesitation in answering my questions relative to their marriage customs. Such characters as men and women passing their lives in a state of celibacy do not exist among the wild nations of southern Africa; and in this particular savages hold a superiority over the most polished nations in Europe. The women informed me, that girls are most commonly betrothed when not older than a child whom they pointed out to me, and whose age appeared to be about seven years; that is, the husband early bespeaks her, in order to preclude every other man in the meanwhile from all pretensions and from all hope of gaining her; and as these men generally take a second wife as soon as the first becomes somewhat advanced in years, this custom of securing another beforehand is perhaps necessary, in order to avoid those contentions which might otherwise arise in cases of this nature, and where the girl herself is seldom allowed a voice in choosing her husband. In two or three years, or less, according to circumstances, after being thus betrothed, the girl changes her abode from her mother's hut to that of the bridegroom. These bargains are made with her parents only, and without ever consulting the wishes (even if she had any) of the daughter. They are made by offering them a leathern bag, or some similar article, which, if accepted, ratifies the match. I saw at this kraal several mothers who could not have been more than ten or twelve years old. When it happens, which is not often the case, that a girl has grown up to womanhood without having previously been betrothed, her lover must gain her own approbation, as well as that of her parents; and on this occasion his attentions are received with an affectation of great alarm and disinclination on her part, and with some squabbling on the part of her friends. Several of these girls might be said to be pretty, more on account of their youth and the pleasing expression of their countenances, than of any beauty of features; but it is doubtful, whether, throughout the whole nation, one could be found whom a European would deem handsome. When in the morning they came to the general distribution of tobacco, they had not yet performed the duties of their toilet; but I now had the pleasure of beholding them as fine and as captivating as buku and red ochre could make them. The former, a green

powder, was sprinkled over their head and neck, and the latter, mixed with grease, was applied in daubs or streaks over or along the nose, and across the cheek-bones; and what was thought by these simple Africans to be the most graceful and fascinating style of adorning themselves, was precisely the same as that which the clowns and buffoons at our fairs have adopted, in order to render their appearance absurd and ridiculous. Many of the women were distinguished by having the hair of the forehead, by the constant accumulation of grease and red-ochre, clotted into large red lumps like stone: this was not through neglect of cleaning it away, but from a fancy that it added greatly to their charms. Some had the crown of their heads shaved, or rather scraped bald, and a row of buttons fastened round the remaining hair which had been left in its natural state. All of them wore bracelets, either of leather, or of twisted sinew, or copper; and most of them were decorated with some kind of ornament hanging from the ear. Their stature was extremely small, and their figure in general delicate; their height being universally less than five feet. I noticed a singularity of figure which I had not hitherto observed among Hottentots; nor was it since found to be, in any tribe, so remarkable as in Bushwomen. The thigh bones of those who were above the middle age appeared bowed outwards in an unusual degree, or rather the outer part of them was exceedingly protuberant. As to the cause of this deformity I can only venture a supposition, that it may be an enlargement of that process of the bone called *trochanter major*. But in this I do not pretend to any positive opinion; and leave it to be determined by those who may hereafter have an opportunity of examining the skeleton of a Bushwoman of this conformation. With regard to polygamy I was told that a second wife is never taken, until the first, as before stated, has become old, not in years, but in constitution; and sometimes, though rarely, a third supplies, in like manner, the place of the second. This was generally the greatest extent of their polygamy; nor were the old wives on that account neglected or left unprovided for by their husbands, but constantly remained with him on the same terms as before. I could not learn that any nice feelings of jealousy between these wives ever disturbed the harmony of the family. Some men passing by, seemed much amused at my questions, and joined us; on which I enquired of the women if their husbands ever beat them, well knowing that this subject was one of great importance in their domestic arrangements. The men laughed, and quickly replied, "No, no." The women as loudly cried, "Yes, yes; they beat us on the head—so."

And sufficiently proved the truth of their assertion, by the ready and natural manner in which they imitated this act of conjugal discipline.

BEAUTY OF THE LADIES OF HALIFAX. It would be ungallant to take leave of Halifax without mentioning what none but those whose hearts are indeed cold, if they have visited the place, can forget—I mean the ladies. Along with my own admiration of their beauty, accomplishments, amiability, and excellence of character, I must add, that several English gentlemen, who were at Halifax while I was there, have frequently remarked to me their admiration of the beauty, genteel manners, and intelligence of the ladies. These gentlemen, I may also observe, were men of liberal education, well acquainted with the world, and in the habit of mixing with fashionable society in Europe. It may appear presumptuous to add further, that, in the small but neat theatre at Halifax, more genteel and beautiful ladies may be seen, than among the same number in the boxes of any of the London or provincial theatres. We may account for it from there being, in reality, a greater number of respectable inhabitants in Halifax, according to its population, than in the towns of this country. In Halifax there are few labourers or manufacturers, and even the labouring people, by having greater means, are always better dressed than in England.

RUSSIAN LADIES. The ladies eat and sleep so much, that they very early grow out of all shape and proportion; and among them, of course, this excessive corpulency is thought particularly charming. The common people, on seeing such a figure waddling along, generally exclaim, in admiration, "How thick and beautiful she is!" They are almost all smeared and bedaubed with paint, even among the peasantry; and among the rich merchants' wives, jet-black teeth are still esteemed a particular beauty.

A SIMILE ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;—
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away—a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds 'midst the waving branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And such resplendent colours catch,
As though 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart!—

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links have power to bind,
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace;
Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where Fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like gilded insects on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales, and plains,
She treads the paths of purer life,
And in affection's bosom reigns;
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE FEMALES OF MODERN ROME. The women are in the grandest style of beauty. The general character of their figure is the majestic; they move about with the inceding tread of Juno. The physiognomy of the Italian woman bears the stamp of the most lively sensibility, and explains her character at a glance. Voluptuousness is written in every feature; but it is that serious and enthusiastic expression of passion, the farthest removed from frivolity, which promises as much constancy as ardour; and to which love is not the capricious, trifling gallantry of an hour of idleness, but the serious and sole occupation of life. There is an expression of energy and sublimity which bespeaks a firmness of soul, and elevation of purpose, equal to all trials; but this expression is too often mingled with a look of ferocity that is very repulsive. Black hair, and black sparkling eyes, with dark olive complexions, are the common characteristics of Italian physiognomy. A *blonde* is a rarity. The black eye, however, is not always bright and sparkling: it is

sometimes set off with the soft, melting languishment peculiar to its rival blue; and this, by removing all expression of fierceness, takes away every thing that interferes with the bewitching fascination of an Italian beauty.

INDIAN FEMALES' LOVE OF ORNAMENT. I never heard of any people (says a recent traveller—a lady, too, with means of accurate knowledge in India) so thoroughly attached to ornament as the females of India are generally. They are indulged in this foible—pardonable it may be—by their husbands and parents. The wealthiness of a family may often be judged by a single glance at the principal lady of the zeenanah, who seldom omits doing honour to her husband by a full display of the precious metals, with a great variety of gems or jewels, on ordinary occasions. The men of all ranks are proud of their wives' finery; even the poorest hold in derision all ornament that is not composed of sterling metal, of which they seem excellent judges. The massy chains of gold or silver, the solid bangles for the arms and ankles, the nul (nose-ring) of gold wire, on which is strung a ruby between two pearls, worn only by married women; the joshun (armlet) of silver or gold, often set with precious stones; the massy rings for the fingers, thumbs, and toes, form the daily dress of a lady.

WOMEN OF INDIA. While Britons deplore the traffic in negroes, and have abolished the slave trade, it is a fact that there are persons who actually import beautiful women to the British settlements in India, in order to sell them to the rich Nabobs or Europeans who may give a good price for them; but what is worse, they are sometimes played for at a game of chance. The following advertisement, on this subject, appeared in Grimsby's Daily Advertiser, a paper printed at Calcutta, of the 3rd of September, 1818, FEMALES RAFFLED FOR. Be it known, that six fair, pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets, at twelve rupees each; the highest of the three throws doubtless takes the most fascinating." What a specimen of Calcutta morals does this advertisement exhibit! Surely a more abominable outrage upon morality and virtue has never been heard of than this, which is openly practised in a settlement under British laws and British government!

THE TUDAS WOMEN. With a modest and retiring demeanor, they are perfectly free from the ungracious and menial-like

timidity of the generality of the sex of the low country, and enter into conversation with a stranger, with a confidence and self-possession becoming in the eyes of Europeans, and strongly characteristic of a system of manners and customs, widely differing from those of their neighbours. They wear necklaces of twisted hair or black thread, with silver clasps, and here and there a bead, and suspended to them bunches of cowry shells, which hang down from the neck between the shoulders. On the arms, immediately above the elbow, they wear a pair of armlets of brass, those of the right arm being much larger than those of the left; silver bracelets are on the wrists; and on the fingers and thumbs of each hand, a number of rings of various descriptions. They also wear a zone round the waist, composed of a sort of chain work, either of silver or a mixed metal resembling brass.

A CURIOUS PRACTICE OF THE ATHENIAN MAIDENS, WHEN THEY BECOME ANXIOUS TO GET HUSBANDS. On the first evening of the new moon, they put a little honey, a little salt, and a piece of bread on a plate, which they leave at a particular spot on the east bank of the Ilissus, near the Stadium, and muttering some ancient words, to the effect that fate may send them a handsome young man, return home, and long for the fulfilment of the charm. On mentioning this circumstance to the travellers, one of them informed me, that above the spot where these offerings are made, a statue of Venus, according to Pausanius, formerly stood. It is, therefore, highly probable, that what is now a superstitious, was anciently a religious rite.

JAVANESE WOMEN. When a Javanese lady marries, she throws all her dolls, childish trinkets, &c., into the fire, to evince her determination of becoming a woman. The company then congratulate her on her marriage, and make her valuable presents, to recompense her for those she has destroyed.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

My cherub boy! thy young heart is light;
Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
Tells of a spirit unchilled by care:
Long, long may such innocent mirth beam there!
Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
May well to such eye meet companion be:
Thy rosy cheek, and thy forehead high,
Bear promise most dear to a mother's eye.
The first tells of years of health for thee;
The second of mind's high destiny;
The silken locks that so lightly press
Around each fair temple's calm recess,

And shining fall on thy neck of snow,
Oh! far more dear are than Ophir's glow;
Thy limbs in infantine beauty cast,
Tell of a vigour and grace to last;
And thy guileless spirit, so frank and free,
Oh! dearer still is than all to me!
Vain were the wish! vain were the prayer!
That sorrow might ne'er mingle bitterness there!
My darling boy! I ask not, oh no!
That thou escape what each mortal must know;
I ask not that treasures of wealth be thine,
And fame ope the shafts of that golden mine:
Far higher my hopes aspire for thee,
Through the clouds of time to eternity:
There may I find thee a spirit of light,
When earth has returned to a chaos of night.

ELEANOR DICKENSON.

REMARKABLE WOMEN.

THE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA AND BUONAPARTE. While the emperor was visiting the quays at Boulogne, the empress was taking an airing in a boat in the interior of the port: she even went as far as the Estran. On her return she perceived Buonaparte, who was waiting for her. On quitting the vessel her foot slipped, and she would have fallen down, if general Vandamme, who held her hand, had not supported her, by putting his arm round her waist. Buonaparte, who was about ten paces distant with the engineer, perceived the accident; he ran up, and said rather angrily, "What! do you not know yet, madam, how to use your feet?" Maria Louisa, without being disconcerted at this apostrophe, looked at him steadily, and said jocularly,—"To hear you speak thus, Sir, would not one think you never made a false step in your life?" This reproach was made in that tone, mixed with sweetness and dignity, which can only be acquired by a union of the favours of nature and the benefits of superior education. Buonaparte felt how much he was in the wrong, and although little accustomed to such remonstrances, he replied very submissively, "I beg, madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the harm a fall might do yourself." "Since that is the case," said the empress, still smiling, "I forgive you; give me your arm."

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, was the thirteenth of the fifteen children that the great Earl of Cork had by his second lady, the daughter of Sir Geoffery Fenton. She was married to Charles, Earl of Warwick, whom she survived about five years.

She was so eminent for her bounty to the poor, that the earl, her husband, is said to have left his estate to charitable uses. Such was the fame of her hospitality and charity, that it advanced the rents of houses in her neighbourhood, where she was the common arbitress of controversies, which she decided with great sagacity and judgment, so as to prevent many tedious and expensive law-suits. The earl, alluding to her economy as well as her other excellencies, frequently declared, that he had rather have her with five thousand pounds, than any other woman with twenty thousand. She died April 12th, 1678. Her funeral sermon was preached by A. Walker, D. D., Rector of Fyefield, in Essex, who described her as "eminently religious and charitable, the most illustrious pattern of sincere piety and solid goodness this age hath produced."

CHIVALROUS HEROINE. The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot, having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honour, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pee, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honour of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto *Galæa spes salutis.*

MADAME DE MAINTENON. It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inapproachable in private. As he passed from council to mass, or, on similar occasions, in galleries and anti-chambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his peruke any matter they might have at heart; his usual answer was a gracious *Je verrai*, (I will see,) and, if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king, arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal,—his mistress, his ministers, and his con-

fessor, who took care to play into each other's hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes, the king would turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, and generally coincided with that of the minister; the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and, after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favour of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when, in all probability, the humour had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost: but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA. Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a great and surprising contrast. Josephine was all art and studied elegance; Maria Louisa all nature and simplicity; the one had something of audacity in her manners; the other a remarkable diffidence, which often approached to timidity; the former had considerable talents, which she delighted to exhibit before a numerous assembly; the latter had an understanding much less brilliant, but at the same time solid for one of her years: Josephine was formed for the applause of the saloon; Maria Louisa for the endearments of domestic life. It is surely singular that the artificial character should be the daughter of a West India planter, and the natural one a princess of the proudest house in Europe. In other respects both were women of great sweetness of disposition, both fondly devoted to Napoleon, and both benevolent to the poor. Of this latter quality in Maria Louisa we give one instance, among many, from the pen of Madame Durand, one of her superior domestics. "One evening the empress had just risen from the supper table, and withdrawn into a private room, when a footman, Esperance by name, and a very honest fellow, entered in some emotion to acquaint one of the ladies of honour with a distressing scene which he had just witnessed. He stated that a family which occupied the seventh floor of a house in the Rue de l'Echelle, and consisted of a man, his wife, and six children, had not tasted food for two days; that when he heard of the circumstance he went to assure himself of the fact; and that his

sorrow was great on finding that he had no money about him. The lady gave him ten francs for the unfortunate victims of necessity. She did more: when the empress returned, she described their deplorable situation, and solicited relief for them. That august personage immediately directed four hundred francs to be sent them. Her majesty was reminded that it was near midnight; and assured that the ten francs already sent would enable the poor people to wait until the following morning. 'No,' replied she, 'the money shall go immediately: I am happy to think that it is in my power to furnish them with a good night's repose.' The relief was sent; and the same family long continued to experience her bounty." After the death of her husband, we believe in 1825, Maria Louisa gave her hand to the Count de Niepperg—a marriage, however, which cannot be recognised by any European court.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE INFANTINE BUST OF THE LADY ELIZABETH LEVESON GOWER.

Let others hail thee, fairest one,—
An opening flower—a dawning beam!—
Emblems of human love alone,
To me thy wakening beauties seem.
No fabled attribute nor word,
No figurative form of praise,
Can half the varying charms record,
Which one sweet smile of thine displays.

There's love upon that baby brow;
There's love upon those gentle lips,—
A sealed fountain! whence shall flow
Such honey as the wild bee sips.
Yes! it shall flow in hallowed streams
Of faith, and hope, and charity,
And lend to some glad mortal's dreams
The purest blessings of the sky!

Elizabeth!—in vain for thee
The ermine spreads its stately grace:
In vain the diamond's blazonry
Will shed its lustre o'er thy face:
For God hath gifted thee beyond
The herald's bootless pomp of pride,
With sweeter looks—with smiles more fond
Than e'er adorned a monarch's side.

Elizabeth!—be ever blest
And beautiful as now thou art:
A pledge of hope to every breast—
An idol to each kindred heart;—
That, in our tedious after-life,
An angel o'er the earth may stray,
And in the mother and the wife
Retrace thy promise of to-day!

THE ASCENT OF A FEMALE TO MONT BLANC. Only one female has ascended Mont Blanc to the same height as M. de Saussure. This was a servant at an inn, who thought it shameful that her sex should not have more courage; she declared her determination to follow the first person who should attempt that exploit. In vain was she told that she would not be able to endure the fatigue of such a journey, which would compel her to sleep two nights upon the ice. She, however, persisted, and set out, accompanied by two Englishmen and seven guides. When she arrived about half way, she was already ill, and the party wished her to renounce her project: but all exhortation was in vain. She declared that she would rather die than descend without having first placed her foot on the same place where M. de Saussure had put his. As she ascended, her illness increased; but her courage did not diminish. The excessive cold which they experienced produced a vomiting, which nothing could assuage; but no sooner was she spoken to about returning, than she suffered an attack of the nerves even more violent than the illness which was inflicted by the cold and fatigue. "Drag me," said she, "carry me, do any thing you please, but let me touch the stone which had been erected to perpetuate the journey of M. de Saussure, and I shall die happy." At length, after great fatigue and dreadful suffering, her wish was accomplished; in so exhausted a state, however, was she when she attained the summit, that the guides were obliged to carry her down again, and she remained more than six weeks between life and death.

EXEMPLARY WIDOWS. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, in her observations on the Mussulmans of India, says, "A widow never alters her style of dress; neither does she wear a single ornament during her widowhood, which generally lasts with her life. I never heard of one single instance during my twelve years' residence amongst them of a widow's marrying again. They have no law to prohibit it; and I have known some ladies, whose affianced husbands died before the marriage was concluded, who preferred a life of solitude and care, although many overtures were made."

FEMALE EDITORS. A coterie of ladies at Amsterdam are the editorial "we" of the periodical called the "Euphrosyne." It was this paper which first proposed the creation of a national costume for the female lieges of the Dutch sovereign; and its example has been followed by the "Proteus," which is conducted by a coterie of gentlemen, and termed, under their sign manual, a "Journal for the Promotion of a National Costume for Gentlemen, and the Encouragement of National Industry." It promises speedily to bring forward sections and elevations

for a genuine Dutch costume, which is to be wholly fashioned from native manufactures.

FAITHFUL WIVES. During the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph, about the year 1140, Weisberg was besieged and taken by the Emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure, for having afforded an asylum to his enemy Guelph, and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said he would only allow the women to depart, and take any treasure with them. At dawn of day, the gates of the town were opened, and every woman appeared carrying her husband upon her back. Many of his officers, indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, endeavoured to persuade the emperor to evade his promise, but Conrad replied, "An emperor's faith once pledged was not to be broken;' and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the Castle of Weisberg has borne the name of Weibertreue.

CHURCHWOMAN. Miss W—— was once pressed for time in the progress of some business, which was very important to her, and, going to her attorney to consult with him about the proceedings which were going on, to avoid a circuitous route, she went in at one door of a church, during the time of divine service, and passed out at the other. In reply to some reproof which she received for having done so, she said, "You must acknowledge that I am a thorough churchwoman."

TYRANNY OF DIONYSIUS. Dionysius, the tyrant, having been informed that a very aged woman prayed to the gods every day for his preservation, and wondering that any of his subjects should be so interested for his safety, inquired of this woman respecting the motives of her conduct, to which she replied, "In my infancy, I lived under an abominable prince, whose death I desired; but when he perished, he was succeeded by a detestable tyrant worse than himself. I offered up my vows for his death also, which were in like manner answered; but we have since had a worse tyrant than he. This execrable monster is yourself, whose life I have prayed for, lest, if it be possible, you should be succeeded by one even more wicked."

A MODERN FASHIONABLE WIFE. This lady was one of those thousand and one women who wore dark silk dresses and lace caps—who, after a fashion of their own, have made most exemplary wives; that is to say, they took to duties instead of accomplishments, and gave up music when they married—who spent the mornings in the housekeeper's room, and the evenings at the tea table, waiting for the guests who came not—who rose after the first glass of wine—whose bills and calls were paid punctually, and whose dinners were a credit to them. In addi-

tion to this, she always knitted Mr. A.'s worsted stockings with her own hands; was good-natured; had a whole book of receipts; and loved her husband and niece as parts of herself.

INDIAN VIRTUE. A married woman of the Shawanee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulaman, my husband," said she, "who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person."

A FEW WORDS ON WOMAN.

"WHAT lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
For this how many lose, not earth, but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe."—LORD BYRON.

The first four lines of the foregoing quotation will be objected to by few, on the score of truth or beauty: for, in our own days, men are still Anthonys, and women still possess the power and fascination of the Egyptian syren. But when the noble bard implores our forgiveness for the tender conqueror, because many in their devotion to women lose, not only earth, but heaven, and, in order to spare the sorrows of their mistresses, consign their souls to man's eternal foe, we are inclined to consider, as a set-off to the censure thus implied, how many souls have been redeemed from impending and apparently inevitable ruin, and rendered worthy of life, and life at the same time made acceptable to them, by the affectionate conduct and solacing attentions of "nature's noblest work," as Burns so characteristically termed them. We recal to our recollections how many solitaries have been recalled to love and life by the attractions of earthly angels, who drew them from their cares, and placed them in situations in society, which they were calculated to adorn and dignify. How many misanthropes have been taught by their gentle lessons to look with kindness, compassion, and consideration upon their fellow creatures! We look among our connexions, and cannot fail seeing, even among those, many who had spent their best years in debauchery and heartless revelry, who have been taught by female influence and assiduity, to comprehend and value domestic happiness, and the blessings of a home! How many, who saw in love nothing but lust, and considered woman as the mere instrument of brutal pleasures, have, through the spell of refinements, almost spiritual, of fascinations irresistible, and of accomplishments, the best proof of

whose power was in their influence on such persons; how many, even of those, have been thus induced to look on the delightful subject of this article with the reverence and regard to which she is entitled. Then for solaces in sorrow, for attentions in sickness, for humanity to the poor, and for that great and general virtue, charity, in its widest sense, how superior are they to their self-styled lords! Hear the following anecdote, extracted from a work of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and take it as the finest, deepest, and truest compliment that could be paid to a really good and charitable woman.—"We will give an anecdote of a gentle and noble-minded woman, whose patient face seems smilingly present to us while we are writing, and from whom we inherit, perhaps, such love as we may have for "whatever things are lovely," and "whatever things are just." She was walking with the writer when a little boy; he remembers it well; she was taking him home on a holiday from school, and had not gone far down Blackfriars' road, on the right hand side of the way, when a miserable beggar accosted her, sallow and hollow-faced, trembling, half-naked. He does not recollect whether it was winter; but the season was bleak and cold. Her lips pressed themselves together, as they were wont to do on occasions like these, with an effort to restrain her tears; but her sunken cheeks flushed, and her fine black eyes were wet. He was in the habit of looking up in her face at these times, for she used to press his hand; he looked up involuntarily to see what was to be done. She motioned the beggar to wait a minute, and then going a little way up a turning, like a livery stables, this excellent, deep-hearted, reflecting, delicate woman, (for she was as delicate in mind as misfortune had made her in body,) contrived to slip a flannel petticoat from under her clothes; it was all she had to give, and the best thing that could have been given; and this she bestowed upon the beggar. A rheumatism, which helped to shorten her days, was probably the result of this action. Noble and true woman! Not unrewarded is your gentle and enduring spirit, though it wished for nothing which it would not have in common with all your fellow creatures! No; nor unrewarded is it, even as far as this earth is concerned, if it can look down, and see, not only that your memory is beloved by those who are most dear to them, but that the secret delight, the small household glory, of being beloved even by your offspring, has been a sufficing consolation in the midst of disease, and imprisonment, and what we are loth to call, in your presence, any more than mistaken judgments."

By woman the lessons of the moralist have been embellished and illustrated, and by woman the strength, the beauty, and the value of our tenderest emotions have been taught to the Stoic and

the philosopher. She is our first friend and our last; she prepares our cradle, and she attends upon and solaces our deathbed. She smooths the pillow of our sickness, and is the promoter, enlivener, and sympathizing sharer in the pleasures of our health. She is your only confidant, and particularly if she loves you; for, in that case, she is doubly trust-worthy. A secret of importance consigned to the keeping of a genuine woman, is as safe as if locked only in your own breast. But I speak only of the real woman; there are, of course, exceptions; there is a bastard species, which is good for little or nothing; but the deformity of this portion only reflects, by contrast, the greater honour on the generality of the sex. Yet even in the least worthy of women, I am inclined to think that virtues may be found more deep, more gentle, and more enduring than in the same class of men. Being, however, obliged to acknowledge that women are not all alike, and that even the best are not entirely perfect, I will qualify the confession, by shewing, in the words of a spirited modern writer, how even the defects of women become profitable and gracious. Speaking of the age, the ill-temper, the ugliness, the folly, and the pedantry of some females, he says, "At the same time we should be exceedingly chagrined if it were imagined that we intended any studied insult to the very respectable classes of females we have just mentioned. We have felt an affectionate veneration for several old ladies; and many a pleasant hour have we spent in their company. Now as to cross women, it is a very well-known fact, that their affection is frequently stronger than that of good-humoured ones: and, besides, it should be recollected that they contribute very much to a man's happiness, by exercising the valuable qualities of forbearance and resignation. Want of beauty, as a quality, only relates to young women; for it does not matter whether an old one be ugly or not: but this circumstance, which is so often considered a misfortune, is very frequently a blessing, as those who have read Mr. William Parnell's Julietta and Miss Burney's Camilla, feel perfectly convinced. As for the foolish ladies, we can only say that we feel as much regard for them as we can, and have no possible intention of offending them. We would, however, venture to make one remark, that if they happen to be pretty, they may possibly achieve a conquest, if they will but hold their tongues; but many a strong impression has faded away at the utterance of a silly speech.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES. Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.—Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.—Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.—Man shines abroad—Woman at home.—Man talks to convince

—Woman to persuade and please.—Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.—Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.—Man has science—Woman taste.—Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.—Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

I've swept o'er the mountain, the forest and fell;
I've played on the rock where the wild chamois dwell;
I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
Through the pathless depths of its solitude;
Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
My spirit has wandered at midnight free;
I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell;
I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam;
I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried;
I have stolen away on my silken wing,
The violets scent in the early spring.
I have hung over groves where the citron grows,
And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
I have sped the dove on its errand home,
O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest
With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
Till they hung on my wings in their shapes of fear;
I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
And the flaming brand of the fire-king sped;
I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
On the tempest's wing from the stormy north;
I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied;
I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
I have shrieked the wail of the murder'd dead,
Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
There is not a spot upon land or sea,
Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

ELEANOR DICKENSON.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN. There are few who have not heard of the ladies of Llangollen; perhaps a short account of whom may not be considered uninteresting, and I know no better authority for it than the memoirs of the Comptesse de Genlis, who has thrown a considerable degree of romance around them and their abode. The Comptesse states, that while she

was staying at Bury St. Edmunds, accompanied by Mademoiselle D'Orleans, the sister of the present duke, she met Lord Castlereagh, afterwards the Marquis of Londonderry; and having observed, in the course of conversation, that she would willingly travel a long journey for the sake of seeing two persons who had been long united by a sincere bond of friendship: "Then, Madam," said he, "you should go to Llangollen, where you will see a model of perfect friendship;" and at the Comtesse's request, he related the following memoir:—

Lady Eleanor Butler, then (1798) about twenty-eight years of age, was born in Dublin; an orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable, and lovely heiress, her hand was sought by persons of the best families in Ireland, but she very early announced her repugnance to marriage. This taste for independence she never concealed; yet no woman was ever more remarkable for mildness, modesty, and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy she was the intimate friend of Miss Ponsonby; by a singular coincidence of events, (which struck their imaginations,) they were both born at Dublin, in the same year, and on the same day, and they became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy from this, that heaven had created them for each other, to perform together the voyage of life; their sensibility enabled them to realize this illusion. Their friendship increased with their age, so that at seventeen they mutually promised to preserve their liberty, and never part from each other. They formed, from that moment, the plan of withdrawing from the world, and affixing themselves for ever in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscapes of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose their place of retreat.

They arrived at Llangollen, and there found, on the summit of a mountain, a little isolated cottage, of which the situation seemed to them delicious; there it was they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however, traced their steps, and brought them back to Dublin. They declared that they would return to their mountain, as soon as they had attained their majority. In fact, at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and arguments of their relatives, they quitted Ireland for ever, and went to Llangollen. Miss Ponsonby was not rich, but Lady Eleanor possessed a considerable fortune; she purchased the little cottage of the peasants, and the land about the mountain, and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior is of the greatest elegance.

The two friends still possessed, at the foot of the hill, a meadow for their flocks, a beautiful farm-house, and a kitchen-

garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possessed the most cultivated minds, and the most charming accomplishments, have lived in that solitude for seven years (1788), without having slept out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless, they are far from reserved; they frequently pay visits at the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and receive, with equal politeness and kindness, travellers, who are either coming from or going to Ireland, and who are recommended to their attention by their old friends.

Madame and her protegé, the young princess, undertook the journey to Llangollen, and they were received with grace and cordiality. She saw nothing in them of that vanity which is gratified by awakening the astonishment of others; they loved each other, and lived in that spot with so much simplicity, that wonder soon subsided into a touching interest; every thing was genuine and natural in their manners and conversation.—They possessed an excellent library of the best English, French, and Italian authors, which afforded them an inexhaustible source of amusement. The interior of the house was remarkable for the beauty of its proportions, the convenient distribution of the apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and the furniture, and the beautiful views which were so visible from all the windows. The drawing-room was adorned with charming landscapes drawn and painted after nature by Miss Ponsonby.—Lady Eleanor was a very good musician; and both had filled their solitary dwelling with embroidery, of which the work was extraordinary. The arts were cultivated with equal success and modesty; and you admired their productions on this secluded spot with a feeling which you could not experience elsewhere; you were delighted to find, in that peaceful retreat, so much merit, sheltered from the attacks of satire and of envy, and talents that, free from ostentation and pride, were derived, in that spot, from other suffrages than those of friendship.

During the night they slept at the cottage, Madame de Genlis heard, for the first time, a species of melody, as mysterious as new. She found next morning, that it proceeded from an instrument in England, called an "Æolian Harp," on which, she beautifully remarks, it is natural enough that such an instrument should have originated in an island of storms, amid tempests, of which it softens the terrors. I must not quit Llangollen, she proceeds, without mentioning the pure manners of that part of Wales: the two friends assured us that such is their honesty, that often, when they left their mountain to walk in the neighbourhood, they left the key in the cottage door, and were never robbed of any thing, though they had a considerable quantity of silver-plate and other valuable articles which might

have been carried away. The inns of Llangollen were distinguished by the neatness peculiar to England.

WOMEN OF KNOWLEDGE. I shall be glad to know, said a lady angrily, how knowledge is incompatible with a lady's situation in life. I should like to be told why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences are not as becoming in her as in a man? I do not say, replied a gentleman of plain sense, that it is unbecoming, but I think a little of it would serve her purpose; in my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to melting of butter; her geography, to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner of the house; her algebra, to keeping a correct account of the expenses of the family; and, for her languages, heaven knows that one language is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better.

LORD BYRON'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE AFTER THEIR SEPARATION. — I have to acknowledge the receipt of Ada's hair, which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl—perhaps from its being let grow. I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why; I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession; for your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons: firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and secondly, I wish to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people. I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birth day—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six; so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her; perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents. The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the old brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance.—We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thoughts are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not

agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now. I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation; but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet, may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you, that I bear you now (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that if you have injured me in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have injured you, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving. Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

Female Characteristic. I never met a female from the flat-nosed and ebony-coloured monster of the tropics, to the snow-white and sublime divinity of a Greek isle, without a touch of romance; repulsiveness could not conceal it, age could not change it. I have found it in all times and places, like a spring of fresh waters starting up even from the flint—cheering the cheerless, softening the insensible, renovating the withered—a secret whisper, in the ear of every woman alive, that to the last, passion might flutter in rosy pinions round her brow.

The Female Character. A gentleman who was among the number of the persons preserved in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, has given a narrative of the whole of this painful affair. The conduct of the females on board, in particular, excited his admiration and astonishment. On the vessel's first striking, and after the announcement of the Liverpool pilot that all was over, it is true, feminine fears had for a time complete ascendancy; but when it became evident that the case was hopeless, and that death stared them in the face, the most entire resignation and calmness seemed to possess the unhappy females. All appeared earnestly engaged in prayer, and were successively washed off, thus occupied, and precipitated into a boundless eternity. To witness this spectacle, which he, for nearly two

hours, was compelled to do—to see tender and lovely females yield themselves, with scarcely a struggle, to the arms of the fell destroyer, death, was agonizing in the extreme. The combination of seemingly opposite qualities which characterizes the female character, is certainly one of the most extraordinary phenomena which can arrest our attention. To witness a delicate, nervous female, who, in ordinary cases, would hesitate to venture out in a shower of rain, or cross a street while a vehicle was passing, encounter, calmly and resignedly, horrors sufficient to unman the most courageous of the other sex, evinces a trait of character redounding to the honour of womankind; and is one of the beneficial qualities of which, probably, no man who has enjoyed the blessing of domestic life, has not had more than one occasion to participate.

ENGLISH WOMEN.—A drawing-room and court presentation are always here as ridiculous as the levée of a burgomaster; and all the pride and wealth of the aristocracy are lost sight of in the awkward embarrassment of these fair ones, not adorned, but burdened with diamonds and ornaments. In dishabille, and when they are moving in their domestic circle, young English women very often appear to great advantage, but in large societies hardly ever—for an unconquerable timidity so thoroughly paralyses even their intellects, that a rational conversation with them is out of the question. Of all the European women, I take them to be the most pleasing and comfortable wives, as also the most unfit for display and society—a judgment in which the praise is greater than the blame.

THE KING OF PERSIA'S HAREM. Every one has heard, or every on emay have heard, that his majesty the king of Persia has eight hundred wives, or ladies, in his harèm, and that every other man in the country has as many as he can keep, and more than he can manage. European husbands, who have only one, and yet find it difficult enough at times to be masters in their own houses, can hardly imagine the straits their eastern brethren in matrimony are sometimes driven to by thus multiplying their domestic blessings. A man can with little propriety, in this country, talk of his rib, or his better half; he is the mere stem of a cluster of dates—a poor dry stick, surrounded and weighed down with rich ripe fruit. Yet he must endeavour to subdue the inveterate animosities of interested rivals, and contrive to preserve some order amidst the discordance of the divided wives of his bosom—peace and quiet he never hopes for. As this must absolutely be effected by his own exertions, it being indecent even to name his wife or wives to a neighbour, or to ask his advice or assistance under any circumstances, the science of managing one's own family has long

been the favourite pursuit, and intricate study, of the most learned philosophers and able diplomatists. Many are the schemes, good and bad, to effect this great purpose, which have been proposed, adopted, and rejected in their turn. The last, and perhaps one of the best, is that devised, and at present actually practised, by the Moolah Alaverdi to the Ibraim Mosque. It is concise, simple, and as far as it goes, tolerably efficacious; but it is extremely limited in its action. It consists in hanging up a small whip, with a whistle attached, to the right hand door-post of the ladies' apartment. When the venerable Moolah enters, he unhooks his whip, and first gives a neat, distinct whistle, which immediately assembles the ladies around him; as the pipe of the shepherd collects together his dispersed flock. He then lays the whip smartly over the back of the first, or head wife, and continues to supply a similar discipline to every one present, till each has received her portion, strictly observing the order of precedency and rank, and carefully avoiding all partiality, by giving out his whole strength to each blow. He has hitherto invariably found himself respected, loved, and obeyed at the conclusion of the ceremony by his affectionate and dutiful spouses. He now boasts of his method as infallible, asserts that his theory is now confirmed and established by experiment, and that this is the true and only way to manage a family.

WOMAN.

When destiny, with irresistible sway,
Throws a gloom o'er the joys which enliven our day;
Consigns the lone heart late illumed by delight,
To linger in grief mid the shadows of night,—
'Tis then, lovely woman, thy aid we require
Whose wooing attractions our childhood inspire,
Whose virtues our deepest affections engage,
The guardian of youth—and inspirer of age.

Yes, woman, dear woman, thy soul-soothing smile—
Whose spells can e'en rage of its fury beguile—
Prevails, and enables our nature to bear
The keenest of ills—yea, the weight of despair.
Without thy endearments, say, what would be life?
A scene of appalling contention and strife;
Which could nought to the heart like enjoyment bestow,
But tinge the sad mind with affection and woe.

For potent's the magic that sits in thine eyes,
Which can the fierce passions of man civilize:
So much do his hopes on thy fondness rely,
Bereft of thy smiles he would languish and die.
This thought to the heart, ere its hopes are resigned,
Shall play like a sun-beam of hope on the mind;
Awak'ning each slumbering feeling, to prove
The magical power of beauty and love.

E. M.

LITERATURE.

GENERAL INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The literature of this country has undergone, since the commencement of the present century, one of those periodical changes, which, in the revolution of years, seem inseparably to connect themselves with all the intellectual pursuits to which the genius and talents of man are directed. It is not to the great ebbs and flows of mind—to the golden or iron ages, which have alternately illuminated and darkened the world, that we mean to allude. We refer to changes of a more limited description, but scarcely less interesting to the philosophical enquirer into the nature of mind, and the various phenomena attendant on its developement. To such a one it must be apparent, that even when the higher powers of man's nature seem to be in equal states of activity, the leading features of those productions by which that activity is made apparent, are widely different at different periods. The fluctuation of taste—the alteration in the spirit of the times—the commanding influence of one or two bold and peculiarly constituted minds—are, in general, vaguely and unsatisfactorily set down, as the causes why a new order of things should arise in the world of intellect, and all the old canons of criticism, by which the value of mental labour used to be ascertained, rendered unstable or swept away altogether. We enter not at present upon any investigation which might lead to more accurate conclusions upon this subject; we wish only to point out the fact, and to direct attention to the influence it is but too apt imperceptibly

to exercise over all our judgments. And most especially ought they to be aware of its power, who take upon themselves the important task of attempting to guide, in any degree, the public mind. Whether there be in reality a definable and essential standard of taste, although, like the precious stone sought for by the enthusiasm of early science, it may have hitherto baffled discovery, it is at all events certain, that every age has had its own standard, to which an appeal was made, and by which its decisions were regulated. Different as these standards have commonly been from each other, it is impossible that they can all have been correct; yet, with much error, there may have been much truth in each. That man possesses but a shallow and bigoted discernment who pins his faith upon the predominant mode and fashion, or literary and scientific creed, of any one country, or any isolated portion of time. By all reflecting minds this is a truth which is generally admitted; yet in the practice of every day it is but too frequently forgotten. We are all too apt to look only to what is going on around us, and in the pride of our hearts to believe, that what we and our contemporaries are doing is better than what has ever been done before. The mere laborious student who for ever quarries on the lore of nations and tongues that are extinct, is known by the depreciating titles of the 'pedant' and 'bookworm;' the abstracted reveller among theories which exclude all human sympathies, and relate only to the mysterious laws that govern thought and mental perception, is distinguished by the equivocal appellation of 'metaphysician,' which in the lips of many is meant to imply, that in devoting himself to the investigation of an essence he cannot comprehend, he has overlooked the only part of human nature towards the improvement of which his wisdom might have been usefully expended. Yet, whilst we perceive the errors into which the over enthusiastic scholar, and the too ardent worshipper of German philosophy have fallen, it becomes us not to point at them the finger of derision, or to turn away with the self-satisfied conviction of superiority. Without the scholar, the wisdom of the past would have been buried under the ruins of fallen empires; and without the metaphysician, glimpses of a remoter world, of a higher origin, and of a far nobler destiny, might to some have never been revealed. The same observations which apply to different classes of men, may with propriety be extended to different periods in the history of this or any other country. There was a time when knightly daring and deeds of bold emprize went hand in hand with intellectual culture; and he therefore stood the most conspicuous, whose sword was seen to flash in every word, and whose resounding verse seemed but an echo to his war steed; there was a time

when theological research and polemical controversy gave the leading tone and colour to the mind, and when its efforts were estimated only in reference to that engrossing subject; there was a time when the quiet happiness of an agricultural and pastoral state of society took a strong hold of the imagination, and, as in the Arcadia of Greece, or of Sir Philip Sidney, the whole population "babbled of green fields," and limpid rivulets murmured through a thousand eclogues; there was a time when quaint conceits, and strong antithesis, and startling paradox, and all the untrodden paths of thought, however abstract and refined, or however dependent upon the mere play and jingle of conventional sounds, constituted what was denominated wit, when wit meant something more than mere quickness of fancy or readiness of repartee, and when, for the reputation of possessing that wit, all the dictates of a more sober, and perhaps sounder taste, were willingly sacrificed; there was a time when the nation once more reverted to the chaste and classical models of antiquity,—when their productions, if more subdued in tone, were more sustained in execution,—when the feelings were never violently overwrought, nor the imagination taxed to give birth to all grotesque and fantastic combinations,—when the natural passions of the human breast were thought to possess sufficient interest in themselves, without being distorted into hideous convulsions, or microscopically magnified into impossible proportions,—when beauty was not considered less beautiful because it was simple, or sorrow less deep because it was unpretending; and, last of all, there was a time, and it began with the commencement of the nineteenth century, when this order of things was entirely reversed, when mere classical correctness was pronounced tame and spiritless, and fast producing that apathetic monotony which would never be roused into animation, startled into energy, or surprised into delight: then came the restless longing after novelty, however perplexing, the never-ceasing anxiety to explore regions of thought, of sentiment, of passion, of sensation, hitherto undiscovered, the dangerous craving after strong and stimulating intellectual food, intent only on the present excitement, and altogether regardless of the consequent languor; innumerable delineations followed, not of what human nature was, but of what it was possible it might become; genius was deified, genius was called upon to create, and judgment and knowledge were taken from their thrones, and made to bow the knee before the idols which genius erected. In every country there have been intellectual changes such as these; and the comprehensive mind, without allowing itself to be stamped with the features of any one era, may find much profit in all. The gay wild songs of the troubadour need not be despised, because Milton, lifted

on the wings of religion, soared a far higher flight; the rural felicities in which Sidney delighted need not be turned from as weak and girlish, because Donne and Cowley thought more intensely, if not with a sounder estimation of the beauty of creation's works; nor should Addison be left unread, and Pope pronounced uninspired, because the author of "Waverley" sprang into existence, and Byron conceived "Childe Harold." The peculiar character which distinguishes any passing generation must be interesting to it, and may afford matter for much useful discourse; but the peculiar character of man, and of the mind of man, for ever active, yet for ever varying, is a theme of more permanent utility, and sublimer interest. Let us not then rashly join with those who, with a flippant cleverness, the very common endowment of inferior minds, either maintain that the present infinitely surpasses all past ages, or falling into an opposite extreme, affect to undervalue every thing that does not agree with their own ideal standard of excellence, and to discover nothing in the unwearying exertion of mental activity which this country exhibits but extreme unprofitableness, a mere gilding of the external surface of thought, or vain and unjustifiable attempts to penetrate into the hidden arcana of the material and immaterial universe. Let us rejoice, rather, that whatever may be the imperfections attendant upon the mode of its dissemination, the light of knowledge, and the softening influence of the *litteræ humaniores*, now rest, as a sunbeam, alike upon the palace of the prince and the cabin of the peasant. Much might be said concerning the errors or excellencies of many systems and schools, as well as of the merits or imperfections of those by whom they are supported; but let it be remembered, that wherever there is thought, there is an exertion of the most Godlike attribute which belongs to man, of all his possessions the most valuable; and that, in exact proportion to its value is the importance of the use to which it may be put, and the deep responsibility of those who undertake to superintend its progress and advise regarding its management.

LANGUAGE.

THE first language, if given by inspiration, as is generally believed, must in its principles have had all the perfection of which language is susceptible; but from the nature of things it could not in its birth have been very copious. The words whereof language is constituted are either proper names, or the

signs of ideas and relations. But it cannot be supposed that the all-wise Instructor would load the memories of men with words to denote things then unknown, or with the signs of ideas which they had not acquired. It was sufficient that a foundation was laid of such a nature as would in the progress of time support the largest superstructure, when men should, by enlarged necessities and a wider compass of invention, attain the art of raising a finer fabric by derivation and composition. This would long preserve the language radically the same, though it could not prevent the introduction of different dialects into the various countries over which mankind might spread themselves. In whatever region we may imagine the human race to have been originally placed, the increase of numbers would gradually either lead to a dispersion into various realms and nations, or extend the one nation to a vast distance on every side. In either case mankind would every where meet with new objects, which would occasion the invention of new names; and as the difference of climate and other natural causes would compel those who moved eastward or northward to adopt customs in many respects different from the modes of those who settled in the west and south, a vast number of words would in one country be fabricated, to denote conceptions, which must naturally be unintelligible to the body of the people inhabiting countries where those conceptions were not formed. Thus, even setting aside the consideration of any supernatural dispersion, would various dialects be unavoidably introduced into the original language. And after separate and independent societies were formed, these variations would become more numerous, and the several dialects would deviate yet farther and farther from the idiom and genius of the parent tongue, in proportion to the diversity of manners of the tribes by which they were spoken.

WRITING.

In the early ages of the world, before language, in its wildest range, was completely introduced, converse was perhaps held in great measure by sign and action. But as signs and actions were inadequate to a complete interchange of ideas on many subjects, the whole material creation was called in to aid the yet imperfect powers of intellect. Thus a graphic delineation of a lion, a horse, a dog, a hare, at once conveyed the idea of those creatures; while in the progress of improvement these figures served to express the qualities attributable to each—as fierceness, strength, fidelity, and fear. Every thing in animal

and vegetable nature, together with the planets in the heavens, were thus pictured out, till custom and art, by abbreviation or loftier ingenuity, combined to produce a regular alphabet. An inattention to this natural and easy progress, made the great philosophers Plato and Tully conclude, that the very acquisition of an alphabet was the result of no human contrivance, but a gift of the gods themselves. Many nations have claimed the honour of this invention. The Greeks ascribed it to the Phœnicians. That the Assyrian, Chaldaic, and Hebrew languages, were, with some modifications, the same, is the general opinion of the learned; and that the alphabets of each are of antediluvian antiquity appears highly probable; for, had an invention of such vast importance been subsequently made, the author would doubtless have been commemorated in the annals of the country in which he lived. But leaving alone such considerations, which at best can be but conjectural, let it suffice to us to observe, that among the European nations certainly we do not find any who pretend to the invention of letters. All of them derived the art from the Greeks or Romans, except the Turks, who had it from the Arabians. The Romans never claimed the discovery, but confessed their knowledge to have been received from the Greeks; the Greeks owned that they possessed it from the Phœnicians, who, as well as their colonists the Carthaginians, spoke a dialect of the Hebrew varying little from the original. The Coptic resembles the Greek in most of its characters, and is therefore referred to the same original. The Chaldean, Syriac, and latter Samaritan, are dialects of the Hebrew, without any considerable deviation or many additional words. The Ethiopic differs more from the Hebrew, but less from the Arabic. All these languages have issued from the same stock, as the similarity of their formation and the numberless words common to them all sufficiently evince. It appears, then, that all the languages in use among men, which have been conveyed in alphabetical characters, have been those of people connected mediately or immediately with the Hebrews, to whom we are also indebted for the earliest specimens of the communication of ideas by writing. The materials used for writing in the early ages were of great variety—stone, lead, brass, ivory, box, wax, the skins of animals, and the leaves of certain trees and of aquatic plants. The tables of the law were twice written by the finger of God on stone [1491 B. C.]—Moses, by the divine charge, wrote the same in "a book," to be deposited in the tabernacle of the ark—and on passing the Jordan [1451 B. C.] the Jewish people were themselves commanded to set up great stones, to plaster them with plaster, and "write upon them all

the words of this law."* Tablets of wood are stated by Calmet to have been used by the Jews from very remote antiquity. The book of the law, written by Moses, was probably on skins, it being found eight hundred years after in the form of a roll, precisely answering the description of Hebrew writings given by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezra, who wrote in the 7th, 6th, and 5th centuries B. C.—So recently as 1806, Dr. Buchanan discovered in India a very ancient Hebrew copy of the Pentateuch written on a roll of goat-skin dyed red, measuring forty-eight feet in length, and in breadth twenty. From its then imperfect state, Dr. B. conjectured that in its original and complete form its length was not less than ninety feet.—The works of Hesiod were written upon lead; the Egyptians engraved their public documents on tablets of brass; the laws of Solon were inscribed on the same metal; and the treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians, at the termination of the first Punic war, B. C. 241, was engraven on brazen tables. The Papyrus, supposed to be alluded to in Isaiah xix. 6, 7,—though erroneously stated to have been first used in the time of Alexander,—palm-tree leaves, wax, ivory, and lead, were in common use till the 9th century, when a description of vegetable or cotton paper became known in the East, though familiar to the Chinese for ages previous.—Paper from linen rags was an invention of the 11th century.

PRINTING.

In searching for the origin of things, says the learned Sigonius,—very indisputably it must be confessed,—we can begin no higher than the creation of the world and the formation of man; and if we seek truth, it is no where to be met with in such obvious characters as in the illustrious records of the Hebrews. The Bible, then, that book of all books, brings us acquainted with a nation which in the earliest ages surpassed all others in illumination; and with regard to the proficiency of its people in the mechanic and useful arts, we have but to combine the descriptions of the ark of the covenant, and of Solomon's temple, with the early mention of graven and molten images, coins, signets, and brands for the purpose of marking—to be convinced that the arts of carving, engraving, die-sinking, casting in metal, and even a species of printing, were coeval with, and some of them

* A proof that the Hebrew must long have been a written as well as an oral tongue, as it were useless to publish what none could read.

paring them together. All that we learn from books, conversation, or any other source, may become the subject of reflection.—4. Judgment is the faculty of the soul by which we ascertain the different properties of things, and are able to determine what is most entitled to preference.—5. Imagination is that extraordinary faculty by which we produce in our minds the ideas of objects and scenes which we have seen at some former period, and also of those we never beheld. These latter appear like a new creation, but they are not so in reality. Let us picture to ourselves images ever so diversified, or scenes ever so vast and extensive, we shall find upon examining them, that they all consist of an assemblage of simple ideas which we had before acquired, either through the medium of the senses, or by reflection upon what passed in our minds. The fabulous idea of a centaur, as Mr. Locke observes, is nothing more than the several ideas we form of a man and a horse combined. 6. Volition, or the power of willing, is the last faculty to be mentioned, of which it will not be necessary to say much, since its name implies its use. It must be evident to every one that the will is in the soul, and that the body acts under her direction. The body in fact may be compared to a ship, of which the soul is the pilot, and directs the helm; or more properly to an empire over which she rules as queen, and by means of the nerves and animal spirits, conveys her orders to every part of her dominions.

HISTORY.

THOU chronicle of crimes! I read no more;
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy!
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts—that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!
I spake, when lo!
There stood before me, in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried,
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful and sweet,
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page,
Pleased with delicious sorrow. Oh shame! shame!
Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
Boy! boy! deceive me not! What if the tale
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang?
What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire

Strong anger and contempt? hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings,—with a deeper love
For Freedom? Yes, if righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery, let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
Such strains as Cato might have deign'd to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.—SOUTHEY.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROSPECTS OF MAN.

"THE healthy know not of their health, but only the sick:" this is the physician's aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say, it holds no less in moral, intellectual, political, poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that wherever, or in what shape soever, powers of the sort which can be named vital are at work, herein lies the test of their working right or working wrong. In the body, for example, as all doctors are agreed, the first condition of complete health is, that each organ perform its functions unconsciously, unheeded; let but any organ announce its separate existence, were it even boastfully, and for pleasure, not for pain, then already has one of those unfortunate "false centres of sensibility" established itself, already is derangement there. The perfection of bodily well-being is, that the collective bodily activities seem one; and be manifested, moreover, not in themselves, but in the action they accomplish. If a Dr. Kitchener boast that his system is in high order, Dietetic Philosophy may indeed take credit; but the true Peptician was that countryman who answered that, "for his part, he had no system." In fact, unity, agreement, is always silent, or soft-voiced; it is only discord that loudly proclaims itself. So long as the several elements of life, all fitly adjusted, can pour forth their movement like harmonious tuned strings, it is a melody and unison; life, from its mysterious fountains, flows out as in celestial music and diapason,—which also, like that other music of the spheres, even because it is perennial and complete, without interruption and without imperfection, might be fabled to escape the ear. Thus, too, in some languages, is the state of health well denoted by a term expressing unity; when we feel ourselves as we wish to be, we say that we are whole.

Few mortals, it is to be feared, are permanently blessed with that felicity of "having no system;" nevertheless, most of us, looking back on young years, may remember seasons of a light, aërial translucency and elasticity, and perfect freedom; the body had not yet become the prison-house of the soul, but was its

vehicle and implement, like a creature of the thought, and altogether pliant to its bidding. We knew not that we had limbs,—we only lifted, hurled, and leaped; through eye and ear, and all avenues of sense, came clear, unimpeded tidings from without, and from within issued clear victorious force; we stood as in the centre of nature, giving and receiving, in harmony with it all; unlike Virgil's husbandmen, "too happy because we did not know our blessedness." In those days, health and sickness were foreign traditions that did not concern us; our whole being was as yet one, the whole man like an incorporated will. Such, were rest or ever-successful labour the human lot, might our life continue to be: a pure, perpetual, unregarded music—a beam of perfect white light, rendering all things visible, but itself unseen, even because it was of that perfect whiteness, and no irregular obstruction had yet broken it into colours. The beginning of inquiry is disease: all science, if we consider well, as it must have originated in the feeling of something being wrong, so it is and continues to be but division, dismemberment, and partial healing of the wrong. Thus, as was of old written, the tree of knowledge springs from a root of evil, and bears fruits of good and evil. Had Adam remained in Paradise, there had been no anatomy and no metaphysics. On the whole, "genius is ever a secret to itself;" of this old truth we have, on all sides, daily evidence. Shakspeare takes no airs for writing Hamlet and the Tempest, understands not that it is any thing surprising: Milton, again, is more conscious of his faculty, which accordingly is an inferior one. On the other hand, what cackling and strutting must we not often hear and see, when, in some shape of academical prolusion, maiden-speech, review-article, this or the other well-fledged goose has produced its goose-egg, of quite measurable value, were it the pink of its whole kind; and wonders why all mortals do not wonder! To understand man, we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. It is in society that man first feels what he is, first becomes what he can be. In society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows; the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue for ever folded in, stunted, and only half alive. "Already," says a deep thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once, "my opinion, my conviction, gains infinitely in strength and sureness, the moment a second mind has adopted it." Such, even in its simplest form, is association; so wondrous the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of knowing! In other higher acts,

the wonder is still more manifest; as in that portion of our being which we name the moral; for properly, indeed, all communion is of a moral sort, whereof such intellectual communion (in the act of knowing) is itself an example. But with regard to morals, strictly so called, it is in society, we might almost say, that morality begins; here at least it takes an altogether new form, and on every side, as in living growth, expands itself. The duties of man to himself, to what is highest in himself, make but the first table of the law: to the first table is now superadded a second, with the duties of man to his neighbour; whereby also the significance of the first now assumes its true importance. Man has joined himself with man; soul acts and re-acts on soul; a mystic, miraculous, unfathomable union establishes itself; life, in all its elements, has become intensated, consecrated. The lightning-spark of thought, generated, or say rather, heaven-kindled, in the solitary mind, awakens its express likeness in another mind, in a thousand other minds, and all blaze up together in combined fire; reverberated from mind to mind, fed also with fresh fuel in each, it acquires incalculable new light as thought, incalculable new heat as converted into action. By and by, a common store of thought can accumulate, and be transmitted as an everlasting possession: literature, whether as preserved in the memory of bards, in tunes, and hieroglyphics engraved on stone, or in books of written or printed paper, comes into existence, and begins to play its wondrous part. Polities are formed; the weak submitting to the strong with a willing loyalty, giving obedience that he may receive guidance; or say, rather, in honour of our nature, the ignorant submitting to the wise; for so it is in all even the rudest communities, man never yields himself wholly to brute force, but always to moral greatness; thus the universal title of respect, from the Oriental sheik, from the sachem of the red Indians, down to our English sir, implies only that he whom we mean to honour is our senior. Last, as the crown and all-supporting keystone of the fabric, religion arises. The devout meditation of the isolated man, which flitted through his soul, like a transient tone of love and awe from unknown lands, acquires certainty, continuance, when it is shared in by his brother men. "Where two or three are gathered together" in the name of the Highest, then first does the Highest, as it is written, "appear among them to bless them;" then first does an altar and act of united worship open a way from earth to heaven; whereon, were it but a simple Jacob's-ladder, the heavenly messengers will travel, with glad tidings and unspeakable gifts for men. Such is society, the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual: greatly the most important of man's attainments on this earth;

that in which, and by virtue of which, all his other attainments and attempts find their arena, and have their value. Considered well, society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true religion of the supernatural; as it were, a second all-embracing life, wherein our first individual life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies itself forth, and becomes visible and active. Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and poverty, also in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it; opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles. The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus' gods, but as indolent, as impotent; while the boundless living chaos of ignorance and hunger welters terrific, in its dark fury, under their feet. How much among us might be likened to a whited sepulchre; outwardly all pomp and strength; but inwardly full of horror, and despair, and dead men's bones! Iron highways, with their wains fire-winged, are uniting all ends of the firm land; quays and moles, with their innumerable stately fleets, tame the ocean into our pliant bearer of burdens; labour's thousand arms, of sinew and of metal, all-conquering, every where, from the tops of the mountain down to the depths of the mine and caverns of the sea, ply unwearily for the service of man: yet man remains unserved. He has subdued this planet, his habitation and inheritance, yet reaps no profit from the victory. Sad to look upon, in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind must struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man, the battle against famine. Countries are rich, prosperous in all manner of increase, beyond example; but the men of those countries are poor, needier than ever of all sustenance outward and inward; of belief, of knowledge, of money, of food. The rule *sic vos non vobis*, never altogether to be got rid of in men's industry, now presses with such incubus weight, that industry must shake it off, or utterly be strangled under it; and, alas! can as yet but grasp and rave, and aimlessly struggle, like one in the final delirium. Thus change, or the inevitable approach of change, is manifest every where. In one country we have seen lava-torrents of fever-frenzy envelope all things; government succeeds government, like the phantasms of a dying brain: in another country, we can even now see, in maddest alternation, the peasant governed by such guidance as this—to labour earnestly one month in raising wheat, and the next month labour earnestly in burning it. So that society, were it not by nature immortal, and its death ever a new-birth, might appear, as it does in the eyes of some, to be sick to dissolution, and even now writhing in its last agony. Behold a Byron, in melodious tones, "cursing his day:" he

mistakes earth-born passionate desire for heaven-inspired free-will; without heavenly loadstar, rushes madly into the dance of meteoric lights, that hover on the Maelstrom, and goes down among its eddies. Hear a Shelley filling the earth with inarticulate wail; like the infinite inarticulate grief and weeping of forsaken infants. A noble Friedrich Schlegel, stupied in that fearful loneliness, as of a silenced battle-field, flies back to Catholicism, as a child might to its slain mother's bosom, and cling there. In lower regions, how many a poor Hazlitt must wander on God's verdant earth, like the unblest on burning deserts; passionately dig wells, and draw up only the dry quicksand; believe that he is seeking truth, yet only wrestle among endless sophisms, doing desperate battle as with spectre-hosts; and die and make no sign! The true past departs not; nothing that was worthy in the past departs, no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die, but is all still here, and recognized or not, lives and works through endless changes. If all things, to speak in the German dialect, are discerned by us, and exist for us, in an element of time, and therefore of mortality and mutability; yet time itself reposes on eternity: the truly great and transcendental has its basis and substance in eternity; stands revealed to us as eternity in a vesture of time. Thus in all poetry, worship, art, society, as one form passes into another, nothing is lost: it is but the superficial, as it were the body only, that grows obsolete and dies: under the mortal body lies a soul that is immortal; that anew incarnates itself in fairer revelation, and the present is the living sum-total of the whole past.

THE YOUNG POETESS.

All silently and solitary rear'd,
Like a pale snowdrop rising 'midst the frost,
Leafless, and by no genial sunbeam cheer'd
Affliction's chilling wind hath o'er her past.

And many a vanish'd dream of youthful joy,
Of love unanswer'd, and of hope delay'd,
And all the various woes that slow destroy,
Eternal traces on her brow have made.

Yet might those flinty hearts who daily rove
Through Pleasure's courts, neglectful of her fate,
And cause her ardent soul such pangs of love
As ne'er but in the grave shall cease, too late;

Oh, they might envy still the visions bright,
The spirit's converse to her wrapt soul stealing;
E'en through the darkness of her gloomy night,
All heaven's harmonies to her revealing.

Glorious and fair the destiny of fate
  Shines forth, the cheering rainbow of the flood;
The rushing tide of evil doth abate,
  And wither'd hopes again spring forth and bud.

See, o'er her ashy brow a radiance flashing
  Of brilliant thoughts with glorious fancies join'd,
Earth's cold realities so far surpassing
  From seraphs' harps that tone must be purloin'd!

The drooping rose, pale nursling of the shade,
  Doth yet exhale a fragrance to the air,
E'en though the zephyrs seek the sunny glade,
  And man, as void of sense, the gay parterre.

The languid flow'ret of misfortune's gloom,
  Blighted by sorrow in her early course,
Though heiress of a dark and cruel doom,
  Knows yet a joy beyond each mortal source.

AFFECTION.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children—If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

SYMPATHY.

UNDER this denomination of society, the passions are of a com plicated kind, and branch out into a variety of forms agreeable to that variety of ends they are to serve in the great chain of society, The three principal links in this chain are sympathy, imitation, and ambition. It is by the first of these passions that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing that men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected: so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain, may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure—and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here. It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in reality would shock, are, in tragical, and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. The satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I should imagine that the influence of reason, in producing our passions, is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed.

FRENCH FORTITUDE, ADULATION, AND VANITY.

FORTITUDE. The French are said to bear misfortunes better than any other European people. I admit that they do so. Praise has frequently been given to them for this. I deny that they merit it. Their patience is neither the result of philosophy,

nor of a pious submission to the Divine will. The cause of it may be found in that levity which is a striking feature in the characters of the French. There can be no doubt that Frenchmen, in general, are incapable of any permanent feeling of a serious nature. They may feel acutely for a moment; but the slightest circumstance will change their tears into bursts of laughter. I have had an opportunity of being convinced of the truth of this opinion, by an intimate acquaintance with many of those who were driven from France, and exposed to the severest calamities, by the fury of the revolution. I have seen them bewailing with tears in their eyes, the loss of fortune, parents, and children; and, while they were thus occupied, and appeared as if nothing could ever give them comfort, I have seen the tricks of a kitten, or some equally trifling thing, throw them almost into convulsions of laughter. I contend, therefore, that they are entitled to no applause for what is miscalled their fortitude. It is only he who feels his misfortunes who has claim to our admiration for bearing them with calmness. When Macduff, on being told of the murder of his family, is advised to bear his sorrows like a man, Shakspeare, that great master of human nature, makes him beautifully reply, "But I must also feel them like a man."

ADULATION. The French have, at all times, been the most slavish of flatterers to men in power. When, after having covered their kings with the most disgusting adulation, they thought proper to run a muck against all kings, and to murder the mildest of their sovereigns, they did not cease to perform the ceremony of prostration to those who held the reins of empire. The fulsome incense formerly offered up to their monarchs was now transferred to Marat, Robespierre, and the rest of the innumerable sanguinary tyrants who degraded and tormented their country. The habit of being slavish they could not throw off. This, however, is not so wonderful. It was an old habit, and. consequently, an inveterate one: as the following lines, addressed to Cardinal de Richelieu, would sufficiently prove, if any proof were wanting. These lines are part of a French poem, by L'Estoille, a French poet, who died in 1652; and it is difficult to say which is most prominent, their abject baseness, or their flagrant impiety. After having poured forth an abundance of bombastic nonsense, not forgetting some abuse of England, M. L'Estoille thus comes to a befitting climax:—

L'Envie a beau secher de vous voir tant fleurir,
Et se nourrit du vent d'une injuste esperance;
On ne vous peut blesser sans nous faire mourir,
Ce que l'ame est au corps, vous l'estes a la France.

En vain la Médisance attaque vostre foy ;
Et c'est contre le ciel que sa bouche blasphème.
Estre vostre ennemy, c'est l'estre de mon roy ;
Et l'estre de mon roy, c'est l'estre de Dieu mesme.

VANITY. Among all the defects of the French character, and Heaven knows they are sufficiently numerous, not the least prominent of them is their vanity, which is unbounded, and frequently insufferable. There is not a Frenchman who does not believe France to be the first country on the globe, Frenchmen the most wise and beautiful of the human race, and himself the most beautiful and wise of all Frenchmen. Their vanity breaks out on every occasion; sometimes it is thoroughly disgusting; at other times it merely excites laughter. An amusing instance of it has just met my eye in a newspaper criticism on an engraving, which bears the title of "Love reduced to Reason." "Perhaps," says the modest and judicious critic, "there is in the person of Venus a little too much of the French air; but, in assuming this air, more than one Grecian divinity would be no loser by the exchange." Absurd, however, as this opinion is, it is not of their newspaper critics alone. It is common to their artists, who seem either to despise or to be ignorant of ideal beauty. In their pictures, every thing has an expression of figure and countenance which is wholly French.—Apollo is a rhyming petit maitre, Mars a blustering Gascon corporal, and Venus is one of the accommodating beauties of that sink of iniquity, the Palais Royale.

ON THE POETIC TENDENCIES OF YOUTH. It is only in the infancy of the soul that true poetry can be said to have its residence. In the morn of life, when there is nothing of care or fear to tie down the buoyancy of the spirit, and when the imagination runs riot among all kinds of bright and beautiful images, then only is its possessor a poet, in the true sense of the word, then only is he so in his own estimation, and to that time will he ever recur as the only brilliant era when he enjoyed the pure and real delights of poesy.—Then only can he perceive with peculiar delight, and sympathize with all his heart in the romantic pictures which are drawn by the standard bards—then only dare he presume to follow them,—then only has he the courage to think that he may hereafter tread in their steps. It is only when just so much of youthful experience (not worldly) has been acquired as will render the heart capable of being impressed with the grandeur of every noble deed, and the magnanimity of every generous one, that he can pourtray in their genuine colours either a noble or a generous mind. It is only in his own early days that a man of genius can draw from Nature in her unsophisticated state—at least if he would be indebted to that best

of all sources—personal experience; for let but a few years pass away, and he has acquired the artificial habits and the cold restraints that characterize the members of a bustling and promiscuous society; worldly and gross solicitudes intrude upon the hours which he would devote to solitude and the muse; then comes an overpowering throng of cares which prey upon him with such ceaseless bitterness, that, at length, he finds himself so situated between the boisterous claims of the world which he cannot shun, and the gentle calls of the genius which he would ever listen to,—he finds himself eventually so placed that he cannot look back upon the past with satisfaction, or upon the future with hope. The influence of these dead weights upon the wings of inspiration, aided and assisted by the malicious and ever-increasing interference of Time, soon cools the fervour with which he began to court the inspiring graces of poetry; her day of power is gone,—the raptures with which he was once inspired when he contemplated her thousand glowing charms may be no longer felt,—her beauties can be beheld no more;—and so he turns away from the shrine at which he so lately worshipped with a mixed feeling of hopeless languor and uncontrollable disgust.

RETROSPECTIVE ODE.

No! I'll no more essay to sing:—
It is in vain!
I cannot plume my broken wing
Again!—
The bird whose pinions have been clipped
Anew may soar;
The flower whose buddings have been nipped,
May bloom once more,
But the fine sense that prompts and guides to song
Never returns—if dulled by cold neglect or wrong!

Oh! to have never felt the glow,—
Or never chilled!—
But it is agony to know,
That stilled
Ere I had taught my hand to tell
My spirit's dreams,
Was the best music of that spell
The poet deems
The radiant bond which links with Heaven his fame,
And bringeth down the fire, we inspiration name!

Never to feel within this clod,
Or ne'er to quell
The flame that leapeth up in song to God,
Were well:
But to have used the altar's fire
Of my young heart
Only to light a victim-pyre,
Was ill my part—
On which to place my lute—my love—my lays,
And barter for a meal my heritage of praise!

Better have begged the daily bread,
I've earned in pain;
Bleached in the desert my uncovered head,
Whose rain
Would not more coldly on my brow
Have trickling dropped,
Than freezes in my spirit now,
All I had hoped
Would stamp my name on hearts, with words whose spell
Breathes all that souls can feel—yet lack the power to tell!

Yet 'twas not idly I compelled
The spirit hence!—
Want would its fearlessness have quelled
—Or quench'd:—
Rather than see it on a tainted shrine
In flattery burn
Oh! be it ne'er again in vision mine,
Even to spurn!
—I buried in the earth a priceless gem
Lest I should let it deck some tyrant's garment hem!

If—Independence!—thou and song
I could not hold,
I did my soul the lessee wrong
By gold,
Earned with heart sweat, of blood and tears
To win the one,
Than nurse my passion through the years
For ever gone—
And with them gone—(Ah! there is hid the sting!)
All of the tone—the power of high imagining!—

One boon alone from human thing
I ever had—
Life—or the poor flesh-covering
With which 'tis clad!
This hand and head have won the rest,
With Pride to aid;—
Drawn from a noble mother's breast:—
This homage paid,
I'm soul-free—yet not toil free:—but 'twill come!
When inspiration—if e'er mine—may be no longer dumb!

* * * *

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS. The Spaniards (says D'Israeli) may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A whiggish jealousy of the monarchial power stamped itself upon this ancient one—"The king goes as far as he is able, but not as far as he desires." At a later period, when the national genius became more subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his roof a spy or informer, this proverb arose—"Con el lez y la inquisicion chit on!" "With the king and inquisition, hush!" The Italians paint the activity of friendship by the following proverbs: "Who feels love in the breast feels a spur in his limbs"—and "Friends tie their purses with a cobweb's thread." Among his-

torical proverbs, none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let you understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, "J'ai payé tous mes Anglois." "I have paid all my English." This originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince, levies of moneys were made for his ransom, and for many French lords, and they have perpetuated the military glory of our nation, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—"Ore le Pape est devenu Français, et Jesus Christ Anglais." Now the Pope is become French, and Jesus Christ English;" a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court in Avignon, in France, and the English prospered so well that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—"War with the world, and peace with England." Some Italians who have domicilated in merry England at our jovial season, have given currency to the proverb—"Ha piu da fare che i forni di natale in Ingilterra." "He has more business than an English oven at Christmas."

APPOINTMENT OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH:

FROM THE ARABIC.

And God returned from the Garden after he had cast down the transgressors, when he had given sentence upon Adam; and God went up and sat above the waters. And the Spirits of God stood round about his throne, thousands and ten thousands of Angels. And they were sad, because God had said that he would destroy the work of his hands, and because he had said that Man should die: and there was silence in heaven. And God spake and said, I have no pleasure in destroying that which I have made; but Man is become corrupt, and the decree is gone forth: who therefore will go down and smite Adam that he may die? And there was none that made answer. And God called Michael, and said, Thou hast been strong against the enemies of thy Lord: thou art the chief of them who fought with the rebellious: wilt thou go and smite Adam that he may die? And Michael fell upon his face and intreated for himself, and said, Let not my hand, I pray thee, destroy him unto whom thou hast breathed of thy spirit. And God called Israfil, and said, Wilt thou go and smite Adam? And Israfil fell upon his face, and said, How shall I lift up my hand against him whom thou didst command me to worship? Then stood

forth Azrael, and came, and stood before the throne. Now Azrael was very beautiful: of all the creatures of God there was none fairer than Azrael; he was beautiful among the Angels. And Azrael said, I will smite Adam: shall I now go down? And God answered Azrael, Thou shall surely go down, and shalt smite him, but not yet. Thou shalt go also to and fro upon the earth, until the last day, to kill and to destroy, because thou hast no pity. And I will put a token upon thee, so that thou shalt be a terror in the earth; and they that see thee shall die. And while God yet spake unto Azrael his countenance and his form were changed, and he became terrible to behold: and the place where he stood was darkened by reason of the change which God had made in him; for he was very terrible. And the Angels looked upon Azrael, and were astonished at the fashion of his countenance, for it was exceeding terrible. And they turned their faces aside from him, and cried with a grievous cry, Alas for the earth! and for all the things that live therein! And Azrael departed from the presence of God, to do according to his commandment: and he left his place among the Angels, and descended to the earth: and the glory of God filled the heavens.

THE PLEASURES OF A NEWSPAPER. Every man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on tip-toe for new calls; he is unwilling to recur to the business of the preceding day, because it has been exhausted; or ashamed to recollect it, because it has disappointed him. A family thus met together, would drink the tea of Lethe, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought, and immobility of tongue, by the entrance of a newspaper. It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the newspaper appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, and to quicken the dull thoughts. The tea acquires a more odoriferous flavour, the toast is handed about with a greater velocity, and the sugar and butter, though less sweet and white than could be wished, escape without censure, in the multiplicity of reflections which the newspaper suggests. No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to those who choose to think, or of conversation to those who prefer the humbler, though more noisy, business of talking. First, a long list of extensive amusements presents itself, fraught with every tempting inducement. Here it is important to observe

how a play is cast, what great performers are concerned, and what farce or entertainment is to follow; if a concert, what pieces are to be performed, and by whom; if an opera, whether the divine Signora —— bears a part. From amusements there is a transition to works of charity, to subscription of names and sums of money for benevolent purposes; whether the arrangement here be judicious, or whether these ought not to precede amusements, I shall not stop to enquire. Perhaps the editor trusts to the good sense of his readers, that what he mixes heterogeneously, they will separate and arrange judiciously; otherwise there would be a designed confusion in the advertisement part, which would not be easily reconciled to common sense, and would serve rather to perplex our reflections than to employ them to any purpose. Attentively observed, newspapers will be found very correct pictures of the times, and very faithful records of the transfer of property, whether by sale or fraud. I hinted, that the arrangement was apparently confused. We see books and pills, estates and lap-dogs, perfumery and charity sermons, crowded together by one of those accidents by which we may suppose chaos would be produced. Here a disconsolate widow advertises that she carries on business as usual, for the benefit of her orphan family; and there a lady of quality offers five guineas for the recovery of her lap-dog, which answers to the name of Chloe. A person wants to borrow 5000*l.* on undeniable security; and a stable-keeper offers to sell a horse for one hundred guineas on his own word. Servants want places, in which "wages are no object;" and a place under government may be heard of where wages are the only object. Humphrey Jenkins lost his pocket-book in coming out of the play-house; and Sarah Howson has eloped from her husband, who will pay no debts of her contracting, "as witness his mark." In one place we have notice of a main of cocks; and just by it the candidates for a vacant chaplainship are desired to apply. But of all persons "that on earth do dwell," the sick find the greatest relief in newspapers. Why it is that disease should prevail in spite of the infallible medicines that are, in a manner, thrust down the throats of the sick, is astonishing. It would appear that the only disorder patients are troubled with, is an incurable obstinacy, which prevents them from taking medicines that have "cured thousands who have been dismissed from the hospitals in a most deplorable state." Do we not find that in some cases, a single box of pills will effect a cure; and, in others, that the patient will be relieved by the smell only? Will not these medicines "keep good in all climates?" Is it not notorious that they perform their cures "without loss of time, or hindrance to business?" Why then do we hear of the sick and the dying?

Why are not our hospitals turned into alms-houses for decayed physicians, and apothecaries who have no business? Nor is the information respecting the preservation of health less important than the cure of disease. If we turn our eyes to the sales of houses and estates, we shall find that they are all situated in counties remarkable for the salubrity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and the purity of the water, charmingly sheltered, richly wooded, hill and dale, meadow and grove, where the east wind is not permitted to chill, nor the thunder to roll. These, it is true, are chiefly calculated for persons who can afford to pay rather extravagantly for the preservation of health; but this can be no object with those who know that health is the greatest of all blessings, and that in this way, it may be handed down to the latest posterity. The clergy, I must observe, are particularly interested in these advertisements. The rectories are all "situated in remarkably healthy spots," and the present "incumbent is nearly eighty years old." What greater encouragement to a man who wishes to do good, and to do it long, especially when it is "in the vicinity of a pack of hounds"—a circumstance of which we are frequently reminded, although the connection between the business of the pulpit, and the sports of the field, is not quite so obvious as might be expected from the eloquence of our fashionable auctioneers—a race of men to whose inventive genius we owe the conversion of horse-ponds into beautiful sheets of water, ditches into canals, and gibbets into hanging woods; but the ablest men cannot do every thing. There are bounds, even in these times, to human genius. Now, when all these subjects are introduced at the breakfast table, what a copious source of conversation for the rest of the day, especially if any of these should create a desire to be a bidder or a purchaser! What hopes, what fears, what consultations! But this is not necessary to the pleasure a newspaper affords. A man may give a very able account of an estate, without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merit of an entertainment, which not one of the party means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distress of an orphan family, without contributing sixpence to their relief; and even to read of the cures performed by a "famous syrup," without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things; and, if a newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much. Before quitting the advertisements, it may be necessary to mention two descriptions of persons who never appear to meet, and yet who never ought to separate, namely, those who "are equally desirous to lend money," and those who "are equally desirous to borrow it." Why people, that might be so mutually serviceable, should stand in opposite

columns in a newspaper is very extraordinary. There must be some secret in this, which we, who know not the parties, are unacquainted with. That the party wishing to borrow should conceal his name, is easily accounted for. Prudential reasons require that a man's temporary embarrassment should be concealed as much as possible; but that he, "who would be happy to lend," or, as it is sometimes called, "to accommodate," should court obscurity, is not so easily explained. If it be from a motive of modesty, it is highly praiseworthy; but it prevents us from handing down the names of these benevolent persons to future ages as they deserve. Posterity can only know, that all the letters of the alphabet, from A. B. to X. Y., have been eminent for their benevolence in accommodating distressed persons with sums of money "lying at their bankers, from five hundred to twenty thousand pounds;" and thus I close my meditations on the advertisements. I might mention more indeed; but, as the poet says,

> "Here oft appears a wilderness of strange
> But gay confusion,—roses for the cheeks,
> And lilies for the brows of faded age:
> Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
> Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
> Nectareous essences, Olympic dews,
> Sermons and city feasts, and favourite airs,
> Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits:
> And Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
> At his own wonders—wondering for his bread!"

But yet all these would probably fail of their effect, were they the only contents of a newspaper. There are thousands who are indifferent to a change of situation; who are confined to business, and cannot leave it; who are gormandizing a breakfast, and loathe medicine; who are blooming, and want no washes; who are cheerful, and want no amusement; who are charitable, and want no puffs or quackery to prompt their benevolence: yet, with all that, the rest of a newspaper supplies that dear and exquisite food—News. This part of a paper, though I have considered it last, is generally consulted first; and what can equal the gladsome inquisitiveness that appears in the eye, when it gently rolls over the columns of a fresh newspaper? Such is the variety of this department, and such the attachment of every man to his favourite pursuit, that a tolerable guess may be formed of what a man is, by attending to what he first reads in a paper. The sturdy politician, indeed, is a general reader: he can find out a political allusion in every paragraph. If a lady of quality make a false step, he can descant on the privileged orders; and, if the price of bread have risen, he can censure parliament for the in-

sufficiency of the corn laws. But others confine themselves to their favourite articles: the court news delights the man of fashion, because he knows the parties; the ladies are anxious for the marriages, because they may know the parties; the young and the old are for the fashionable tattle of marriage, dances, duels, and dress, elopements, and other articles of the amusing kind; while the grave citizen casts a solemn glance at the price of stocks, wishes he had bought in, or hopes he shall soon be able to sell out; and there is a pretty numerous class, to whom bonfires, murders, and picking of pockets, afford a considerable gratification in the detail.

A newspaper being thus perused by every man, according to his taste, the wheels of conversation are again set a-going, and the dullest has something to say, or some remark to make, on what he has read. If newspapers, then, are undervalued, it is either because they are common or cheap, and we know that things which are common and cheap are always undervalued; but this, perhaps, may not always be the case, for, in point of cheapness, the objection has been gradually removing for some time. To appreciate their value, therefore, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen; and after such a suspension of news, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury—"Died for want of intelligence." "Let us praise newspapers," says Dr. Johnson. "One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of these minute historians, the writers of news; who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composer of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but to observe the lives and fortunes of the other."

Madame de Genlis' demise was thus laconically announced in one of the French papers:—"Madame de Genlis a cessé d'écrire;" or, in plain English, "Mad. de G. has laid down her pen."

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN,

(FROM THE SPANISH OF JUAN RUIZ, ARCH-PRIEST OF HITA.)

I WISH to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,
For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily;
Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea:
Little well said makes wise, as sap most fructifies the tree.

His head who laughs and chatters much, the moon I'm sure must sway,
There's in a little woman love—nor little, let me say;
Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little,—nay,
Change them, they'd both repent the change, and quarrel night and day.

Love prayed me to speak well of all the little ones—the zest
They give, their noble qualities, and charms:—I'll do my best;
I will speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm in jest;
That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is manifest.

They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy creatures in the street;
Good-natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the house discreet,—
Well-doing, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things more sweet
You'll find where you direct your thoughts,—yes, many, I repeat:

Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes the eyes,
In a small piece of sugar-cane a deal of sweetness lies;
So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,
And large and sweet's her love; a word's sufficient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the grain you grind,
The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to speak my mind,
A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,
There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell
Of the small lily yelds a great and most delightful smell,
As in a very little gold exists a precious spell
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does outshine
For lustre, colours, virtues, price, most children of the mine,
In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiancy divine,
Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently combine.

Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they sing
Sweeter than birds of greater size and more resplendent wing;
So little women better are, by the same rule,—they bring
A love more sweet than sugar plums or primroses of spring.

The goldfinch and Canary bird, all finches and all pies,
Sing, scream, or chatter passing well—there's quaintness in their cries;
The brilliant little paroquet says things extremely wise;
Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love outsighs.

There's nothing that with her should be compared—'tis profanation;—
She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation,
A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constellation,
In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salutation!

Small women do no harm, kind things! though they may sometimes call
Us angry names, hard to digest; men wise as was Saint Paul
Say, of two evils choose the least,—by this rule it must fall,
The least dear woman you can find will be the best of all.

THE METHOD OF READING FOR FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

MADAM,—Conformably to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading, which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure hours. I have complied with your request in both those particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that which you will receive. It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is—you practise it. The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishments of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subject of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant under the following heads:—HISTORY, MORALITY, POETRY. The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination. Whenever you undertake to read history, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year, and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together. Books on morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians.

They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them. The last article is poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it: or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for the sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine-dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded. I have now, madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

AN ESSAY ON THE ADVANTAGES OF PERIODICAL WORKS.

Man is the only animal we know that possesses the power of aggregate existence. All other animals may be said to exist individually; that is to say, each individual, after it comes into the world, is directed only by its own instincts, observation, and experience, to pursue the mode of conduct that is suited to its nature, and the circumstances in which it finds itself placed. Hence it happens, that the aggregate powers of any one class of

animals remain without any change. Their numbers may increase or diminish; but their faculties are, upon the whole, for ever the same. The distinctive properties of the horse, the ass, the elephant, the bee, and all other classes of animals we know, are precisely the same at the present moment as in the days of Moses and of Homer, and will continue unchanged till the end of time. But of man the same thing cannot be said. Each individual of his species, like those of other animals, comes into the world endowed with certain instincts and perceptive faculties, which enable him to make observations and derive knowledge from experience as they do, and from reasoning. This experience, and the knowledge resulting from it, is not, however, in him confined to the individual alone: he is endowed with the faculty of communicating the knowledge he has individually acquired to others of his own species, and to derive from them in return the knowledge that other individuals who fall in his way have in the same manner acquired. The young derive information from the old; and thus are enabled, at their first entry into life, to set out with a greater share of acquired knowledge, than any one individual of the human species ever could have attained during the course of the longest life, had he been left entirely to himself, like other animals. He does more. The experience of ages thus furnishes an accumulated stock of knowledge for every single person; and the individual who died a thousand years ago, may become the instructor of those who are born in the present time. It is this faculty of accumulating knowledge in the aggregate which forms the distinctive character of the human species, when compared with every other class of animals, and which has conferred upon man that distinguished rank which he holds in the universe. It is this circumstance which gives to man, even of the lowest intellectual powers, that marked superiority which he holds above the most intelligent individuals of the most sagacious class of animals in the world; for there is scarcely room to doubt, that if the most sagacious animal in the order of the elephant, and the lowest individual as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves, as individuals, the elephant would have appeared the wiser animal of the two. This progressive knowledge of man, considered as an aggregate body, though it has never, that I know of, been hitherto contrasted with that of other animals, has long been an object of human attention; and this state of advancement has been denoted by the name of the progress of human society—the advancement of man in civilization, &c.—and to man, considered in this aggregate capacity, must be referred the words, manners, habit, custom, fashion, and innumerable others of a similar nature,

which it is not necessary here to enumerate. Man has been distinguished as a social animal; but this is by no means a distinctive peculiarity. Many other animals feel the influence of the social principle in an equal, or perhaps superior, degree to man. All the gregarious animals seek society, and shun solitude, with an equal solicitude as man; and most of these, in cases of danger, unite with equal alacrity and firmness in their common defence, so as to derive, in this way, an aggregate power which they could not individually have possessed. The ox, the horse, the ass, do so; the sheep even, though unjustly characterized by naturalists as the most stupid of animals, when in a state of nature, unite in a firm phalanx for common defence, and present an armed front to the enemy, so closely compacted, as to be impenetrable to the fox or wolf, who dare not attempt a direct attack, but must watch an opportunity of stealing upon them, when unprepared, to obtain their prey. And the economy of the bee, whose joint labours discover an aggregate effort of an immense number of individuals, conducted with the most unceasing assiduity, persevering industry, and exact order, towards one common end, has long furnished a subject of wonder and admiration to man, and discovers a much closer system of association for mutual defence and preservation, than ever yet has been found among the human species. It is not, therefore, by the social principle that man is essentially distinguished from other animals; nor by his sagacity in calling in the aid of multitudes, to add to his individual strength: it is to the faculty of communicating ideas from one to another, and the accumulation of knowledge, that, in a course of ages, this necessarily produces, that he solely owes the superiority he now so conspicuously holds over all other animals on this globe; and from this circumstance alone he derives that irresistible power by which all the animate objects in nature are subjected to his sway, and by which the elements themselves are made to minister to his will.

It follows from these premises, that whatever tends to facilitate the communication of ideas between man and man, must have a direct tendency to exalt the human species to a higher degree of eminence than it could otherwise have attained. This the art of printing has done in a very conspicuous manner. Men are thus brought, as it were, to converse together, who could never otherwise have known that such persons existed on the globe. The knowledge that has been acquired in one country is thus communicated to another, and the accumulated experience of former ages is preserved for the benefit of those that are to come. But the effects of this art would be greatly circumscribed, were not methods contrived for diffusing that knowledge

very generally among mankind; and among all the modes that have been devised for that purpose, no one has been so effectual as periodical performances. Periodical performances, therefore, though apparently a humble kind of writing, are, in effect, the most proper means that ever yet have been contrived for raising human nature to its highest state of exaltation, and for conferring upon man a more conspicuous degree of dignity above all other animals, and a more extended power over the elements, and other objects of nature, than he could otherwise hope to obtain. Men of all ranks, and of all nations, however widely disjoined from each other, may be said to be brought together here to converse at their ease, without ceremony or restraint, as at a masquerade; where, if propriety of dress and expression be observed, nothing else is required. A man, after the fatigues of the day are over, may thus sit down in his elbow chair, and, together with his wife and family, may be introduced, as it were, into a spacious coffee-house, which is frequented by men of all nations, who meet together for their mutual entertainment and improvement. The dead are even called back to their friends, and mix once more in social converse with those who have regretted their departure. Could a Pliny or a Cicero have formed an idea of such a high degree of mental indulgence, what would have been the raptures they would have experienced! To them, this most exalted of all entertainments was forbidden by fate: but what they could never enjoy, and what Cicero would have gladly purchased at the price of his beloved Tusculum itself, is now offered to every inhabitant of Britain, at a very small expense. Let us then enjoy with thankfulness the blessings that Heaven has bestowed, and make a proper use of those distinguished privileges that the progress of improvement in society has conferred upon us; nor let us fail to add our mite, as we pass, to the general store, that posterity may not have reason to reproach us for having hidden our talent in the earth, and allowed it there to remain without improvement or benefit to any one.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE GRECIAN LIBERTY OF THE STAGE AND THE BRITISH LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. The ancient Greeks, in their dramatic entertainments of the pristine comedy, attacked the vices of their great men by the most severe personalities. Not a misdemeanour, whether public or private, escaped the Aristophanes and Pratinas of Greece. Was a general tardy, destitute of talents, or disloyal to the state—was a chief magistrate partial in the administration of justice—or did a philosopher render himself conspicuously ridiculous by the absurdity of his doctrine—he was immediately exposed on the stage; his foibles, and his defects or vices, held up to

the public ridicule and detestation, even his name mentioned on the stage, and his character drawn so strongly that no one could mistake these dramatic portraits. Like the liberty of the British press, it had the same effect on the public characters of Greece, by checking them from the commission of dishonourable actions, and by stimulating them to the most heroic and patriotic deeds; well knowing, should they prove false to their country, the poets would exhibit their actions on the theatres, and rouse the public indignation against them. But the most perfect human beings being subject to the abuse of the unprincipled, many of the greatest and most virtuous characters among the Greeks were maliciously traduced by the dramatic wits, and their most Godlike actions ascribed to the vilest intentions. Even the virtues of Socrates were vilified by the licentious scurrility of Aristophanes. This mode of personally satirising the great continued till the Athenian liberty received a stab by the administration of the thirty tyrants, who, conscious that their actions could bear no scrutiny, were resolved to prevent censure, by prohibiting the dramatic writers from mentioning any one by name in their pieces. However, the characters continued to be so strongly drawn, that every one knew the originals, laughed at their foibles, detected their vices, and despised the men.

Literature of the day.—There is no fault so frequently objected against the literature of the present day as its lightness; or, to use a severer term, its flimsiness. There may be more or less of justice in the assignment of such a quality to the works of this description; but the propriety of considering it as a fault is altogether questionable. It is with modern literature, as with modern architecture, and books and houses are alike constructed with a view to the short term of their leases. The ancient folios, like the old Gothic edifices, are built for long duration; and both have in many instances outlived their original purpose, and are suffered to fall into neglect and ruin. But the lath and plaster volumes of our times are scarcely proof against the elements, and have little more than an ephemeral existence. This, however, is any thing but an evil; for so prolific has the press become, that if the tithe of a tithe of its productions outlived a year, no libraries would be vast enough to contain them, nor the days of Nestor or Methuselah be sufficiently long for acquiring the very elements of learning. New books, moreover, like new buildings, receive the progressive improvements of the age; and the one contributes to the health and cleanliness of the mind, as the other does to that of the body: neither have lumber-holes for dust, rubbish, and cobwebs; and prejudices, like rats and mice,

get a notice to quit on each new re-edification. The older structures, both literary and architectural, might have possessed more grandeur, magnificence, and elaboration of detail; but the modern are lighter, more commodious, and are better adapted to the wants and habits of the consumer.

EVENING.

FROM SONGS OF THE SEA-NYMPHS.

THE sun had gained the distant hill,
And shed his last red ling'ring rays,
Athwart the ruby-tinted rill,
Which threw bright gems on drooping sprays.
Reapers had left the smiling plains,
Where harvest wav'd his golden head,
Bending beneath the weighty grains,
Which sighing gales profusely shed.
Lovers had left the noisy town,
And sought the hills or scented fields,
Where health smiled o'er the woodland brown,
And evening fragrant kisses yields.
Anglers had left the winding Trent,
And sought their homes—the finny realms
Ran darker, as the night-breeze bent
The lofty boughs of shady elms.
'Twas sweet to hear the village bell,
Peal slowly through the calm blue sky;
Or catch that sighing word,—"farewell"
Cheer'd with the kiss which echoed by.
Sweet was the sound of wimpling brooks,
Which through old narrow arches stray;
Sweet was the "caw" of wood-bound rooks,
Winging through heaven their pathless way;
Sweetly the rural maiden's song
Rang o'er the tranquil evening scene;
The ploughboy rolled his notes among
Those warbled by the village queen;
Sweet were their plighted vows beneath
Some aged thorn or spreading oak;
'Twas sweet to see the wild-flower wreath,
Twin'd round fair brows where bright eyes spoke.
Sweet was the sound of lowing kine,
As slowly o'er the mead they stray'd,
To gain some tow'ring clumps of pine,
Or shelter in the silent glade.
Sweet flew the gale o'er corn-fields ripe,
And fann'd the cheek with scented wings,
Sweetly the blackbird's mellow pipe,
Along the drowsy woodland rings.
Sweet was the vesper linnets sung,
From flow'ry banks and shady trees;
Sweetly the drumming pinions rung,
Of hive-bound, honey-laden bees.
The buzzing beetle darting by,
Shook the light dew from waving leaves;
Sweetly the merry voices fly,
Of children, toppling down the sheaves.

Sweet shone the radiant evening star,
Through shrouded fields of heavenly blue;
Night shook his black locks, wide and far,
The sable ringlets darkling flew,
While trees to seeming giants grew.
The nightingale, with thrilling notes,
Sung night's soft hymn:—the trembling sound,
Light o'er the list'ning valley floats,
Trent lingered, with green oziers crown'd;
Sweet was her song:—dim nature smil'd
In silence to her pleasing charm;
So smiles some drowsy, well-pleased child,
Lull'd by a song, on beauty's arm.
Nought harsh annoyed the 'tentive ear,
Save the alternate tramp of steed;
Or rush of some adventurous deer,
That sought the wood with lightning speed.
A lingering group might yet be seen,
Who talk'd of war's approaching fray;
How mail-clad knights had pass'd the green,
Full speed for Bosworth field that day.

A FRAGMENT.

"SPLENDID talent and illustrious birth," began our oracular doctor, after an ominous and continued series of calculations on his finger's ends, from which circumstance we judged that he was about to commence a list of names, nearly as long as Homer's catalogue of the ships,—"Splendid talent and illustrious birth seem fated to be accompanied by personal defects of some kind or other."—"Not at all, Doctor; Alcibiades was a wit, a beau, a prince, and an Adonis. Achilles (I have more regard to my alphabet than to chronological arrangements) and Hector, Sarpedon and Agamemnon, Paris and Patroclus, Greeks and Trojans, were all stoutly or elegantly made; good soldiers some, some good lovers, and all fine men of rank. Good heavens! what's the matter with me? I talk as if I were at my examination. Forgive me, ladies, the intrusion of these musty ancients. By a trifling digression I pass on to the sixteenth century of our era."—"An ellipsis, rather, young gentleman," quoth the doctor, "for that implies an omission, which in truth you have made, with regard to time; whereas to digress"—"is your very particular talent, my dear Sir," I replied; "the admirable Crichton, ladies, is said to have been the handsomest man of his time."—"Indeed!" exclaimed a dozen voices more harmonious than the Nine.—"Indeed!" said the lovely Miss V—; and these ladies listened, ay, ceased to talk, and listened with profound attention!—"Yes, ladies, Crichton was this happy man; he was the best scholar, for he defeated all the doctors;" (the old gentleman took an immoderate pinch of snuff) "at Padua, the best fencer; for he over-

came the most renowned prize-fighters of Venice; it is recorded of his agility, that he could leap almost the length of our ellipsis, Doctor; the best poet; for he uttered two thousand lines extempore!" ("Monstrous!" ejaculated old Mentor, and returned his snuff-box into his pocket vehemently.) "He was the best musician, for even at the Carnival he was unrivalled; he was also, ladies, the greatest gallant;" (dear me! involuntarily said the same Miss V. blushing) "and in short he was"—"stabbed in the night," interrupted the impatient doctor, "by his licentious prince. But I now proceed, with your leave, Sir, in establishing my position." At the word position one of the ladies immediately proposed adjourning to cards. But the Doctor had his revenge, for he fixed on me for his auditor. It was in vain that I remarked we were alone, or that I made a digression to the lengthening snuffs of the candles; or adverted to the cooling coffee which remained untasted in his left hand, while with his right he performed every oratorical flourish and wave, with considerable dexterity. "Among the Greeks," he resumed, "Agesilaus, king of Sparta, was lame; Alexander the Great, and Demosthenes, were both wry-necked, and Socrates was exceedingly ill-favoured. Of the Romans, Cincinnatus for his rough and ragged appearance; Cicero for the wart on his face, resembling a vetch pea; and Ovidius Naso, for the extreme length and prominence of his nose, all derived those very names or surnames from these defects: Horace was remarkable for a difficulty of breathing, and Virgil for a weak sight; so that Augustus, who often asked them to dinner, observed of their company, that he sate between sighs and tears. Of the kings of England"—the Doctor would have proceeded, but I rose to go away; I staid, however, to hear this very judicious remark of our friend Everard, who had by this time joined us:—"He may, indeed, be considered as truly unfortunate to whom nature has denied both person and intelligence. Of him it is said, 'he is as great a fool as he looks!' Pity itself is too apt to desert us, when after conversing with those that are weak in intellect, the eye experiences no agreeable sensation to relieve the painful impression of the mind."

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

READER! did'st ever live with a particular lady? one possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the

enormity of a fractured glove? who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin instead of a string, or set a whole house in an uproar on finding a book on the table, instead of in the book-case! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader, I have passed two whole months with a particular lady. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old school-fellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be *cursed*." Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1826 (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr), having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might be expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian,—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth if you please for your own; ladies you know do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder; for in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged. I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence; secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane

work of my chair; and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not at length overpowered every consideration, and at last burst forth, "Excuse me, Mr.——, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise!" My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "steel traps and spring guns," as any park I am acquainted with. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat: every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her fore feet together and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off directly with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick. As to the children, Heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

"From morn till dewy eve."

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it, as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the City, tells me he

does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half-a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose. I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thraldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again,—"straitening" as they call it in Cheshire. That cursed "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the House of Commons, and the order of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

BY LORD BYRON.

In the dome of my sires as the clear moonbeam fall:
Through silence and shade over desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er-echoes the grey floor of stone
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own:
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline—
And the fate of my fathers had faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall:
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that held it in sway.

TALENTS AND VANITY.

It is unquestionable that great ability is generally accompanied by excessive vanity. Those amazing luminaries of knowledge, indeed,—Isaac Newton and William Jones,—united to the most splendid and various talents, excessive modesty; but they are exceptions to a general catalogue of great men, who have ever committed themselves. Cicero, in his Epistles, requests his friend, with the utmost gravity, to be careful that he always deny any bad jest or indifferent bon mot to be Cicero's, should such be attributes to him in company—but on the contrary, should any brilliant foundling of wit stray into the regions of applause and admiration, he instructs his friend to father it upon him directly. Every body has heard, that being wonderfully affected by the sublime performance of Roscius, the celebrated actor, the same Cicero exclaimed in a loud voice, "*Spes altera Romæ.*" Neither are his self-congratulations on his discovery and defeat of the conspiracy of Cataline a whit less gross. There is a grandeur about Cæsar's vanity, which reduces it, or perhaps, exalts it to vigorous brevity. His *Veni, vidi, vici,* his calm and unassuming but bold conciseness, is too energetic for vanity, that delights rather in timid pomp and elaborate display. When we read that he simply reminded his affrighted pilot, shrinking before the terrors of a tremendous storm, and in despair amidst the fury of the tempestuous waves,—that Cæsar was with him,—we forget all that is vain in the magnanimity of the speaker. Poets in all ages have been wonderfully complacent in proclaiming their own excellence. It would be a work of mere transcription to shew the decided affection and partiality they have always entertained for their own muses. To cite authorities from ancient examples would be trite: to adduce observations from modern bards, would be needless. Mr. Southey, indeed, speaks of himself with considerable decorum, and bestows on his works a neat passing eulogy; where he informs the world in his own words, that,

> ——————"I am he who framed
> Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song."

It is told of a certain dancing master, who was very fond of attitudinizing, that when he wished to display his good figure, he would bid his pupils alter their position, exclaiming, "Look at me for an object!" But Mr. Southey's proclamation is better! The variety of forms in which these ebullitions of vanity have escaped from the learned and the wise, is almost incredible;—a circumstance that has nearly established it as a

general hypothesis, "that vanity is the sure concomitant of talent." But I imagine this is not the fact: it may possibly be demonstrated, that as extremes meet, so also vanity, or excessive confidence, borders on excessive diffidence. I am far from endeavouring to prove that Dr. Johnson was not vain. It were folly to dispute what all the world knows: yet it may be questioned whether the arrogance of learning or the modesty of talent dictated a practice that is particularly observable in the Rambler. After a motto, than which none could be more judiciously selected for the following paper, none more perfectly applicable to the subject on which he treats, he always labours under an evident anxiety to prove to his reader, that such motto is not the only one which the extent of his reading could furnish; nor its author the only writer he knows, who has treated upon the same points as he proceeds to discuss. Accordingly, after prefixing one motto, he proceeds in effect with another:—"Politian tells us"—"it is recorded of"—"it was said by"—"Socrates thought,"&c. Still in another view of the subject, may not this seeming parade of learning have been caused by the doubts of an accurate and vigorous mind, that the words first premised were not sufficiently happy, or bore not a sufficiently striking relation to the subject? Cultivated minds are fastidious: they give credit to others for accuracy peculiar to themselves; and what their own perspicuity rejects, imagine equally obnoxious to the less refined judgments of the multitude.

THE ORIGIN OF GRATITUDE;

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE lived in a certain age a female named Poverty, who was supposed to be the widow of Generosity; at the death of her husband, she retired with her son Affliction to a secluded spot. In the neighbourhood resided Pity, the widow of Humanity; who shortly after the arrival of Poverty took up her abode with her, and lightened the darkness and enlivened the loneliness of her lot. Pity had a daughter named Charity, the fairest of damsels: Affliction was rapt in her charms, and soon conceived a violent passion for the possession of her love. None other than Charity would he have had presumption to address, for there was none other that possessed the mind of tenderness which distinguished Charity; and none but she would have listened to his tale, heeded his sighs, or returned affection to such an unsightly object as Affliction. Pity observing his dejection, and that he

alone seemed happy when the smiles of Charity beamed upon him, determined to bestow her daughter upon him, so to be the solace and comfort of his life: and Charity all-willing was united to Affliction. Hence it is that Charity so seldom dwells in the hearts of the rich, and is so often found in the habitations of the poor; for the rich not being acquainted with Poverty, never fear or feel that sigh, which prompted Pity to bestow her daughter Charity on Affliction. The offspring of this union was Gratitude, which springeth up in the hearts of those alone upon whom Charity has been bestowed by genuine Pity, and bestowed freely.

LONDON MANNERS.

THE first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. To pass the day impransus, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense, and common stomachs. Some learned persons, indeed, endeavour to support this practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor square. Women, however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon, at three or four; if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed; first the host and hostess (or her unfortunate co-adjutor) are employed during three parts of dinner, in doing the work of the servants, helping fish, or carving venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes for a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the plateau, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession, so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do; so that you may have no farther trouble than to accept of the dishes

that are offered to you, and to drink at your own time of the wines which are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before-hand on the silence, dulness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the Archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon. Some time after dinner comes the time for going to a ball or a rout: but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, and stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are lost; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particularly well-dressed ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, when he says in the plains of Syria, that some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own that the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than "Have you been here long?"—"Have you been at Mrs. Hotroom's?"—"Are you going to Lady Deathsqueezes?" Hence, too, Madame de Staël said, very justly, to an Englishman, "Dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit." But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare do so, as twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot: and even when, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and, by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often dismiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying, "My dear Mr. —, how do you do?" and then continue a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At one o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours of playing at company, which you have already had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening.

Pulpit Eloquence. I have often deeply regretted that the ministers of the establishment are not more generally alive to

the importance of engaging the affections, and the imagination, in the cause of religion. What are the chief weapons of infidelity? Wit, eloquence, and ingenuity!—If such weapons succeed in an unrighteous aim, can we doubt their efficacy, in the nobler cause of Truth and Virtue?—while our novelists and dramatists are suffered to run away with the deepest sympathies of the heart, too many of our Church ministers are content to inculcate the momentous obligations of Christianity, just as we are taught logarithms and the cube root!—It is true, our duties, both religious and moral, are plain enough—and so are the great processes of nature; but how much is our admiration of the latter augmented by the enthusiasm of the poet, and the eloquence of the philosopher!

ESSAY ON ORATORY.

It may appear singular that, in a country like ours, where the arts and sciences flourish so luxuriantly; where literature is patronized and encouraged with an enthusiastic ardour that has never been excelled, or hardly equalled by any nation on earth; in a country that abounds with institutions, erected for the laudable purpose of disseminating knowledge; where we have professors of every science, and teachers of every art—we have not a good and systematic professor of oratory. The consequences of this lamentable deficiency in our system of education are what we might naturally expect—few persons have any pretensions to be called orators. It may be said that the English, generally speaking, are not gifted with the faculty of oratory. This we will allow; but surely it should be no reason why they should not pay some attention to the acquirement of an art, attained with no great difficulty, and never an incumbrance. It should act rather as a stimulus to their exertions—for the greater honour would be attached to their proficiency. "Labor omnia vincit," is a trite quotation, but not the less applicable in the present instance. Demosthenes was not born an orator; so far from it, he had nearly every disadvantage an orator could have—an impediment in his speech—an awkward person, and a violent manner of address; yet by perseverance and indefatigable industry he surmounted all these obstacles, and became the prince of Grecian orators.

The Roman youth were instructed in oratory with as much care as their soldiers were trained up to arms; and they became the first orators in the world. It is true they possessed a certain vivacity of genius and quickness of conception peculiar to their

fertile climate; but notwithstanding these advantages, Cicero would never have attained that superior degree of excellence, had he not called in the assistance of art to facilitate the powers of nature. If we at any time enter the House of Commons, we cannot help observing the great deficiency of eloquence in the British Senate; for out of five hundred members there assembled to dictate laws to the civilized world, scarcely ten can deliver their sentiments with ease and perspicuity. To what cause is this to be attributed? Not to a defect in their education, for in this respect the English gentlemen are unrivalled. There is one reason which may be assigned for it; and that is a peculiar degree of modesty and diffidence inherent in their character. An example of this may be found in one of the greatest literary characters that ever graced the annals of British history: I allude to the well-known anecdote of Addison. This excessive diffidence might certainly be conquered by diligence and resolution. Might not England then produce orators? Undoubtedly—she has. Who has not listened with rapture to the graceful eloquence of a Pitt, a Burke, or a Sheridan? Without proceeding any further, is not this sufficient proof that such a circumstance is possible? Suppose a school of oratory was established, it would perhaps be attended with the most happy advantages; or suppose oratory was taught with more attention than it is at present at our public seminaries, and that it constituted a prominent feature of our system of education; the same advantages (advantages too obvious to require enumeration here) would accrue to the country in general; and England might class among her other qualifications the useful and necessary one of public eloquence.

PETRARCH'S LAMENT.

Ours is a hapless love,
Born amid tears, and fann'd to flame by sighs,
Still ruling like some evil star above,
Our destinies.

Yet have we loved in vain?
Oh no! Oh no! the moments we have spent
In dear delight, outweigh more than an age of pain,
With absence blent.

Yet 'tis a bitter woe,
To deem thy heart is yearning still for mine;
And feel that it must be to thee a slow,
Consuming shrine.

Oh can it be to me
An idle grief, to see thy gentle form,
Cling like a tendril to some shatter'd tree,
Smote by the storm?

To see thee withering there,
Eating like canker, beauteous as thou art,
Trusting to hope, whose echo beats despair
From thy full heart?

And yet I cannot say
Farewel, for I should then be all alone
In this wide world, without a single stay
My heart could own.

For thou art as a chain
Binding my spirit sweetly to this sphere,
Linking delight with sorrow, joy with pain,
Bliss with a tear.

Oh for that quiet spot,
Where we have watched the sun into the west,
And my tears fell like gems from some dark grot
Upon thy breast.

Oh for that lonely hour,
When knit with thee beside the broad sea-shore,
I sunk beneath thy soft tongue's witching power,
To weep no more.

Oh! once again to feel,
Beneath the gorgeous star-light, that high bliss,
When thy chaste lip impressed on mine the seal
Of love's first kiss.

Alas! that token came,
Like sun-light to a flower some mountain shade decays,—
An amber drop upon a smouldering flame,
That bade it blaze.

I know my heart has seen
In thee its day-beam of sweet glory set;
But shall not these fond joys survive, all green
In memory yet? W. M.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE," &c.

In the following delineation, there is so much of truth, and of a species of truth, which, if rightly taken up, may be of infinite service to our young friends—who, dreaming of the success of one or two celebrated authors, are disposed to try their fortune in the world of literature, as it will afford some idea of what may, generally speaking, be expected as the result of those high hopes and expectations, but too frequently cherished by individuals esteemed by friends as lads of literary genius. We have known many, who, conceiving themselves possessed of literary abilities, have left their quiet homes, and humble occupations, in search of that fame which but few acquire; and which even in the possession of a few, has generally proved a most unprofitable

article to trade on. We know of no profession or calling more humiliating than "a poor author." There are few worse paid than even clever men obliged to write for their daily bread. The *ignis fatuus* of authorship has led many a clever youth to ruin: and with all respect for the craft, we candidly confess we should rather see our sons decent shoemakers or tailors—than authors by profession. We trust, therefore, that the moral of the following story may not be lost upon those for whom it is specially intended:

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose name was Sir Authur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with

as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others.—Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning-prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet, It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmned with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the principal or by a side entrance, a servant appeared on the

steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as Mister Ferdinand Harwood, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons actually were sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities: for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Ferdinand, and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room, with the little corner cupboard which contained his cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent flitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house; and

they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong—his mother said, "With his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do any thing, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business: he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after paying off his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand: therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself in to examine the amount of the debts, and the extent of the property; and when he set the one against the other, they seemed as well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so," replied Ferdinand only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

These were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying, "The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to any thing, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neigh-

bour's, and now to that; not so much it appeared out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village: that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet was also willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; any thing lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season; nor are the sights, sounds, and smells of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Oreads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane—a very good inn no doubt in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Fer-

dinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error, for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to waggery as any man living. He was a perfect realist; he thought that every thing was what it was; he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at; besides, he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of genius, that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do any thing to serve him. With this consoling thought he took himself to lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals, and drink, and lodging! especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz., a dinner, none of them would give him: he did not ask them to be sure, but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way; they object to all kind of dictation; so it was with Ferdinand Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance. "Alack! Alack!" said Ferdinand to himself, "I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!"

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that

Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller; and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ative style of address, that by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course it is all right that he should look so, as an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject, sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write any thing profane."

"Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticud; I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred Scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry, and more especially still, epic poetry."

"Now that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand. "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, Sir, you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's Paradise Lost in every library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's Night Thoughts in my pocket?"

"All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; "but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement."

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore, he replied saying, "Well, Sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read any thing so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons! Have you read Thomson's Seasons, Sir?"

Then drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "just have the goodness to read two or three

hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons. I am in no hurry; I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negociation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make any charge for reading it."

"There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another—and another; they were all on the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's Season's, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but finding a Court Guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west end of the town, he prepared to seek it out. For a while he was puzzled to find the west-end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand; and so thinking he looked astonished. "Indeed, Mr. Harwood," said the servant, "my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Ferdinand.

"No," replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"No," replied the porter.

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!"

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea

of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something greatly to be dreaded; and as he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, "Law bless us! what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to none of which he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity; he made enquiries into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "And I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage, that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish-clerk, or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "It is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants

carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask whether you will have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me?"

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address, you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay, that I can," said Ferdinand; and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short by saying, "You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still,—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate*, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticud. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands, than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to

exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer?"

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

"Ah, Sir!" said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium was offered for poetry, I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, Sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand, "but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this, Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

I GAZED UPON HER SILENT FACE.

FROM "SONGS OF THE SEA-NYMPHS."

I GAZED upon her silent face,
But death had rested there,
And on her marble cheek I dropped,
A burning-heart, wrung tear;
And every breast was sobbing loud
Within that mournful cot;
I thought my bleeding heart would break,
But, ah! they knew me not.

I saw her settled eye-lids shade
Those orbs of softest blue,
Which beam'd a welcome when we met,
Where dark trees closely grew;
I saw her auburn ringlets lie,
And have not yet forgot,
How once I stole a waving tress,
But, ah! they knew me not.

I saw those lips I oft had kiss'd,
Like faded roses lie;
I gaz'd upon her cold white breast,
And heaved a deep, deep sigh;
I thought how once that bosom beat,
When seated in her grot,
And I recall'd my broken vow,
But, ah! they knew me not.

I bent to kiss her placid brow,
All eyes on me did gaze,
Save those which had for ever clos'd
Their brightly piercing rays;
I saw them strew around her bier
Wild flowers, and knew the spot
Where once they bloom'd. I saw no more;
But, ah! they knew me not.

THE INSTRUCTIONS OF REASON.

A FRAGMENT.

"The gods, my dear Iphis," said Reason to her pupil, "implanted in man, at his creation, the desire to be happy; and that desire could not but produce in him a reverence for Virtue, who on earth, as in heaven, is the sole source of happiness. The passions were then subjected to my laws; and man, aided by me, continued to hold them in his chains.—Typhon, however, the principle of evil, having been banished Olympus for his pride, descended to the terrestrial regions. He appeared: and instantly the Passions burst from their captivity. Like an impetuous torrent, they carried havoc with them to the remotest quarters of a world seemingly devoted to destruction. In vain did I then call them; in vain, alas! do I call them still. Rebels to my authority, and slaves to their own irregular appetites, they have never since hearkened to my voice. From that fatal day has the whole race of mortals been exposed to their tyranny; and they only can be accounted wise, who, obedient to my call, know how to oppose them vigorously, if not to overcome them. But of these, small is the number. The giddy multitude yield to the Passions, without even wishing to resist them; nay, so infatuated are they, that they actually look for felicity under their dominion. Of all captives the most abject, they hug their chains, and rather than not indulge a favourite Passion, they will sacrifice truth and justice, will sacrifice every dictate of reason, every principle of virtue. Strangers to those elevated sentiments which once characterized the sons and daughters of humanity, even the heaven-born

principles of love and friendship have lost their influence over them; and they daily, without even affecting a blush, render both subservient to the most ignoble purposes. Yet, however infatuated the bulk of mankind may be, and however deaf to my precepts, there are few who do not retain a knowledge of Virtue; nor have they a pretence for neglecting her, but the frivolous one, that she is too rigid for them. They respect her, but do not love her. And why do they not love her? Because in spite of all their efforts to silence her she still reminds them of their faults. In order to stifle that remorse which is sure ever and anon to harass them, while they persist in their eccentric career, they would feel a secret pleasure could they annihilate the very name and idea of Virtue. They find, to their sorrow, that she still meets with faithful votaries. To seduce these, animated by envy, they labour; and too successfully they labour. Soon as a young person, quitting the arms of innocence, enters into what worldlings call life, he is sure to excite the jealousy of these worldlings. With truth indeed he may be said to have entered into a new scene of life; for virtue he hears turned into ridicule; modesty is termed sheepishness before him; and prudence, what is prudence?—merely another name for pusillanimity. Though, in their hearts, many of them are actually ashamed of their excesses, yet they do not scruple to paint those excesses to him in the most engaging colours. To behold him possessed of qualities that merit the esteem of men whose esteem is honourable, they consider as a grievance of all others the most mortifying; nor do they leave an effort unexerted, by which he may become as contemptible as themselves, if not as odious. Of these truths," continued Reason, "you cannot be ignorant, from the woeful experience you have already had of them." "Alas!" exclaimed the son of Melania, with an intrusive sigh, "alas! renew not, I pray you, the remembrance of what must for ever cover me with shame. I know, that, alike at Babylon and Thebes, I refused to follow your counsels; that I even trampled on the laws of virtue. Convinced, however, of my errors, henceforth I will be more upon my guard; and, for this purpose, I will connect myself solely with persons whose advanced years shall have long served them as a barrier against the fatal inroads of the Passions. Beware of that delusion," resumed Reason. "Beyond every thing else would the unlimited confidence you purpose to put in age, contribute to mislead you. Be not thus deceived, O unsuspicious youth! Age, far from contributing to resist the Passions, serves often to render them yet more headstrong. Every day we behold men who, by countenancing excesses in others, which they themselves are no longer able to practise, become the scoff of

the world, which, however avowedly depraved individually, seems still collectively to entertain an abhorrence of vice, and a reverence for virtue. Avoid likewise," continued Reason, "the society of those pseudo-sages who, though unacquainted with Reason, have Reason perpetually on their lips; fondly believing, or basely endeavouring to insinuate, that I am the directress of their actions, the foundress of their systems. From the real followers of my laws, how easy is it to distinguish such pretended ones!—Slaves to vanity and to self-love, the latter are for confining all merit to themselves."

THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

Who has not a hobby?—All our family have, from my great aunt Deborah, whose cabinet of shells and fossils has been increasing for two-thirds of a century, down to my youngest brother Fred, who wrote a month ago, asking an eminent literary character a question, only to obtain his autograph. Mine is books. I love them in all their varieties, from the diminutive 64mo to imperial folio; and in all states of existence, from that of dilapidation attendant on age, to one of splendour. What delightful reveries a man of sensibility and intelligence might indulge, who would take them for his theme! How might he dwell on the origin of writing, and trace it, from the idea presented by painting, to the substituted hieroglyphic, and from this to the arbitrary character—thus passing with the rapidity of light through thousands of years, and calling up, as by the wand of Prospero, Adam and Cadmus, to associate with the brilliant penmen of our age. Then might follow a transition from the leaves which formed the first tablets, to the magnificent tomes which array the libraries of mansions and of palaces. To this might succeed the advance of painting and engraving, from the rude figures of antiquity to the "illustrations" of modern times, where nature, beauty, and taste, are happily combined. Printing, too, would prove an interesting topic: it would be remembered that the seal-engravers were the first printers; that this art was but an advance from impressions on wax to impressions on paper, or vellum; that some of the earliest printed works were passed off as manuscripts; and that innumerable advantages, as well as pleasures, are to be ascribed to the introduction and improvements of typography. Nor could the musing be properly terminated, until the skill, the energy, the perseverance of myriads, whose powers have been concentrated for such results,

had received a merited eulogium—until the heart had been thrilled with ecstatic gratitude for the liberty of the press—until the fervid aspiration had arisen for the universal extension of the inestimable blessing. Whatever be the key of our feelings, and however little harmony may be yielded by those of others, it is only to repair to our libraries, to obtain for the chords of the mind a tender and grateful vibration. If disposed to philosophise, Aristotle, and Locke, and Stewart, will gratify the disposition—if stimulated by discovery, ancient and modern travellers lead us, at their bidding, to cross seas, to ford rivers, to climb mountains, to wither beneath the burning beams of tropical climes, and to shiver amidst the austerities of polar regions—if inclined to make men of all nations, and qualities, and circumstances, our contemporaries, biography can call them into life, and speech, and action—if concerned to enrich the mind, the genius of science will accompany us through the kingdoms of nature—if fancy asks a banquet, it may revel at pleasure amongst scenes which bards have rendered immortal, and which have conferred on some of them the boon they gave. I love, too, a niche in my study which is appropriated to peculiarities. There may be found a few black-letter pamphlets and volumes to cast a light over many parts of our history, which, but for them, would be in darkness; a book of gems, for drawings, wood-cuts, and engravings, felicitously executed, but too small for the portfolio; and another, truly "a thing of shreds and patches," to which all the "intellectuals" of my circle have contributed. A book, like the cameleon, is one of the few things which adapt themselves to your circumstances. Are you alone?—it makes your hours of solitude delightful. Have you a friend at your side?—how agreeable is it to point out to him the beauties of your favourite author, and to have the passages referred to that have fascinated him! Is separation to take place between you and an object of affectionate esteem.?—A book is generally the token of regard. What an achievement is it to produce a volume—a volume that will live, and be read, and be perused again and again! Before this can be done, metamorphoses must take place, numerous and various as those that pass on the insect-tribes—perhaps more. The choice of a subject is a matter of difficulty; it must be much more arduous to arrange the materials deemed suitable for its exhibition; but who can tell the Herculean toils of traversing and retraversing them with accuracy, of changing thoughts, and transposing expressions, of proceeding from the title-page, through introductions, or prefaces, or advertisements, with their attendant pages, to "the end"—the consummation devoutly to be wished? We may well imagine

the pleasure of the author at such a time to rival that of Columbus, when he discovered the New World, or that of the philosopher of Syracuse, who having solved the problem of Hiero, exclaimed, "I have found it! I have found it!" The rapture of such a moment must, however, be subdued by the solicitude connected with publication—by the delays of publishers, printers, and engravers—by the errors of proof-sheets—by a list of errata, notwithstanding every care, and by the agitations, apprehensions, and forebodings,

"which none but authors know."

And then to encounter the reviewers, the redoubtable race, who, within a few years, assailed Cowper with scurrillous abuse, scared by their violence the genius of Henry Kirke White, treated Montgomery with contempt, reprehended some Greek verses as Payne Knight's, which proved to be Pindar's, declared that now-a-days ninety-nine persons out of a hundred can write better verses than Lord Byron, and, sneering against an excellent clergyman for inconclusive reasoning and wretchedness of style, actually brought these charges against St. Paul,—this must be a terrific ordeal. In comparison with it, to swim across the Hellespont must be a grateful ablution; to be the companion of the enterprising Franklin or Denham must be a sinecure, if it were not known that these Argus-eyed beings were often afflicted with an intellectual ophthalmia, that men utter their sentiments with confidence proportioned to their ignorance, that political character and personal pique are frequently put, with the work to be reviewed, into the critic's scale, and that his motto is rarely "*Fiat justitia!*"

A calculation has been made, which, if it does not prove a panacea for the "*cacoethes scribendi*," might, it is presumed, control the expectations cherished under its influence. It is said, "there are 1000 books published per annum in Great Britain, on 600 of which there is a commercial loss, on 200 no gain, on 100 a trifling gain, and only on 100 any considerable profit; 750 are forgotten in the year, other 100 in two years, other 150 in three years, not more than fifty survives seven years, and scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years; of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in circulation; and of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after now. Since the first writings, 1400 years before Christ, *i. e.* in thirty-two centuries, only about 500 works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time." There is much to envy in the facility with which some

persons have for availing themselves of the advantages furnished by literary labour. While others "plod their weary way" through the pages of a volume, and then add but little to their previous stores, they can "run through" a work of a profound character with amazing rapidity, and hold, as the result, the whole train of its argument, and a large part of its illustration. Not a few are there whose taste is so delicate and correct, that they can distinguish between various authors, by their styles, as promptly and accurately as epicures can discriminate the flavours of wines, though there are cases, unquestionably, in which they both err. The brother of a celebrated female writer, who died about two years since, went to her one day and said, "Jane, every body can tell Shakspeare—he is so peculiar, that you recognize him instantly; listen to a fragment I have just found." His sister having heard it, replied, "Very true, any one might know it."—"Ah!" replied he, laughing, "just so, Jane, for I wrote it this moment." Far greater is the number of those who have no perception of literary beauties; they pass through volume after volume, as insensible to the charms which captivate others, as the birds are which flit over the ruins of Athens, or the valleys of Italy; or else they point out with approbation the passages which the intellectual world condemns, and take writers as their models who require nothing to accelerate their progress to oblivion. It ought not to be forgotten, that there is a class of persons who have "read every thing." A few years since, I had the singular felicity of an introduction to one of them, and of listening to ample proof of the pretensions advanced. Would that it had been one of the other sex, for the honour of "the fair;" but I know that they disdain to be complimented at the expense of truth, and so the fact shall be stated. A young lady was visiting in the town to which I had repaired for a little relaxation, and one evening she was admitted to our social circle. Every work referred to she had perused—reading was her great delight—she could do nothing without books. A gentleman very politely said, "During your stay, ma'am, my library is quite at your service: it is tolerably extensive, but I should fear it contains nothing with which you are not perfectly acquainted—you have read Milton, I presume?"—"Milton, Milton," replied the lady, "I have no doubt I have, but I forget at this moment by whom it is written."

WINTER.

THERE'S not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer-bird has left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine singing now,
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's stillness in the harvest-field,
And blackness in the mountain glen;
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day,
And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;
The lonely place is yet more dreary;
They go not now the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold,
The air is damp, the winds are cold,
And summer paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thistle down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere,
The hedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter shed,
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty's disconsolate!
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas Winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that Winter be not long.

MARY HOWITT.

MY SOCIETY.

MEN in every state of life congregate for improvement; law, divinity, physic, and even the mechanical arts, are only to be acquired by an interchange of ideas among their professors; how much more necessary is it then that the followers of literature (the paths of which are so various) should communicate to each other their knowledge of, and their opinions concerning, its many branches; that the historian and the philologist, the antiquary and the poet, the physiologist and the metaphysician,

should mutually develope and enlighten each other's labours! This can only be done in a society in which all the members are upon an equality, all have freedom of speech, and where one shall advance a proposition, which another can dispute or defend, according to the view he takes of it. Where is the society to effect this? Far be it from me to depreciate the talents or the zeal of the Royal Society, the Antiquarian Society, the Society of Arts, or others of this class; they are excellent in their kind, but not fitting the purpose I contemplate; they are for specific objects, mine for general ones. In *my society* I should as eagerly exclude brilliancy of talent as paucity of it; I have as many objections to my Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott, as I have to the lowest of literary hirelings; while the one disgraced, the other would abase us; the one would cause us to be scoffed at, while the other would shroud many a star of genius in the clouds of majesty with their awe-inspiring presence. I must have liberality of opinion in the extreme; philosophers can be slaves to no sect or party; prejudice shall be unknown, even national bigotry be banished; at the same time I would wish all subjects of mere declamation to be avoided, such as are all positive religious and political ones; no questions should be introduced of a confined character, for they would interest only a portion of the society; no quibbles upon words tolerated, nothing but specific meanings, every thing clear and precise: I would have a library, not a catacomb of books; works should be admitted by their merit or acknowledged utility, not by their dates, splendid types, or superb bindings; I would have our librarian a man of information, not a bibliographist; one who will point me out the interesting parts of a book, not tell where it was first printed, nor the number of copies pulled off. Our secretary must not be a mere compound of figures, but one who with a polished style will frame us a resolution, or draw an estimate of our resources. Our president shall be better known for his ready comprehension of a question, and his perspicuity in detailing it, than for his knowledge of precedents and the forms of other societies; and, finally, our members must be more distinguished for solidity than brilliance.

THE MISERIES ATTENDANT ON GENIUS.

"Here mark what ills the poet's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."—JOHNSON.

THAT genius has a greater tendency to render the life of the individual on whom she sheds her rays, unhappy than felicitous, is an observation which has frequently been made, and

which is, unfortunately, verified by experience. Did this remark require confirmation, we might mention in our own country, and within the last century, the names of Savage, Chatterton, Shaw, Dermody, Burns, Cowper, and many others, which, as they are generally known, it would be an idle waste of time to repeat. It may, perhaps, be objected that several of these persons were of dissolute character, and therefore deserved to be, and indeed must have been, unhappy, whatever their abilities or acquirements. But this objection cannot apply to the virtuous and amiable Cowper, Græme, and others, whose talents were equalled by their virtues, and who yet lived and died most unhappily. And in favour even of those whom the censorious have stigmatized with the appellations of unprincipled and debauched, many circumstances may be urged, and many allowances should be made. They were mostly persons born in the lower ranks of life, and altogether unused to mingle with the great, till introduced to notice by some fortunate (or more properly speaking, unfortunate) incident; by some great man, ambitious of the honour (to be purchased at a trifling expense) of ushering a genius into the world, and of having his name prefixed to a book, which is admired and quoted, while it is fashionable, by the rich, the beautiful, and the gay. Let us picture to ourselves a young man of lively imagination, sanguine disposition, and simplicity of heart, thus introduced to the world; what visions of future greatness will fill his mind! what intoxicating notions of the excellence of human nature will be the consequence of the flattering attentions paid to him by those whom he has been taught to consider almost as beings of a superior order! But the mist which novelty had spread before his eyes is soon dispelled, and he sees mankind as they are. He had expected to meet with nothing but friendship, honesty, and liberality; how greatly is he deceived! Instead of honesty, he finds fraud; instead of friendship, dissimulation; instead of liberality, low-minded, over-reaching cunning. Meanwhile his patron, as he is styled, enjoys the pleasure of showing him about for a season, and of receiving the compliments of his friends, on his taste and liberality. The poet is, during this time, hurried into the vortex of dissipation, whose blandishments he being acquainted with, he is the less able to resist, and which have for him the additional charm of novelty to recommend them. But, alas! his season of distinction is short; some new meteor arises in the horizon of taste, some new idol claims the devotion of the giddy and ever varying crowd, and our unhappy bard finds himself deserted by his former admirers. As no further honour is to be obtained by patronising him, an excuse is easily found for his dismissal,

with abundance of good advice, and a very small portion of earthly treasure. Doubly keen are the blasts of adversity to him who has basked in the sunshine of prosperity. Forlorn creature! where shall he turn for refuge, where seek comfort? Happy for him had he been allowed to creep on in his former obscurity! then had he known no wants beyond what his labours could supply. But now, unused, unwilling, and probably unable to labour, his appetites debauched by the indulgencies of fashionable life, his plain and simple habits vitiated or destroyed, his former pleasures rendered loathsome and disgusting to his now depraved taste, he experiences a ceaseless longing for objects beyond his reach, and at last finds a substitute for these pleasures, or one which at least enables him to forget or despise them, in that destructive but too frequent resource of misery—the bottle. His debauchery, as they are pleased to term it, affords a plausible pretext for his fashionable friends to decline any further patronage or encouragement of him: they now make those vices and failings which he has imbibed from his residence among them, a reason for deserting him in his distress; and attempt to justify their want of generosity towards him by the observation, that it would be highly improper in them to give countenance to a person of so bad a character, or to afford the means of dissipation to one so willing to make use of them. Drinking affords him but a temporary refuge from the miseries which now press heavily on him. Like the *ignis fatuus*, it allures him with the prospect of relief, but in the end leads him to destruction. To his other calamities is now added that most dreadful one—sickness. His thoughtless extravagance has most probably led him to contract debts which he is unable to discharge. He who is in want, must not expect to find his creditors indulgent. He is thrown into a prison, among a heap of wretches, the dregs of mankind; and there, the victim of disease and of famine, stung into madness by reflections on his own conduct and on that of others, what wonder if he cannot wait the slow approaches of death, but indignantly casting away that existence which is so grievous a burden to him, rushes unbidden into the presence of his Creator? This may appear too terrible to be true; but let it be recollected, that more than one of our English poets have experienced a fate nearly similar. However, it must be confessed, that the destiny of men of genius is now much improved, and is not frequently so deplorable as what is here stated: indeed most of the celebrated poets of the present day are known to be placed far above want; but

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There are many persons, of the most exalted genius, unknown to fame, who are even now pining in misery and neglect. But, allowing that such extreme bodily suffering cannot be said to be the general lot of men of genius, it may with truth be affirmed, that the greatest degree of mental anguish, very frequently combined with most of the ills which afflict humanity, has been the lot of the greatest number of those highly-gifted beings, in all ages, whose works have procured for them the precious meed of immortality. Among poets in particular, to whom I more especially allude, we shall find very few who were not as remarkable for their misfortunes as for their talents. Who has not heard of the blindness of Milton; the wretched life, and still more unhappy death, of Otway; the long sufferings and unrequited services of Cowley and of Butler; the struggles against poverty and malice which occupied the life of Dryden; the constitutional infirmities which embittered the existence of Pope; the lamentable idiotcy and madness of Swift; the almost unparalleled miseries and unhappy end of Savage; the frenzy of Collins; the indigence of Goldsmith; the morbid melancholy and sullen discontent of Johnson; the hypochondriacism of Gray and of Beattie; the tragical catastrophe of Chatterton; the disappointed hopes and premature death of Burns; and the sickness, despondency, and madness of Cowper? To this deplorable list many additions might be made; but enough has been done to justify the assertion made in the commencement of this essay; to say more is unnecessary, to say less would be unjust.

AMBROSE UPON FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

North.—Do you understand, Ambrose, the distinction between Fancy and Imagination, as drawn by Coleridge in his Biographia Literaria, and Wordsworth in one of his philosophical prefaces, in which he labours to tell us what poetry is, in despair, I presume, of being able to effect that purpose by his verses?—Ambrose.—I read no philosophical criticism, Sir, but in the magazine. As far as I have been able to master the occasional hints thrown out in that immortal work, it seems to me, Sir, that Fancy is the faculty by which the human mind collects round any object of thought a certain conglomeration of corresponding and congenial images, united rather by some accidental and capricious associations, which consequently are, in comparison, feeble and evanescent, inasmuch as they are obedient, as well in their going as in their coming, to moods moving

along the surface of the mind, than by those everlasting links of feeling or of passion, Sir, which, though oftentimes invisible, are nevertheless always felt, when the capacity of emotion is brought into power, and the creative function of the soul is at work to reproduce, and in the reproduction beautifies the essential and primordial elements of emotion, one of these being, beyond all doubt, intellectual perception, and another intellectual conception, thus gradually growing into new and original forms, which, when intensified into life by the true Promethean fire, are universally confessed to be, even while the mystery of their generation remains a secret to the minds of those affected by them to very transport,—Forms of the Imagination.

DR. DARWIN.

Among the philosophical reveries with which Darwin indulged, and at the same time debased, his powerful mind, he maintained at one period of his life the formation of a great part of the present habitable globe from the decayed shells of fishes. This opinion, notwithstanding its almost inconceivable absurdity, he maintained with such courage, as to place upon his carriage, by way of motto, "Omnia à Conchis"—"All things from shell fish." The Gentleman's Magazine says that it had also a reference to his family arms, which were three scallop shells. Be that as it may, the inscription produced the following lines from Mr. Seward (the father of Anna Seward), which caused a very general laugh at the Doctor's expense, and an immediate removal of the motto.

OMNIA A CONCHIS.

From atoms in confusion hurl'd,
Old Epicurus built a world;
Maintained that all was accidental,
Whether corporeal powers or mental;
That neither hands, head, heart, nor mind,
By any foresight were design'd;
That feet were not devised for walking;
For eating, teeth; or tongues for talking;
That chance each casual creature made,
Then every member found its trade;
And in this whirlpool of stark nonsense
He buried virtue, truth, and conscience.
For this he spent much studious toil,
And oft consumed the midnight oil;
Each year produced long laboured volumes,
Which covered half the Attic columns;
And thus his sect spread far around,
In Asia, Greece, and Rome, renown'd;
For all the bad received with glee
His hodge podge of iniquity.
Celsus at length resolves to list
Under this great cosmogonist;

He too renounces his Creator,
And forms all sense from senseless matter;
Makes men start up from dead fish bones,
As old Deucalion did from stones;
Great wizard! he, by magic spells,
Can build a world of cockle shells;
And all things frame, while eye-lid twinkles,
From lobsters, crabs, and perriwinkles;
O Doctor! change thy foolish motto,
Or keep it for some lady's grotto;
Else thy poor patients well may quake,
If thou no more canst mend than make!

THE WORKS OF MAN.

How strange it is, that, wandering so much amongst the sublime and beautiful works of nature, so superior, so infinitely superior, to all the works of man, and the false glare, and cold regularity, and meretricious ornature of art, so little of our admiration should be excited; while, when we view the frail and perishing structures which the hand of man has erected, we are all attention and wonder, whether we contemplate the more minute and elaborate, or sublimer products of his skill. Amongst the scenes of nature, scattered abroad with all the opulence of the Creator's infinite intellect and art, we walk with utter listnessness of mind; we cast our eyes, with a cold and careless glance, upon these glorious spectacles, the stamp and impress of the Almighty's power;—but when the transient structures of man are mentioned, we arouse from our apathy and kindle into enthusiastic admiration. I have heard a gentleman say—nay, I do not know that I should not be inclined to make the same choice myself—that he would sooner pay a visit to the Pyramids of Egypt than to the finest Alpine or Pyrenean scenery. What, then, can be the reason of this? Surely not that man fancies the productions of his skill greater than those of the Almighty; since the very materials which he moulds into shape and beauty, the eye that dwells with such complacency upon the works which it has guided the hand in raising, and the mind which designed in the first instance, are all equally the product of the Creator's power. There are two reasons to be assigned for this circumstance; the one is, our hidden sympathies with our fellow-men, which make us look upon every thing which affects him as in some way affecting ourselves; the second is, the commonness of natural beauties. We know that what is always obvious will at length cease to be noticed; that what is always before the eye, however beautiful, will at length meet but a cold and uninterested glance; that what is rare, on the contrary (like man's more magnificent efforts, which rise with immense labour, toil, and expense, and

fall into decay almost as soon as reared, which appear only at such long intervals of time, and such distant points of space), is the subject of admiration and wonder, but in proportion to its rarity. But how does this fact, however, which is sufficient, in my opinion, to account for the negligence and listlessness of man with regard to the scenes of nature, redound to the glory of God, who can thus afford to scatter abroad the treasures of his creative hand in such prodigality and profusion, while man, frail man, can only now and then, and here and there, set up an evanescent and tottering monument of his false, or at any rate, passing greatness; often lavishing all his art and all his skill upon that lonely abode, which points out so clearly his littleness, and consecrating dust and decay with all the pomp and richness of the sculptor, the statuary, and the architect? But (to confine ourselves more strictly to the subject of which this little essay professes to treat), though we speak thus contemptuously of the works of man in comparison with those of the Deity, yet they are, in truth, themselves great; nor can the contemplative mind, we imagine, derive less pleasure or profit in regarding them, than in meditating upon the grander objects which nature is, as in an open volume, continually displaying before us, provided only it be done with proper feeling and through a proper medium; that is to say, if they be viewed as the works, not of man alone, as an independent being, standing in the greatness of his own strength, and vaunting the might of his own achievements, but of man as an instrument, and the real glory of whose efforts is therefore due to a higher source and to a master hand. That very principle which has designed for man all his splendid productions, which has been the spring and impulse of all his efforts, which has wrought out for him, slowly and gradually indeed, the mighty circle of the arts and sciences, (and the power of which is seen so fully in these His works) is that which shows forth most efficiently the greatness of the Creator's hand, because it is the noblest of his creations, congenial, in some measure, with his own immaterial essence, and partaking of his own immortal and indestructible nature! Oh, what a power is that of intellect! From this small spark how great a fire is kindled! How completely, by its operation, is the whole earth subjugated to man, and subjected to his control! We see through the whole world his towns and cities arising, filled with the hum and bustle of his commerce—rivers turned from their course—mountains levelled—artificial lakes—and the sea filled with his vessels of traffic and armaments of war; the sea, that unruly element, the foam of which he rides upon, and the fury of which he curbs as easily as he manages his war-horse; nay,

its very billows he bids keep back, in order that he may raise, on the ground which it yields him, arsenals and bulwarks, as though the mighty Creator had delegated to him his own power over the same turbulent element. "Hither shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" or we see him descend, in perfect security, beneath its profound depths and caves, and bidding it open, from its dark abysses, its treasures of pearl and coral. But where shall we stop? He has measured the stars, their distances, the periods of their revolutions; he has realized the fable of Prometheus, and extracted fire from the clouds; and he has travelled almost as far into the regions of mind as into those of the natural world! How great then is man! But, oh! how far greater is He who has rested in so frail, so perishing a form, such mighty capabilities!

STATE OF POETS.

We know not where, among the same number of men, occupied in the same pursuit, so many instances of unhappiness could be discovered. Some indeed have been the merited victims of their own intemperate follies; but to the lovers of good old times, who shrink back when they hear of a modern bard receiving 3000 guineas for the copyright of a modish poem, it may afford some consolation to review those who have been tenants of the cell or the garret, and whose stomachs have kept an inverted sabbath of six days out of the seven. Greene, it is true, died of a surfeit of pickled herrings and old Rhenish; Marlowe and Motteaux were killed in drunken quarrels at a brothel; Fenton drank two bottles of Port every afternoon, in his easy chair, and died by attempting a reduction; Randolph, Somerville, and Parnell, fell sacrifices to Bacchus; George Etheridge broke his neck down stairs, while bowing his friends out after dinner; and May was so delighted with the success of his "Breviary," that he went to bed one night, after having drunk freely, in apparent health, and was found dead in the morning. Some indeed assert that his night cap was tied too tightly under his chin, but Andrew Marvel attributes his death to suffocation. Look now on the shadowy side of the picture: Denham, Nat. Lee, Collins, Cowper, Smart, Brook, G. A. Steevens, Bampfylde, and Ferguson, all died in idiotcy or madness. Of the last a most touching incident is related:—"When committed to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed

from all the inmates of the dreadful mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who attended." In a few days his poverty-stricken mother, who had reluctantly committed her son to a public hospital, from her inability to support him, received remittances sufficient to defray the expense of his attendance at home; but they arrived too late; the poor maniac was already dead. Otway was suffocated from the rapacity of hunger; John Brown (the author of Barbarossa) and Chatterton, were suicides. George Wither, Decker, Cotton, Savage, and Lloyd, breathed their last in jails. Lovelace, once the pride of courts, after losing his mistress, like Biron in Isabella, escaped a prison only by concealment, and died in a miserable lodging near Shoe lane. Butler and Ben Jonson each experienced the worst extremes of poverty. Andrew Marvel is supposed to have been poisoned. Quarles died heart-broken at the destruction of his whole possessions (among which he most regretted his books and MSS.) by the Puritans. Drummond is said never to have recovered his shock on hearing of the murder of Charles I. Shirly and his wife died of fright at the fire of London: and poor George Sewell, after writing in the Spectator, and living in a polished circle, had not a friend to close his eyes. He was buried meanly under a hollow tree in the boundary of Hampstead church yard, and however courted in his life-time, has not now even a turf-hillock to point out the spot of his repose. The laborious antiquary, John Stowe, after dedicating the greater part of a life, extended far beyond the usual period of existence, to researches in which the public were essentially interested, when suffering under the tortures of an excruciating disease, and upon the very verge of the grave, was obliged to ask alms of his fellow-citizens and countrymen. However strange this may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in the year 1604, this worthy citizen obtained from that learned monarch, and great encourager of learning, James I., a licence to collect "the charitable benevolence of well-disposed people" for his subsistence. In this brief his various labours for forty-five years spent in composing his Annals, and also eight years dedicated to his Survey of London, his merit and his age, are mentioned, and power was given to him or his deputies to ask charity at the different churches through a considerable number of counties and cities in England, with an exhortation and persuasion to persons to contribute their mites. This was in the second year of the king. A letter from the king on the same subject is also extant, on the back of which seven shillings and sixpence are set down as the subscription of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, and the church-warden's name endorsed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS chivalrous queen seems to have partaken pretty freely of the hospitality of the age in which she reigned, as a few of her entertainments will testify. In 1557, Sir Nicholas Bacon entertained her majesty at Gowhambury, near St. Albans, from Saturday, May 18, to the Wednesday following, at the expense of 577*l.* 6*s.* 7½*d.*, besides fifteen bucks and two stags. Among the dainties of the feathered kind, in this entertainment, we observe herons, bitterns, godwittes, dotterds, shovellers, curlews, and knots. In Mr. Nichol's relation of her majesty's visit to Cowdry, in Sussex, where she spent some days, we find "the proportion of breakfast was three oxen and 140 geese." In 1573, archbishop Parker entertained the queen and her suite with great splendour, at Croydon palace for several days. Like George III. she was fond of minute detail, and the following arrangements for this last journey are still preserved in record. Arrangements for queen Elizabeth's visit to Croydon, written by Mr. Boyer, gentleman of the black-rod, deposited in the library at Lambeth. "Lodgings at Croydon, the Busshope of Canterburye's house, bestowed as followeth, the 19th of May, 1574. The Lorde Chamberlayne his old lodgings. The Lorde Treasurer wher he was. The Ladie Marques at the nether end of the great chamber. The Ladie Warwicke wher she was. The Lorde Admyral at the nether end of the great chamber. The Ladie Howard wher she was. The Lorde Hundsdon wher he was. Mr. Secry. Walsingham wher Mr. Smith was. The Ladie Stratford wher she was. Mr. Henedge wher he was. Ladies and gentlemen of the privie chamber ther olde. Mrs. Abingdon her olde, and another small room added for the table. The maydes of honour wher they were. Sir Geo. Howard wher he was. The capt. of the garde wher my lorde of Oxforde was. The grooms of the privye chamber ther olde. The esquyers thrs olde. The gentn. hussars thrs olde. The physysyons thrs olde. The physysyons two chambers. The queens robes wher they were. The clerke of the kitchen wher he was. The wardrobe of beds. For the queen's wayghters I cannot find any convenency roomes to place them in; but I will do the best I can to place them elswher; but yf it please you, sir, that I doo remove them, the grooms of the pryvie chamber nor Mr. Drewreyre, have any other way to their chambers, but to pass them that way. Agayne if my lady of Oxforde should come, I cannot tell where to place Mr. Hatton, and for my lady Carewe, here is no place with a chimney for her; but she must lay abroad with Mrs. Apparty, and the rest of the pryvye

chamber; for Mrs. Skelton there is no room with chimney, I shall staye one chamber without for her. Here is as mytch as I have been any ways able to do in this house. From Croydon, this present Wednesday morning, Your honours always most bounden, S. BOWYER." Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, was also the queen's favourite retreat, but here were the superior attractions of a partner in these courtly revels.

FRAGMENTS.

HUMAN GLORY. In the "piping times of peace," literature, science, and the arts, attain their highest perfections, and men hail these halcyon days as the harbinger of national prosperity. Indeed, so repugnant is the very sound of war to a benevolent mind, that nature sickens at those scenes of desolation and carnage with which the paltry ambition of man has so often strewed the earth, and dyed the very corn of the soil in human blood. Such was the victory of Waterloo, the last in the annals of our history! Triumphs, thus dearly purchased, rather add to the calendar of crime than to the honours of a nation; and when the clamour of victory has subsided, the philanthropist mingles his sorrow with the groans of the wounded, and with the sympathies and bewailings of the widows and orphans of the slain.

LOVE. Love is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, less from motives far less philosophical than those of Empedocles, he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind that will tell more tales than a slipper.

LOVE OF BURIAL PLACES. Many of the wisest and best of men have signalized their love of gardens and shrubberies, by causing themselves to be buried in them. Plato was buried in the groves of Academus: Sir William Temple gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and then placed under a sun-dial, opposite his library window: Dercennus, one of the kings of Latium, was buried in a thick wood, on the top of a high mountain: Rousseau was buried in the island of Poplars, in the gardens of Ermenonville: Horne Tooke was buried in his own garden: and Napoleon Bonaparte often walked to a fountain in the island of St. Helena, and said to his confidential companions, "If it is destined that I die on this rock, let me be buried in this place," pointing to some willows near the fountain he so frequently visited.

GERMAN HUMILITY. The following singular frontispiece was a few years ago affixed to an edition of one of the Classics,

published on the Continent, by one Seger. The copper-plate, which faces the title-page, represents, on one side, Christ upon the cross; and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label appears to issue forth with the following words: —"Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" His question is thus answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the person addressed,—"Highly famed, excellent, and most learned Dr. Seger, Imperial Poet, and well-deserving Master of the School of Wirtemburg—thou knowest I love thee!"

LITERATURE AT ST. PETERSBURGH. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburgh costs the State 51,020 roubles (8,163*l.* sterling) annually. There are 36 persons employed in it,—namely, a director, with a salary of 6000 roubles (960*l.*); seven librarians, with a salary of 2,700 roubles (432*l.*); and four sub-librarians, with a salary of 1200 roubles (192*l.*) each. Eight clerks of the first class have 600 roubles (96*l.*) each; and one clerk of the second class 300 roubles (48*l.*). There are also 15 attendants, who receive 120 roubles (20*l.*) each, and their clothing. For the purchase of books, and other expenses, the sum of 14,420 roubles (2,307*l.*) is applied annually.

ENVY. An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbours.—Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue.—Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver, which consumeth the flesh, and drieth up the marrow of the bones.

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA. The following story, which Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, (ed. 1813, vol. II. p. 404.) quotes from Ælian, is obviously the origin of one of our most popular nursery tales:—"Rhodope was the fairest ladie in her dayes in all Egypt; she went to wash her, and by chance (her maides, meanwhile, looking but carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus, the king of Egypt's lap, at Memphis: he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more at the manner of the bringing of it; and caused forthwith proclamation to be made, that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his court; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY. An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the

secret of being "always easy?" "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

THE EARL OF MARCHMONT. Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bed side, a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at? He answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they come to me, expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones."—The earl was eighty-four years of age, and very thin.

AUTHORS. Reaumur tells us, that good silk might be procured from some species of spiders, if they could be prevailed on to live in society. But, unluckily, they have an irresistible propensity to tear each other in pieces. It seems to be the same with authors. Would they only act in concert they might achieve wonders. It would, indeed, be difficult to say what they could not accomplish. Combined intellectual exertions would produce as mighty an effect in the moral world, as combined corporeal exertions have produced in the physical. But, instead of directing their powers to great ends, authors waste more than half their time and talent in miserable squabbles, to the no small delight of the malignant and the stupid.

ANA. I am much gratified by those works, of which the French have numbers, under the denomination of Ana, which give the good sayings of men of talent, just as they dropped from the lips of the speakers. There is a grace, a sparkling vivacity, in these unpremeditated speeches, which is generally wanting in laboured compositions. There appears to be the same sort of difference between the one and the other, that there is between the honey which drops spontaneously from the comb, and that which is obtained from it by pressure.

MUSIC.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC TRACED TO NATURAL CAUSES—THE MUSIC OF SAVAGE NATIONS. It is almost lost time to search for the origin of any of those arts which have been handed down to us from the remote ages of antiquity. "Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon" their first beginnings; and the names of their inventors, with their personal histories, are obscured by fables and traditions. This is the case with music; the invention of which, the ancients, unable to fix upon the mortal who conferred such a blessing upon mankind, ascribed to their gods. Natural causes, however, may sufficiently account for its origin, without referring to a miracle for the event. The elements of music are in every thing around us; they are found in the chirpings of the feathered choristers of nature; in the voices or calls of various animals; in the melancholy sound of the waterfall, or the wild roar of the waves; in the hum of distant multitudes, or the concussion of sonorous bodies; in the winds, alike when their dying cadence falls lightly on the ear as it gently agitates the trees of the forest, as when the hurricane sweeps around, and in terrific accents, betrays the voice of Him who

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

All these contain the rudiments of harmony, and "may be easily supposed to have furnished the minds of intelligent

creatures with such ideas of sound, as time, and the accumulated observation of succeeding ages, could not fail to improve into a system." It is probable that vocal music was practised, or, at least, that the ancients were acquainted with the difference in the tones of the human voice, and its capabilities for harmony, before instruments were thought of; and the latter, without doubt, owed their origin to the observation of effects flowing from the natural causes already mentioned. Thus, Diodorus, Lucretius, and other authors, attribute the invention of wind instruments, to observations made on the whistling of the wind in reeds, and in the pipes of other plants. The different tones of sounding strings must have been observed very early, and thus have given birth to stringed instruments; whilst instruments of percussion, such as tabors and drums, probably originated from the sonorous ringing of hollow bodies when struck. In the first conception, all these instruments were rude and imperfect, and would afford little pleasure to the musician of the present day. Indeed, in their early efforts, we can fancy the inventors themselves amazed at the effect produced, and starting with surprise or fright,

"E'en at the sounds themselves had made."

Admitting that vocal music was cultivated, or rather, that man had begun to use his powers of speech for the purposes of song, though without much pretension to melody, before instruments of any description were invented, we may reasonably conjecture, that pipes and drums of the rudest construction, were those which first suggested themselves to his imagination. What we know of the state of music in all barbarous and savage nations, tends to show, not only that their early efforts in the art were, as might be expected, extremely rude, but that wind instruments, and those of percussion, were the first used. The Esquimaux, who were, when visited by Captain Parry, as nearly in a state of barbarism as possible, though fond of music, had no instruments except a species of drum and tambourine. They had songs, but there was neither variety, compass, nor melody, in their vocal effusions. Refined, comparatively, and luxurious as the Mexicans were, they had nothing worth calling by the name of music, when conquered by the Spaniards. Their chief instruments were two drums, one called the *Huehuetl*, the other the *Teponaztli*; the former of which was a cylinder of wood more than three feet high, curiously carved and painted on the outside, covered above with the skin of a deer, well dressed and stretched, which was slackened occasionally to make the sound more sharp or deep. This was struck only with the fingers.

The *teponaztli* was of a cylindrical shape, hollowed inside, but without any opening, except two parallel slits in the middle. This was sounded by beating these two slits with little sticks. It was made of different sizes, some small enough to be hung around the neck, and others five feet long. They had, besides, horns, sea-shells, and little flutes, or pipes, which made a shrill sound, and an instrument used by their dancers, called an *Ajacaztli*. This was a little vessel, round or oval in shape, pierced with small holes, and containing a number of little stones, being an instrument, in fact, of no higher description than a child's rattle. Mr. Weld, in his notices of the Indians of North-west America, tells us that their native music was very rude and indifferent, and equally devoid of melody and variety. Their famous war-song he describes as nothing better than an insipid recitative. Singing and dancing went hand in hand; and when a large number of them collected together, and joined in one song, the few wild notes of which it consisted, mingled with the sound of their pipes and drums, sometimes produced, when heard at a distance, a pleasing effect on the ear; but it was only when so heard that their music was tolerable. The following is a description of a dancing party which he encountered one night on the island of Bois Blanc:—"Three elderly men, seated under a tree, were the principal musicians. One of these beat a small drum, formed of a piece of a hollow tree covered with a skin, and the two others marked time equally with the drum, with rattles formed of dried squashes, or gourds, filled with peas. At the same time these men sung; indeed they were the leaders of the song, which the dancers joined in." The only musical instrument the Indians possessed, besides the drum, was a flute, formed of a thick cane, or reed. It was about two feet in length, and had eight or nine holes in it in one row. This was played upon in the same way as a clarionet, and the sound produced was not unlike that of the common whistle. The tones of this instrument were by no means inharmonious, and admitted of a pleasing modulation; but Mr. Weld never met with an Indian able to play a regular air upon it, not even one of those which they were in the habit of singing. He saw several who were fond of amusing themselves with the instrument, and who would sit for hours together, beside the embers of their cabin fire, playing over a few wild melancholy notes. Every Indian that could bring a sound out of the instrument, and stop the holes, thought himself master of it; and the notes which they commonly produced were as unconnected and as unmeaning as those which a child would bring out of a whistle. The account

which Father Charlevoix gives of the Indian tribes through which he travelled, corroborates, as far as it goes, that of Mr. Weld; and it is remarkable, that little change has taken place up to the present day. In April, 1828, captain Hall visited the Creek Indians, and he was present at one of their grand ball-plays, which he was told by one of the agents of the United States, was "a perfectly genuine unsophisticated display of the Indians, who had resided on the spot from time immemorial." At this festival there were present "two musicians, one of whom was hammering away with his fingers on a drum, formed of a piece of deer skin, stretched over the hollowed trunk of a tree, while the other kept time with a large gourd, containing a handful of gravel." What we learn of the natives of the islands in the Pacific, when they were discovered by captain Cook, equally proves the rudeness and simplicity of the music of savage tribes. Soon after the arrival of the captain at Otaheite, one of the chiefs gave him a specimen of the music of the country. Four persons played upon flutes, made of a hollow bamboo, about one foot long, which had only two stops, and therefore could not sound more than four notes, by half tones; they were sounded like our German flutes, except that the performer, instead of applying the instrument to his mouth, blew into it with one nostril, while he stopped the other with his thumb. To these instruments four other persons sung, and kept very good time, but only one tune was played during the concert. The Otaheiteans had drums as well as flutes; and there were travelling musicians amongst them, who accompanied the instruments with their voices; and the voyagers, to their surprise, in general found that they were the subject of their songs, which were unpremeditated. Their drums were hollow blocks of wood, of a cylindrical form, solid at one end, and covered at the other with shark's skin. They had no drum-sticks, but beat with their hands. At Amsterdam, one of the Friendly Isles, captain Cook and his officers were entertained by the women with songs, and they accompanied the music by snapping their fingers. Here only three musical instruments were found; one a flute, made of a piece of bamboo, with four holes or stops, which was filled from the nose, as at Otaheite; the second was composed of ten or eleven small reeds of unequal lengths, bound together, side by side, like the Syrinx, or Pan's pipe; and thirdly a drum, which was nothing more than a hollow log of wood, which, when beat on the sides, emitted a sound, not quite so musical as may be obtained from an empty cask. The music of the Friendly Islanders is as uncouth and barbarous now as when they were visited by captain Cook. In

1805, Mr. Mariner, in the Port-au-Prince, was made captive by the inhabitants of the Tonga Islands, a part of the Friendly group, and detained for some time. He published an interesting account of his voyage and adventures, and also of the history, manners, and customs, of the natives; and, according to him, they would not seem to have any thing that is worthy to be termed music. Describing the ceremonies at the marriage of the king's daughter, he says—"The musicians (if so they can be called) next sat down at the bottom of the ring, opposite to Tooitongo (the bridegroom), in the middle of a circle of flambeaux, held by men, who also held baskets of sand, to receive the ashes. The musical instruments consisted of seven or eight bamboos, of different lengths and sizes (from three to six feet long), so as to produce, held by the middle, and one end being struck on the ground, different notes, according to the intended tune—all the knots being cut out of the bamboo, and one end plugged up with soft wood. The only other instrument was a piece of split bamboo, on which a man struck with two sticks, one in each hand, to regulate the time." They are fond of singing, and on occasion of festivals, sometimes go about singing all night. Some of their songs are without rhymes and regular measure; but others have both. Mr. Mariner took down the words of a song which he frequently heard, given in a sort of recitative, by either sex—the ideas in which are ingenious and poetical. They also sing a melancholy air, a species of lament, over the corpses of the dead. Some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the South American continent had instruments of the same nature, but made of different materials, from those mentioned by Mr. Weld and Father Charlevoix. The Indians of Chili used flutes, made of the bones of their enemies whom they had overcome in war; they likewise made them of the bones of animals, but the Indians of war danced only to the former. Their way of singing was, to raise their voices altogether upon the same note; and at the end of each song they played upon their flutes, and a species of trumpet. The Indians of Brazil also used fifes made of human bones. The Bachapins, a tribe of the Caffres, possess only one musical instrument, called the *Licháka*, which is simply a reed pipe, tuned by means of a small moveable plug at the lower end, and having the upper end, or mouth, cut transversely. They can express only a single note on these instruments; and when several performers meet together, whilst some are tuned in unison, others take different notes in the scale,—the interval between the lowest and the highest pipe comprising about twelve notes. There is no particular air in their music; though a certain cadence is

now and then perceptible. Mr. Burchell, who visited this tribe in 1812, supposes that they never heard European airs before he had some performed to them on the violin; and several boys, who listened very attentively, soon learnt these tunes perfectly, and sung them with a readiness and correctness which surprised him. Drums and flutes of the rude species already described, were found, by their first discoverers, amongst the more isolated natives of Africa; and instances might be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, to show, that in all uncultivated and barbarous nations, their music has been of a similar description. Wind and pulsatile instruments have invariably been found; stringed ones much more rarely; and all their airs and melodies, if, indeed, they deserve the name, are of the rudest kind.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

The following curious article on the musical imitation of natural sounds is a translation from the German, and, divested of its romantic diction, may be turned to considerable use. To those who delight in such absurdities as "Sonatas on Peace," "Battles of Prague," &c., and sundry other illustrations of actual phenomena, which require considerable imagination to discern in them the slightest resemblance to the given subject, this paper will be invaluable as an accidence for concocting such compositions; while to the person of true musical taste, it will be really useful in aiding the art of extemporaneous modulation, and at the same time in affording excellent practical rules for pure and appropriate expression. Musical expression is the golden axis on which the æsthetick* of harmony turns. It consists in giving to every individual piece, and every single idea, its appropriate execution. Correctness, intelligibility, and beauty, are the three great requisites of that execution, and, consequently, of musical expression. Correctness consists in accurate reading, and the strict observance of rhythm. Reading is far more difficult than is generally imagined. As in every musical idea is comprehended its own peculiar execution, the difficulty consists in the necessity of entering into the spirit of those ideas, and forming a representation of them, which shall be truly characteristic. In music, as in rhetoric, accurate and clear reading must precede fine

* This is a word borrowed by the Germans from the Greek, and means the philosophy of the fine arts, as respects the feelings.

declamation. To attain the power of reading correctly, long and unremitting practice is essential; the scores of celebrated masters must be continually studied, and the hand disciplined in the execution of any very difficult and intricate passages. Simple compositions, at the same time, must not be neglected; for it not unfrequently happens, that they are really the most difficult. Paradoxical as this may appear, it ceases to be so, when we consider that to give a proper effect to simple music, a profound feeling of its beauties is indispensable; whilst the execution of difficulties is dependent generally upon mechanical dexterity. I have known eminent singers of both sexes, and excellent piano-forte players, who could overcome the difficulties of an air or concerto with astonishing ability, and yet were incapable of doing justice to the simplest hymn or ballad. It is only by the incessant practice of Solfeggi, and instrumental lessons, that the singer or player can acquire a facility of reading. The second requisite of good musical performance is *intelligibility*, for that which is difficult to understand can never make an impression on the heart. The performer should clearly mark every passage, nay, every note, or, as a painter would say, give it a sharp outline; he should practise for clearness, *staccato* passages; he must not mutter when he should speak, and should strive, above all, to render his tones as full and as round as possible. In the singer, this distinctness is particularly necessary; for, unfortunately, the most beautiful poetry is frequently lost between the lips and the teeth. Thus the effect is merely single, where it ought to be double; for, without doubt, the poetry and music should make an equal impression on the heart. This negligence on the part of the singers accounts, in some measure, for the inattention that is frequently observable in the audience during a concert. But we see the difference when a beautiful and artless song is sung with proper distinctness and expression,—every heart and eye are immediately open in acknowledgment of its influence. A singer should therefore study his text carefully; enter into the spirit of each word, giving it appropriate expression, and, above all, should guard against the practice of drawling out and torturing the vowel sounds, by which the whole articulation is frequently rendered feeble and unintelligible. The third property of musical execution is *beauty*. He who has a truly sensitive heart, capable at once of feeling with the poet and the composer, whose soul is taken prisoner, and is carried along with the tide of the song, who has seen the divine beauty of harmony unveiled in the hours of devotion, requires only a hint to enable him to enter into the spirit of any piece of music

he may have to perform. Beauty in music, however, consists of so many minute and exquisitely delicate shades, that its definition is impracticable. But a young girl, full of innocence and grace, is not the less beautiful because the beholder cannot particularize all her charms. Whatever difficulty may be experienced in analyzing her beauty, it is still a subject which may give rise to many interesting observations. The constituent elements of correct musical expression are, the full pouring out of the tones, light and pleasing *portamento*, or the blending of one note into the other; the swelling, rising, falling, and dying away of the tones; the introduction of little ornaments with grace and simplicity; the giving to every passage a beautiful and distinct outline; the soft *tremolo*, the management of the breath in the singer; the exquisite shake; the melting *appogiatura;* and, finally, the proper deportment of the performer, and the exemplification of appropriate feeling in his countenance. As every idea has its own peculiar colour, and as there are an innumerable variety of intermediate shades between the ardent glow of pathos and the roseate hue of joy, it is, as has already been remarked, quite as impossible to define all these gradations as to mark the various tints of a Titian, a Correggio, or a Mengs. These and many more duties are required of the performer, who merely executes what another has composed. But the art of musical expression is far more important, as it regards the composer himself; he should know all that the poet and orator ought to know, while at the same time he must possess the profoundest knowledge of musical art. The pathos of sacred music has a simple, sublime, solemn, and impressive character; and some compositions of this class have for centuries wrought an effect on the human heart. This is to be accounted for by their simplicity, devotional feeling, and sublimity, which subdues all hearts, and draws them towards heaven. The composer of sacred music should possess religious enthusiasm, sublimity of genius, and the most delicate susceptibility of heart, to enable him to lend the accents of music to the simplest prayer. Musical expression in ecclesiastical pieces varies according to the subject. For example, the triumphal style prevails in festivals, agitates the flood of harmony, and wafts its glad feelings to heaven. If a composer intend to set the following words to music—

"Gott fahrt auf mit Jauchzen und Frohlochen," *

his prevailing idea must be the triumphant ascension of Christ,

* "God ascends midst shouts of joy and exultation."

as Klopstock has described it. A *requiem*, or mass for the dead, ought to be clothed in the hue of melancholy. The words

"Requiem æternam da Nobis, Domine!"

seem to have but one mode of expression, consequently they must be set only in those keys containing flats, which lull to rest, and are, by their hollow and languishing tones, admirably expressive of death. For such a theme B flat major, and B minor* are particularly suited, as also E flat major, and C minor. As in musical expression much depends upon the choice of the key, the following characteristics of the different keys may not be considered out of place.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KEYS.—Every key is either coloured or uncoloured. The uncoloured keys are expressive of innocence and simplicity. The keys containing flats are characteristic of soft melancholy feelings; while those containing sharps are expressive of uncontrollable and powerful passion.—C *major* is quite pure. Its character is innocence, simplicity, *naïveté*, and the artlessness of childhood.—A *minor* represents the cheerful feminine character, gentleness, and gaiety. —F *major*, pleasure and repose.—D *minor*, the melancholy feminine character, the spleen, and the vapours.—B *major* expresses happy, tranquil love, peace of mind, hope, and the longing for a better world.—B *flat minor*, dissatisfaction, uneasiness, the anguish of disappointment, spiteful gnashing of teeth; in a word, rancour and despair.—E *flat major* is the key of love, devotion, and confiding intercourse with heaven; representing, by its three flats, the sacred Triad.†—C *minor*, the declaration of love, and also complaints of unhappy love; every tender reproof, every anxious expectation, every sigh of the deeply-enamoured soul, is comprehended in this key.—A *flat major* embraces within its compass the tones of death, the grave, corruption, judgment, and eternity.—F *minor*, sorrow, funeral lamentations, groans, and sepulchral aspiration.—D *flat major* is an equivocal key, degenerate in sorrow and in joy. It can simper, though it cannot laugh; it can ape the shedding of tears, though it cannot truly weep. Only very particular traits of character and sentiment can be depicted by this key.—B *flat minor* has an eccentric character, generally clothed in the garb of night. It is morose, and very seldom assumes a gay aspect. The mockery of heaven and earth, misanthropy, self-dissatisfac-

* This key has no flats, but, on the contrary, has two sharps; its expression, nevertheless, is exceedingly well adapted for the purpose to which the author would apply it.

† "Die heilige TRIAS," are the words of the author, by which he seems to allude to that which is too mysterious to be represented or expressed by music.

tion, and preparation for suicide, resound through this key.—G *flat major* exhibits triumph over difficulty, free respiration upon ascended hills. The echoings of the soul that has powerfully struggled, and has been finally victorious, are heard in compositions in the key of G flat major.—E *flat minor*. Feelings of dread, of the deepest despondency, of brooding despair, of the bitterest anguish, of the most gloomy state of the mind, are here forcibly expressed. Every torment, every frightful foreboding of the heart, is breathed forth by this horrific key. When ghosts speak, they must doubtless borrow its unearthly tones.—B *major*. A strongly-coloured key, indicative of fierce passions, concentrated under the most vivid hues. Within its jurisdiction lie anger, fury, jealousy, frenzy, despair, and every violent excitement of the mind.—G *sharp minor*. Vexation of spirit, painful oppression of the heart, sighs of lamentation, resound in the double sharp. All that is distressing is characterized by the colour of this key.—E *major* expresses loud exultation, laughter-loving joy, but still not full and perfect delight.—C *sharp minor*. This key conveys the language of penitence, intimate converse with heaven, with a friend, and with the loving companions of life. The signs of unrequited friendship and love lie within its compass.—A *major* contains the declaration of innocent love, contentment, the parting lovers' hope to meet again, youthful cheerfulness, and confidence in heaven.—F *sharp minor* is a dismal chilling key. It lacerates the feelings, as a surly dog tears a beggar's garment. It speaks the language of enmity and aversion. It usually appears dissatisfied with itself, and is therefore always languishing after the tranquil repose of A major, or the triumphant beatitude of D major.—D *major* is the key for songs of triumph, hallelujahs, the war cry, and the shouts of victory. Introductory symphonies, marches, festival hymns, and hallelujah chorusses, are therefore set in it.—B *minor* may be considered as the key of patience, silent resignation to fate, and submission to the will of Providence. Its tones are accordingly soft, without ever breaking into offensive murmuring and complaint. Its practice is rather difficult on all instruments; and it may be on this account that we meet with so few pieces set expressly in it.—B *major* is the key for idyls, eclogues, and all rural songs, for every tranquil and peaceful passion, for every tender return to sincere friendship and faithful love; in a word, every soft and quiet emotion of the heart is admirably expressed in this key. What a pity that it is so much neglected, on account of its apparent difficulty! It should be recollected that no key is either easy or difficult, and that all difference in these respects depends entirely on the composer.—E *minor*. We here find the unaf-

fected, tender, and innocent declaration of love; complaining without murmuring; sighs unaccompanied by tears. Here also is expressed the near hope of perfect blessedness, by gliding back into C major. Nature having given this key only one colour, it may be compared to a young virgin dressed in white, with a rose-coloured bow on her bosom. It gracefully modulates into C major, and thus produces a delightful effect, in which both the ear and the heart are completely satisfied.

ON A LADY PLAYING.

Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes!
How could he see to do them? having made one.
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished. SHAKSPEARE.

I.

Once more amongst those rich and golden strings
Wander with thy white arm, dear lady pale;
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs
The aërial music, like the dreams that veil
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,
Oh, let the passion and the time prevail!
Oh, bid thy spirit through the mazes run!
For music is like love—and must be won!

II.

Oh! wake the rich chords with thy delicate fingers
Oh! loose the enchanted Music from mute sleep!
Methinks the fine Phantasma near thee lingers,
Yet will not come, unless tones strong and deep
Compel him,—Ah! methinks (as love-avengers
Requite upon the heads of those who weep
The sorrows which they gave) the sullen thing
Deserts thee, as thou left'st the vanquished string.

III.

No—no—it comes, sweeter than death or life,
Sweeter than hope, or joy beneath the moon;
Sweeter than all is that harmonious strife,
From whose embrace is born a perfect tune,
Where every varying note with thought is rife.
Now—bid thy tender voice enchant us soon,
With whatsoe'er thou wilt,—with love,—with fears,
The rage of passion, or the strength of tears. 1824.

* * * * *

IV.

Some years have fled since those past lines were writ,
And seldom now I hear the golden strings;
And seldom now, indeed, doth music flit
Athwart my dreams, where graver science flings

Her shadows; till my brow with cares is knit,
And vainly then my better angel sings:
Yet—sometimes doth a sound or sight restore
That Muse who should have staid for evermore.

V.

Lo! where the Muse of Music, while I speak,
Comes,—with incarnate beauty 'round her flung,
The red rose burning on her laughing cheek,
And all that art conceives of fair and young
Lavished upon her—eyes like morning's break—
A mouth all love—a grace like that which hung
O'er Phidian shapes, where all was rare, yet true;
And ever as men pondered lovelier grew.

VI.

Look! how the bright blue glance shoots forth its fire;
How like a star in heaven's own azure clime!
Hark! doth she strike, indeed, that answering wire?
Hush! doth she sing, in truth, some pleasant rhyme?
She moves! she sings!—and thus, while worlds admire,
For ever will she sing through after time;
For ever touch that silent sweet guitar;
For ever gaze upon us, like a star!

BARRY CORNWALL.

ESSAY ON MUSIC.

MUSIC is both a science and an art. As a science, it is founded on the most sublime portion of mathematical truths; as an art, it is built on the most refined feeling, and delicacy of taste. Its theory rests on a few, but profound principles; and its execution demands impassioned energy, and gracefulness of conception. If a familiarity with its mysteries opens to the mind a new source of pleasure, attention to its performance is rewarded with a gratification which would require the inspiration of poetry to describe. Of course, in thus expressing ourselves, we allude to the effects produced by fine music, skilfully and feelingly performed; performed, however, we will add, as we have sometimes heard it, even at amateur concerts. Yet, we are sorry to say, this is a pleasure which few non-professors—we are not speaking of ladies—are capable of producing. We might, with truth, even go further; and observe, that gentlemen out of the profession seldom rise to the rank of very agreeable solo performers; and scarcely ever attain sufficient science to be useful in a band. The violin and violoncello are the amateur's favourite instruments, in performing the latter of which, he is fond of rivalling the acuteness of the first, and in exercising that, is too ambitious of imitating those professors, who, seemingly, would reduce violin execution to the narrow limits of three inches of the bow upon two inches of the string. This, we conceive, to be the result of that puerile vanity too natural to those who of the

art they practise, know but few of the most valuable secrets. Music is not only a nobler, but a more abstruse science than is generally supposed; and for the attainment of excellence in its exercise, demands the application of the mind, as well as the practice of the hand. The study of Dr. Holder's treatise on the Principles of Harmony, Stillingfleet's Remarks on the Works of Tartini, and Avison's Strictures on Musical Expression,—to say nothing of Dr. Wallis's Ptolemy, or the Five Greek writers on Music, collected by Aleibomius,—would enlarge and refine gentlemen's ideas respecting the profundity and compass, powers and elegance of the science of harmony and melody, and the art of giving effect in their performance. The study of music thus prosecuted would be found worthy of the highest intellects, and give the proficient, as a real musician, the same superiority over the mere fiddler, that the architect holds in comparison with the builder who works from his design. With what pleasure does the sedulous student in music learn, that the proportions which the Author of nature has established for delighting the ear, are the same with those which in architecture are beautiful to the eye; and that the primary colours are respectively limited to the like measurable relation! How simple is the economy of nature; and how wonderful is the fact, that beauty in such various provinces should be governed by one invariable rule or ordinance! If the study of the profounder depths of the science of sound requires more time than the other branches of a gentleman's acquisitions will allow, still we would recommend him to combine with his practical skill, a knowledge of thorough-bass, or the common laws of harmony. Certain is it, that half the time generally bestowed on the acquirement of an unmeaning style of execution, would suffice for attaining this rarer and more valuable branch of musical accomplishment; would add to it the gratifying art of reading music as a language, and simply by the eye's perusal, enable us to hear it with the mind's ear. Since many of the most beautiful works of nature are formed according to the principles of harmony, from which some of our most affecting pleasures arise, can they justly be regarded as unworthy the attention and study of a gentleman? Plutarch, quoting from Plato, affirms, that the principles on which music is founded are those of the general order of things, and that the science was manifestly intended by Providence, as much to instruct as to delight us; and so convinced are we of the truth and solidity of the assertion, that it appears to us the dignity of the gentleman and scholar cannot be better supported than by that philosophical ac-

quaintance with the harmonic art, which, while it qualifies its possessor rationally to delight his friends and companions, assists in the ceremonies of religion, and promotes a virtuous complacency of mind. These considerations should awaken in our youth the wish to retrieve the losses they sustain by the corruption of this noble attainment, and to secure to themselves the honour of countenancing and recommending, by their example, its more efficient cultivation. Since wise and ancient nations, blending music with philosophy, have prosecuted its study, not as a trifling and vain amusement, but as a mental recreation, and the means of re-invigorating the mind when fatigued by severer pursuits; let parents, I would say, make it, under proper restrictions, a regular part of the education of their sons. Let them give it the promising chance of performing the noble and invaluable office of elegantly occupying those leisure hours, which otherwise might be devoted to idle, frivolous, and pernicious indulgences. From the eligible and useful purpose to which we would wish the musical accomplishments of gentlemen to be applied, we will suppose that the vain frivolity, and fantastic levity, which too greatly prevail in our modern compositions, as well as in the general style of their performance, form no part of the study and practice which we are solicitous to recommend. The increasing passion for the lighter species of music, has tended to corrupt the taste even of some of the first professors. Fired with a false emulation, and forgetful that the highest province of their art lies in its power to assume the force of language, and awaken the finer feelings of the heart, they are only ambitious of rivalling each other in the powers of execution on their respective instruments, and of exciting the astonishment of the unthinking part of mankind, rather than of touching the souls and engaging the minds of those who seek in music a source of sentiment and intellectual gratification; of those who would rather be moved and persuaded, than surprised, and who only value that harmony and melody which, directing their influence to the internal sensations, raise the sentiments, while they delight the ear, of the auditor.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

In the land of the stranger if e'er you should roam,
Though thy pathway with joys be enwreathed;
Should the song or the strain thou hast once heard at home
By the lip of the stranger be breathed,

It will come o'er thine ear like a storm in the night,
Though the smiles of the gay may surround thee;
It will wither thy heart, and its echo will blight
The mirth and the revelry round thee. FITZGERALD.

THERE is more romance in every-day life than is dreamt of in the philosophy of every-day people, and more sympathy and sentiment than is outwardly shown; for fashion unites with this cold world to repress our best feelings, and conceal, under the specious appearance of indifference or unconcern, all that nature intended should form the gentle basis of the mind of woman. These modern checks on our humanity soon render the heart more fitted for the stern realities and rude necessities of life, by frequently becoming cold, calculating, selfish, and interested. It fortunately happens, that music is the master-key to the sensibilities of most people, in kindly disclosing the stores of tenderness of those whom modern custom has failed to make completely apathetic. In an excursion to the county of Wicklow, with a select few, well chosen from the nonconformists of the modern system, we stopped at the beautiful village of Enniskerry, on the domain of Lord Powerscourt, to visit a pretty Gothic cottage, kept as a sort of lodging-house for invalids who seek the salubrity and temperature of this almost tropical air. After partaking of a late breakfast, or, rather a second edition of the first, and preparing again to mount our cars, in coming down stairs, I heard a sweet and plaintive voice singing the beautiful air, "Oh, leave me to my sorrow!" accompanied by the piano-forte. I was chained to the spot. I had heard that song, with repeated pleasure, by one now no more, in my own country, and, now distant from the home of my childhood, it seemed to possess a double charm in reviving thoughts of home, hallowed by the memory of the dead. In approaching nearer, to hear the concluding lines,

"Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone,"

the door opened, and an elderly widow lady appeared. She bowed, while I apologized for my apparent rudeness; but what parent is there who will not forgive a delighted listener to the accomplishments of an only child? She had observed the very unfashionable tear which some local remembrances had called forth, and begged I would enter the room, saying, Jessy should repeat the song for me. Some further adjustment being advisable in regard to the gear of our horses, which Miss Edgeworth has apprised the world before me, is, in this country, usually out of order, which gave me time to accept the invita-

tion and see her daughter, who arose, and, by the first flush upon her pale and interesting countenance, I saw, with prophetic sadness, in the hectic glow, the too sure acknowledgment of the fell destroyer being, alas, too near! "Jessy, my love," said the mother, "oblige this lady, of the party just arrived, by repeating your last song." Like a tender snowdrop she gracefully consented, and sat down to the instrument. "I would rather permit the first impression to remain, if you will favour me with the one before," I observed, which was one of the Honourable Mrs. Norton's, from the "Sorrows of Rosalie," called "Love not." After singing this, in exquisite taste, she begged I would play something. Although having more of the allegro than the penseroso in my disposition, yet she, having made sentiment the order of the day, I ventured to attempt the ballad of "We met," and, before it was finished, I found Jessy had left the room in tears. "I am at a loss to conjecture," said the anxious mother, "the cause of my daughter's illness; she was once gay and cheerful." "Then, is it left for me, a stranger, to explain the cause?" I asked, overlooking her music-book; "The selection alone of these songs convinces me that she has had some blight in her affections,—some tender string has been touched by sorrow." "Oh no!" replied the mother, "that is quite a mistake; he whom she loved is poor; she does not think of him now, and never names him; in fact, she is not allowed." "Not allowed!" I thought: "it were well if such restrictions could be imposed in such cases." "Cheerful society is all my child requires, with this fine air; and let me hope," continued she, "that I may have the pleasure of your company on your return." "If possible," I promised; "if not, some other day soon shall find me your guest." Jessy now entered the room, and strengthened her mother's invitation,—

> "And the smile that illumined her pale cheek the while
> Was like flowers in the hands of the dead,
> Whose blossoms but mock, with their warm, sunny smile,
> The pale cheek whose roses are fled."

Again on our journey, I did not feel myself in unison with the buoyant spirits of our party; for still the song and tones of Jessy lingered on my ear, and, in this mood, I felt it a luxury to be alone. We naturally look for the decline and fall of those around us, in age, infirmity, or imbecility; but to see youth and beauty blighted in their bloom, and that in the form of a lovely girl of eighteen, blended with the delightful associations of soul-subduing harmony, was too mournful a picture to be soon erased from the mind; and, although naturally cheerful, it now required no ordinary effort to appear so.

" Thus the smile that illumines the wanderer's cheek
Mocks the tear that is dimming her eye;
Her heart's far away, and her tongue cannot speak,
And her smile withers down to a sigh."

The route, on our return, lay in a different direction, so that the promised visit was deferred until some other opportunity. Near three weeks elapsed ere it suited my convenience to go to Enniskerry, and, on my entrance to the village, I anticipated how cheerfully I would rally the invalid out of her low spirits, by discouraging every thing sentimental or plaintive, either in conversation or music, and how gaily I would parody " Love's young dream" for her. With a bounding step, and a heart as light as a May morning, I approached the cottage. Some of the household appeared in the act of removal, for there was a cart at the door, and some few trunks and a writing-desk were placed in it. The door was open, but my entrance was stopped by two men bearing out a piano-forte, packed in a case, followed by the owner of the cottage, in tears. I felt my heart sink, and was unable to speak. " Ah, madam," said the poor weeping woman, " you are come too late; you were long expected, but now it is all in vain—it is all over: the dear young lady was buried a week ago, in St. Kevin's church-yard. Her uncle came over to fetch her mother to England: they are gone, and now I am sending their things after them." " Oh, Procrastination! how didst thou accuse me at this moment!" She who had interested me was now beyond recal, and her widowed mother far from my consolation; and the very instrument which had imparted such momentary delight was going too. To look on even inanimate objects for the last time is a source of pain; but to look on this—her friend in her concealed hopes, her companion in her sorrows, her source of soothing comfort in her rapid decline, the very tone of which was a solace to her—I could not look upon it without a pang; and, in this last trace of the once lovely Jessy, I thought of the words I had first heard her sing, and again they seemed applicable—" Oh, leave me to my sorrow!" Such is the power of music in reviving years, scenes, and days gone by,—in sympathizing with the sufferer in concealed sorrows, and in awakening our best feelings in the memory of those who are but gone before, to another and a better world!

" Thus remembrance will last amidst sorrow and care,
Where'er he may happen to roam;
Though the eye beam a smile to the friends who are here,
The heart is still ling'ring at home."

SONG.

I MET her in the early month
  Of blossom-laden spring;
When budding trees were lightly rob'd,
  And larks soar'd high to sing.
We wandered where the primrose grew,
  Deep in a silent glade,
And vow'd that nought save death should part
  Me and my village maid.

When summer came with laughing days,
  And soft blue-hanging skies,
Which threw a gladness all around,
  As did her softer eyes;
Again we sought the twilight woods,
  Where hazels form'd a shade;
The ring-dove, and the singing-brook
  Pleas'd my sweet village-maid.

When autumn came in solemn gold,
  And yellow leaves were strown;
'Twas then death mark'd my village maid,
  Alas! to be his own.
I 'tended her by night and day,
  But when the sportsman stray'd
Along the silent harvest-field,
  Death stole my village maid.

Now winter's come, with hollow voice,
  I hear the howling wind
Ring through the savage, naked woods,
  All gloomy like my mind.
O spring! come not again to me,
  By her I would be laid,
For what are birds or flow'rs to me,
  Without my village maid?

T. MILLER.

THE MISERIES OF HAVING A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak."

IF the pleasures of a lover of harmony are exquisite, his pains are certainly commensurate with his delights: the concord of sweet sounds has for him a thrilling ecstasy unknown to vulgar souls; but a harsh, discordant note, a voice ill-pitched, an instrument out of tune, drive him almost mad. The amateur who seems to die away at a masterly *cadenza*, or scarcely breathes at a *sostenuto*, will grind his teeth and close his ears at a peripatetic ballad, and is almost on the rack at the Grub street rondos, which generally possess as much wit as music. But if it be torture to a musical man to pass through the street whilst

"The Green Bushes," and other amatory compositions are rending the air, and whilst a blind fiddler is tormenting cat-gut, and a note-grinder is executing "Auld Lang Syne" on his box of music, the torture is ten-fold to the ear of taste which is assailed by second-hand performances, which are like the caricatures of a fine, captivating original; for example, an Italian, a German, or a French air, turned into English, and so translated as to lose the sense and sound together. Of this genus (not genius) are the "Tyrolese," degraded into "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," and the flippant "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," fined down from mediocrity into nonsense, &c. &c. But even these are not the worst annoyances of a *musicante:* the case (we do not mean the fiddle-case) becomes more desperate, when the musical amateur who has been enraptured by a Paton, a Stephens, a Miss Tree, or a Vestris, and who has been in the habit of feasting the eye and the ear at the same time, of approving of those arch, judicious, and well-timed suitings of the looks and actions to the harmony and words,—when such a man is attacked at the corner of every street with variations, which do vary indeed, and imitations the most abominable and insulting to sensitive beings, the only safety, so circumstanced, exists in flight; but this resource avails not when the musical exquisite has two hours' toilette to get through to these accompaniments, or a dinner of three courses to partake of with an itinerant performer or performers at his door; the one drawling out the *affetuoso*, the other pair rendering duets most appalling, by the one singing terrible and the other base; or perhaps a whole ragged family, tearing a glee piece-meal, and each taking a part: these, together with the fiddle and double-bass, *so-laws*, and *do-its*, must be the death of any *fanatico per la musica*. We now come to the last moral sins against harmony and taste, namely, the wearing out of popular tunes by populace repetitions, not on common wind instruments and the *voce humana*, but by *les instrumens á tout vent*, and the voice of the people in its lowest rank, and by singers whose appearance would suffice to frighten old Orpheus out of his senses. Amongst these hackneyed tunes, "Home, sweet Home," stands the foremost. The last time this delightful *morceau* met our ear, it came from the mouth of an old, unshaven ballad-chaunter, who looked as if he had made a hair's-breadth escape from one of his Majesty's houses of correction; he was, moreover, a vender of matches, but the wood merchant was very unlike the Tree, "he imitated nature so abominably;" his voice was the real *woice*, all that vulgarity, hoarseness, and tobacco could produce; and his pronunciation was of the same cast, for *Ome, sweet Ome*, was so thundered in the tympanum, that it was enough to drive the hearer from his home, be it what

it might, and to ruin for ever all domestic harmony. We now come to the greatest misery of all; *vox faucibus hæsit*—my tongue cleaves to my mouth when I have to record it. Well, gentle reader, it is none other than the productions and re-productions of "Cherry Ripe," from mouth to mouth, and from lip to lip, until the mellow fruit becomes rank poison, and a by-stander might be tempted to take a stone, and to throw it at the culprit uttering this air, well knowing it to be an arrant counterfeit. The mode of massacring this ballad differs according to those who murder it; some detail it in the andante; some make an allegro of it, and tip it off as they would a flask of Maidstone; but all commit murder, cruel, barbarous, and premeditated murder. The last vocalist from whose soft accents it fell, was a half-starved workman, in a round jacket and mud-fringed trowsers: he gave the words as follows; the tune beggared all description:—

Cherry *roipe*, cherry *roipe*, *roipe*, I *crey*,
Fool and fair *ouse*, come and *boy*;
If so be you *axe* me *vere*,
Vere they *growe*, I *answers* there,
Vere my *Julior's* lips do smile
That's the land of cherry's *kyle*.

Now, if this is not sufficient to put lips and smiles, Julias, and all manner of female attractions to the blush, I am no judge of either beauty or music. If I could have cut the singer off with his *axe*, I should have been fully contented; but when the highway-hawked cherry was applied to *Julior's* lips, my indignation was at its maximum.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

One evening beneath a lofty myrtle-tree, the beauteous Amaryllis was lamenting the death of a nightingale. She said, "Sweetest tears have fallen with the touching close of its delicious tones; I felt the music creep along my nerves, and the fine vibrations play through my heart. I weep now, Lycidas, when I think such a charming sadness may never again give delightful tears."—"Ah! that I could recal thy nightingale into existence, as I did thy drowned lamb," exclaimed the amiable youth. "Thou never canst, dear companion! it breathed a long and dying fall, like the gentle airs, moving the tops of the hollow reeds, making a moaning melody." Studious to charm his beloved with the voice of the nightingale, the thoughts of Lycidas produced a sleepless night: the next day he gave Amaryllis the care of his goats, and promised an early return. The sun declined, and Lycidas returned not. Amaryl-

lis sighed at his farewell beam. She sat, her head reclining on her arm. Suddenly aërial notes floated in soft remote sounds. The startled Amaryllis exclaimed—"The air sings in the clouds!" The notes seemed approaching to her. She looked up at the myrtle tree. They warbled more musically clear. She perceived Lycidas: he held something in his hands to his lips. "Hast thou found another nightingale?" Lycidas replied but by the accents of his harmonious mouth. "What miracle is this! Canst thou give a vocal voice to a hollow reed?"—"Yes," replied Lycidas, "it was thou who didst instruct me: thou didst resemble the voice of the nightingale to the light airs breathing on the hollow reeds. All day I wandered for a nightingale, and I found none; I took a reed, and made little entrances for my breath; I said, O gentle reed! I can give thee air, if thou canst yield me the voice of the nightingale: I breathed, and it was music!" This first of flutes was their most valued acquisition, for it bestowed a new pleasure; and in the solitude of lovers, pleasure is their only avarice. Lycidas, gradually modulating his reed by his ear, perceived the successive sounds of melody, and at length the concords of harmony: but often, weary with trying musical sounds, the eyes of Amaryllis fired his soul, and the rapt enthusiast, tender or gay at such moments, made his lively inflections and variety of accent imitate their sensations and echo their passions.* Such was the progress of instrumental music. As they wept or laughed, they marvelled how the air, through a hollow reed, could speak more persuasively to their hearts than their own voices; they knew not that the imitations of art please more than nature herself. When Lycidas played, Amaryllis could not sit still, and her gestures corresponded with the passions he inspired. Was Amaryllis capricious? Lycidas breathed a long dissolving strain; sounds associated in her mind with ideas of tenderness; her ear arrested her steps, and silenced her tongue; while the sweetness of her physiognomy melted in the dew of her eye, and expressed itself in many a passionate attitude. Was Amaryllis plunged in the softest melancholy? Aërial tones, rapid and voluble, vibrated around; till, stealing the sense of thought from the pensive beauty, they broke into gay melodies; while, responsive to their cheerful influence, her light footsteps gave what Lycidas termed the music to the eye; and such was the origin of theatric dance!

* Such is imitative music, which, says Rousseau, expresses all passions, paints all pictures, represents all objects, and subjects all nature herself to its skilful imitations; and thus conveys to the heart of men those sentiments proper to touch and to agitate.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, one of the greatest Italian musicians in his time, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century; he was both a very fine singer, and an exquisite performer on the harp, an instrument in which he greatly delighted; over and above which qualifications, he possessed a talent for vocal composition, sufficient alone to have rendered him famous to all posterity. He was for some time composer to the opera at Venice, under an appointment of the magistrates of that republic, and frequently sang on the stage, cantatas and other of his own compositions, accompanying himself on the harp. His character as a musician was so high at Venice, that all who were desirous of excelling in the science were solicitous to become his pupils. Among the many whom he had the instruction of, was one, a young lady of a noble family of Rome, named Hortensia, who, notwithstanding her illustrious descent, submitted to live in a criminal intimacy with a Venetian nobleman. The frequent access of Stradella to this lady, and the many opportunities he had of being alone with her, produced in them both such an affection for each other, that they agreed to go off together for Rome. In consequence of this resolution, they embarked on a very fine night, and, by the favour of the wind, effected their escape. Upon the discovery of the lady's flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual method in that country of obtaining satisfaction for real or supposed injuries: he despatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady, giving them a sum of money in hand, and a promise of a larger if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, the assassins received intelligence that those whom they were in pursuit of were at Rome, where the lady passed for the wife of Stradella. Upon this they determined to execute their commission, wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum for them to fly to, as soon as the deed should be perpetrated. Upon the receipt of letters for this purpose, the assassins made the best of their way towards Rome; and being arrived there, they learned, that on the morrow, at five in the evening, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They failed not to be present at the performance, and had concerted to follow Stradella and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the blow. The performance was now begun, and these men had nothing to do but to watch the motions of Stradella, and attend to the music,

which they had scarcely begun to hear, before the suggestions of humanity began to operate upon their minds; they were seized with remorse, and reflected with horror on the thought of depriving of his life a man capable of giving to his auditors such pleasure as they had but just then felt. In short, they desisted from their purpose, and determined, instead of taking away his life, to exert their endeavours for the preservation of it: they waited for his coming out of the church, and courteously addressing him and the lady, who was by his side, first returned him thanks for the pleasure they had received at hearing his music, and informed them both of the errand they had been sent upon, expatiating upon the irresistible charms, which of savages had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their execrable purpose; and concluded with their earnest advice that Stradella and the lady should both depart from Rome the next day, themselves promising to deceive their employer, and forego the remainder of their reward, by making him believe that Stradella and his lady had quitted Rome on the morning of their arrival. Having thus escaped the malice of their enemy, the two lovers took an immediate resolution to fly for safety to Turin, and soon arrived there. The assassins being returned to Venice, reported to their employer that Stradella and Hortensia had fled from Rome, and taken shelter in the city of Turin, a place where the laws were very severe, and which, excepting the houses of the ambassadors, afforded no protection for murderers; they represented to him the difficulty of getting these two persons assassinated, and for their own parts, notwithstanding their engagements, declined the enterprize. This disappointment, instead of allaying, served but to sharpen the resentment of the Venetian; he had found means to attach to his interest the father of Hortensia, and, by various arguments, to inspire him with resolution to become the murderer of his own daughter. With this old man, no less vindictive and malevolent than himself, the Venetian associated two ruffians, and despatched them all to Turin, fully inspired with a resolution of stabbing Stradella and the old man's daughter wherever they found them. The Venetian also furnished them with letters from Mons. l'Abbé Estrades, then ambassador of France at Venice, addressed to the Marquis of Villars, the French ambassador at Turin. The purport of these letters was a recommendation of the bearers of them, who were therein represented to be merchants, to the protection of the ambassador, if at any time they should stand in need of it. The Duchess of Savoy was at that time regent; and she having been informed of the arrival of Stradella and Hortensia, and the occasion of their precipitate flight from

Rome, and knowing the vindictive temper of the Venetians, placed the lady in a convent, and retained Stradella in her palace as her principal musician. In a situation of such security as this seemed to be, Stradella's fears for the safety of himself and his mistress began to abate, till one evening, walking for the air upon the ramparts of the city, he was set upon by the three assassins above-mentioned, that is to say, the father of Hortensia, and the two ruffians, who each gave him a stab with a dagger in the breast, and immediately betook themselves to the house of the French ambassador as to a sanctuary. The attack on Stradella having been made in the sight of numbers of people who were walking in the same place, occasioned an uproar in the city, which soon reached the ears of the duchess: she ordered the gates to be shut, and diligent search to be made for the three assassins; and being informed that they had taken refuge in the house of the French ambassador, she went to demand them. The ambassador, insisting on the privileges which those of his function claimed from the law of nations, refused to deliver them up; he nevertheless wrote to the Abbé d'Estrades, to know the reason of the attack upon Stradella, and was informed by the Abbé that he had been surprised into a recommendation of the three men, by one of the most powerful of the Venetian nobility. In the interim, Stradella was cured of his wounds, and the Marquis de Villars, to make short of the question about privilege and the rights of ambassadors, suffered the assassins to escape. From this time, finding himself disappointed of his revenge, but not the least abated in his ardour to accomplish it, this implacable Venetian contented himself with setting spies to watch the motions of Stradella. A year was elapsed after the cure of his wounds; no fresh disturbance had been given to him, and he thought himself secure from any further attempts on his life. The duchess regent, who was concerned for the honour of her sex, and the happiness of two persons who had suffered so much, and seemed to have been born for each other, joined the hands of Stradella and his beloved Hortensia, and they were married. After the ceremony, Stradella and his wife having a desire to visit the port of Genoa, went thither with a resolution to return to Turin: the assassins having intelligence of their departure, followed them close at their heels. Stradella and his wife, it is true, reached Genoa, but the morning after their arrival, these three execrable villains rushed into their chamber, and stabbed each to the heart. The murderers had taken care to secure a bark which lay in the port; to this they retreated, made their escape from justice, and were never heard of more.

I'M NOT A LOVER NOW.

When I was in my little teens,
  When I was half a man,
Then I was always making love,
  But never made a plan—
When I admired Anacreon Moore,
  And never rose till ten,
I rhymed to every eye I knew—
  I was a poet then.

The Rhyming Dictionary then
  My Vade Mecum was,
And women to my fancy were,
  Aërial as gas—
I could have kiss'd a satin shoe,
  Or challeng'd twenty men,
Or turn'd crusader—for a look—
  I was a poet then.

I used to wear Macassar oil,
  And murderous light shoes;
And hunt for tender epithets
  In tender hours to use:
I bought a razor, and began
  To shave when I was ten;
And mounted gills and quizzing glass—
  I was a poet then.

But I am changed—my pocket book
  My Vade Mecum is;
And woman weighs so many pounds,
  And Cupid's but a quiz:
I never stand up to be shot,
  I seldom make a bow;
"A look" is not worth looking for—
  I'm not a poet now.

My life, in short, is perfect prose,
  I tie cravats behind;
I wear a pair of overshoes,
  And keep a quiet mind:
I know a gravestone from a ghost,
  A woman from a cow;
I go to bed at ten o'clock—
  I'm not a poet now.

ITINERANT MUSICIANS.

We believe no country is so infested with those walking nuisances, the barrel-organ grinders, as England. The whistle-boxes they carry, which are as badly tuned as they are loudly voiced, are sure to ferret out the nervous musician, though he retreat into the very *penetralia* of his habitation. The law has made no provision for the protection of our ears, though it has given us a remedy for less insidious assaults. On hearing one of these wandering minstrels the other day grind the same set of

tunes six or seven times over, we began to reflect upon the serious bore that a popular ballad inflicts upon the musical and meditative; and how the public ear becomes brutalized by receiving such a jargon of sound as music. Mr. Alexander Lee, the most notorious tune-monger of the day, is a great benefactor of barrel-organ men; and we heard him associated with two composers, sacred and secular, who, perhaps, never dreamed of being in his company, nor of extracting charitable pence from the pockets of the public, for the benefit of a street performer—we allude to Weber and Martin Luther. The performances of our wandering minstrel opened with "Hurra for the bonnets of blue," then diverged into the Hundredth Psalm, and closed with the hunting chorus in "Der Freischütz." Now, if the tunes on organs were always good, well arranged, and the instrument always in good order, there would be something in the iteration of them which would produce a nausea. A tune repeated over and over, loses in the hands of common people all its original character, and becomes vulgarized. The cavatina, "Di tanti palpiti," by a slight acceleration of time, became a jig. That pretty melody, "The Swiss Boy," which was sung with the proper elegance and finish by Miss Sontag, bawled from mouth to mouth all over the town and suburbs, has become hideous. Each performer robs it of a grace, and inserts a piece of native vulgarity. The genius of pot-house singing does not trouble itself much with the subtile refinements of expression. A rough outline, a general idea satisfies it. It is curious to trace a pretty melody through all its stages of degradation. What sounds graceful and delightful from the lips of Miss Sontag, does not please us in the second-hand graces of a minor theatre; still worse is it performed by a bemused virtuoso on board a Margate hoy—not much improved is it when played on the key-bugle by the cad of a stage coach—bad is it in the hacknied cry of a ballad singer—but it raises the climax of horror when played with bad harmonies on an ill-tuned barrel organ. Then all the original virtue of the tune is extinct, and no more like its former self, than the unhappy creature, who having made a faux pas, is to be recognized at the lowest grade of infamy. To account for the want of taste in the common people of this country, involves some statistical considerations, which we have neither space nor inclination to indulge. As our mechanics have not the means of seeing fair proportion between labour and recreation, they unhappily seek in the fierce pleasure of an occasional debauch, a compensation for the brevity of their enjoyments. Those votaries of the Muses, who perambulate our streets with clarionet and barrel organ, ought not to drink so freely of that hippocrene—gin and

porter. The common people of France and Flanders, who have more leisure and more temperance, have a much more delicate hand on the fiddle than any native exhibitor we ever met with in this metropolis.

HANDEL.

HANDEL'S father, purposing to visit one of his sons, who was valet de chambre to the duke of Saxe Weisenfeld, Handel earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to accompany him; but his request was peremptorily rejected. The father set off in a chaise, and when he had travelled a few miles, he was surprised at the sight of his son, who, with a strength greatly surpassing his years, had set out on foot and overtaken the carriage, the progress of which had been retarded by the badness of the roads. After a sharp animadversion, and some reluctance, the little suppliant was permitted to take his seat, and gratify his earnest desire of visiting his brother. At the duke's court, Handel was not so closely watched by his father as at home. He enjoyed many opportunities of indulging his natural propensity; and he contrived, occasionally, to play upon the organ in the duke's chapel at the conclusion of divine service. One morning, the duke hearing the organ touched in an unusual manner, inquired of his valet who was the performer. The valet replied that it was his brother, and mentioning at the same time his wonderful talents and predilection for music, and his father's repugnance, the duke sent for them both. After other inquiries, the duke was so much pleased with the spirit and talents of the boy, that he pleaded the cause of nature; he represented it as a crime against the public and posterity, to rob the world of such a genius; and finally persuaded the father to sacrifice his own scruples, and to permit his son to be instructed in the profession for which he had evinced so strong an inclination. A more interesting scene can hardly be conceived, than Handel listening to the arguments of his powerful advocate, and making his final triumph over the reluctant prejudices of his parent. When Handel became blind, though he no longer presided over the oratorios, he still introduced concertos on the organ between the acts. At first he relied on his memory, but the exertion becoming painful to him, he had recourse to the inexhaustible stores of his rich and fertile imagination. He gave to the band only such parts of his intended composition as were to be filled up by their accompaniments; and relied on his own powers of invention to produce, at the impulse of the moment, those captivating pas-

sages which arrested attention, and enchanted his auditors. It was a most painful spectacle to see the venerable musician, whose efforts had charmed the ear of a discerning public, led by the hand of friendship to the front of the stage, to make an obeisance of acknowledgment to his enraptured audience. When Smith played the organ at the theatre, during the first year of Handel's blindness, Sampson was performed, and Beard sung, with great feeling:—

> "Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The recollection that Handel had set this air to music, with the view of the blind composer then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were affected even to tears.

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

THAT music is most useful of which the rhythm is most marked, which assists the half-skilled to dance, to march, to row, in time and in concert. Music is also well employed in public worship, to detain the attention on those moral hymns whose sentiments ought to be engraven on the memory; and in what may be called the worship of the country, to render audible and intelligible to vast crowds, the Rule Britannia of patriotism, or the God save the King of royalism. Music, too, is a source of much private and personal domestic delight. It affects both as a sensual pleasure directly, and by association indirectly; the greatest effects of music seem to depend on the latter principle. The air which revives a recollection of the tones of Mara; the march which fills the imagination with moving pictures of military parade and pageantry; the chorus which was first heard exquisitely executed among the splendid crowds so pompously arranged beneath the high gothic arches of the abbey; these are the pieces of music which become favourite. The lover cares for those tunes which his mistress was practising when he wooed; the wine-bibber for those songs which accompanied and consecrated the feast, when the cellar of hospitality was rifled of its tawniest hoard of wine. There is perhaps a danger in naturalizing, and in carrying to much refinement, the taste for music. Adam Smith observes, that cowards excel in the sense of hearing. From Vienna to Naples singing enchants and cannon terrifies; Shakspeare makes his fribble Lorenzo a panegyrist of music; but his Portia is so dull of ear, she thinks the nightingale no better a musician than the

wren. Orpheus was killed by a woman; Themistocles could not fiddle; Nero was a great musician. Polybius relates of two contiguous nations in Arcadia, that the one which cultivated music was voluptuous, mild, effeminate; and the other, which neglected music, was active, harsh, and courageous. Women care more for music than men. The cultivation of music must, by the nature of the attention which it requires, gradually perfect and quicken the hearing; the organs of sense descend to children, with traces of the improved sensibility acquired by parents: it is not unlikely, that some tendency to startle and be alarmed, should, as Adam Smith thinks, accompany or follow musicalness. Music is liable to another charge. The love of song is, in some degree, a cure for genius. By causing the mind to dwell agreeably on one idea for the longest possible time, it gradually retards the process of thinking. Now it is in rapidity of combination that genius consists. There are persons to whom the slow enunciation of thought, which takes place in song, ought to be recommended: to all those, for instance, whose powers of intellectual combination are too rapid for their organs of speech, who hesitate, or who stammer. It is strange that Desault, who is for curing every thing by music, who is for singing away pulmonary consumption, as well as hypochondriacs, and the bites of venomous reptiles, as well as the languors of lethargy, should never have classed singing among the remedies for defects of utterance.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TONES IN MUSIC.

LITTLE has been said in the musical writings of the day upon the peculiarities of the male alto voice; nor has any remark been made upon its gradual disuse. A pure and natural voice of this species (for it is generally artificial, even among those who call themselves counter-tenor singers) is rarer than any other, and, in pathetic expression, unrivalled. For this reason it has, by common consent of composers, been mostly dedicated to the service of the church. Now, we perceive, the low trebles of women are gradually superseding in concerts the high voices of men; this is owing to the taste for foreign music, in which composers are not particular as to the height to which they write; for abroad, the alto part of chorusses or quartetts is, we believe, generally filled by a female voice or second treble. It is a curious consideration in the philosophy of tone, that when a sound of the same pitch is produced on different voices, the effect is also different; and that not merely in its quality, which may be easily conceived, but in its pitch. For instance, the

same note sung by a counter-tenor and treble, will sound higher on the former than the latter. But the fact being indisputable, shows that the performance of the mere notes written by a composer, is not sufficient to give his intention, unless it be by such a voice as he wished; else the bass might sometimes be sung by a tenor—the tenor by a bass, &c.; for the compass of all classes of voices runs a good deal one into another. To show in what estimation the counter-tenor voice was held by the later of our church composers, Green and Boyce, we need only turn to their anthems, in which we shall find solos of such grace and touching expression, as prove that the characteristics of this voice were then as much decided as those of the bass, and that they will as little bear substitution. The fine race of vocalists which have been bred in this school pleads against its neglect: Where shall we hear a singer of a purer style than was the late Goss, or performance more delicately finished than that of the present William Knyvett? We would rather hear one of these sing "He was despised," than either Madame Vestris or Madame Marconi; and we think Handel would also. The voice of Charles Evans, of the Chapel Royal, is, or was when we last heard it, a perfectly beautiful specimen of the kind: his was not the hooting falsetto, which is often of necessity palmed upon us in cathedrals for the real contra-tenor, but a natural voice of the legitimate compass; and his performance of solo anthems all that a master of the cathedral style could wish. If we are unwilling, for the sake of much good music written, and a style already formed, that the male counter-tenor voice should fall into decay, we are, at the same time, not insensible that it forms the most ineffective part of a chorus; and that low trebles have the advantage in the force necessary for choral music, as well as greater security of intonation, and in being free from that screaming effort to get up which often annoys the hearer in a contra-tenor chorus. But for glees and solo pieces, the blending is finer when the high voice of a man supports the second part. It seems as if there were something especially anti-theatrical in the tones of a genuine alto—for except in the scores of the operas of Gluck, and in Mozart's Idemoneo, it never appears upon the stage, and then only to fill up the chorus. The bass voice maintains its place in the opera for dignity and command, and the tenor and soprano for the expression of all the passion, grace, or tenderness that can be elicited between the sexes. No dramatic effect can be produced by the contralto voice; for on the opera stage nothing would be presented to us but the whining of an effeminate man: but that even would be scarcely more revolting than Veluti as a harnessed warrior singing up to G above the

treble stave. The choir of a cathedral, and the soft stops of an organ, are more congenial to this voice than rows of lamps and an orchestra. In this situation, and with this accompaniment, we know of nothing better in music than one of the plaintive anthems of Maurice Green, sung by Charles Evans or William Knyvett. These are the sole public representatives of the counter-tenor voice in London.

SONG.

Oh! say no more: "Time steals away
What true hearts should remember,
As Summer's green leaves fall before
The wild winds of November."
Oh! there are friends who lov'd us long
Perchance have left us longer,
And still the love we bore them once,
Grows every day the stronger.

Though storms may check the noon-day sun,
His light and power confining;
And murky clouds as oft prevent
The midnight moon from shining,—
Yet will the pilgrim's heart and eye
Be tow'rds them oftener turning,
Than when he walk'd in former hours,
Beneath their brightest burning.

'Tis not when those we love are near,
Their thoughts with ours combining—
When eyes in kindred glances meet,
Like stars in silence shining,—
When hand in hand is closely prest,
And vow for vow is spoken—
Nor when affection most believes
Those vows will ne'er be broken:

We feel a love so deep, so pure,
As in the soul is swelling,
When kingdoms wide, and waters vast,
Are spread between each dwelling—
As that which glows in after years,
A love by memory lighted;
That love—which absence hath not chang'd,
Nor time nor distance blighted.

Then say no more—"Time steals away
What true hearts should remember,
As Summer's green leaves fall before
The wild winds of November."
Oh! there are friends who lov'd us long,
Perchance have left us longer,
And still the love we bore them once
Grows every day the stronger.

THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE PLAYER

OF ARQUES, IN NORMANDY.

"PENDS-TOI, brave Crillons; nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étois pas," was the laconic announcement which Henry IV. gave to his friend, of his most brilliant and almost miraculous victory. This memorable place is not more remarkable from its historical interest than it is rich in natural beauties. It has every charm that may retain its inhabitants on their native spot, or seduce a stranger to it. Pleasure in its possession, and pride in its recollections, must be sufficient to fill the mind of its villagers with all that can endear home; and its union of actual loveliness with associations of the past, forms a magical attraction to the idle traveller in its neighhourhood. From Dieppe to Arques is about a league in distance, and an hour's walk, to the common pedestrian of the world; but for him who pauses and ponders on his road, who picks up mental aliment at every step, who finds a moral in a ruin, or a lesson in the rustling of a tree, who reads nature that he may know men,—for such a one, from noon to sunset may be scarcely sufficient for the lounge. Having strolled through the greater part of Normandy, eaten my fill of apples in the orchards which skirt its level highways, and drunk cider to my heart's content at the village inns, I found myself, on a fine evening in October, fast approaching the term of my pilgrimage—the aforesaid village of Arques. I left Dieppe behind me, reposing in the mixture of simple dulness and diminutive bustle of those little amphibious towns, which scarcely belong to sea or land, or which are rather common to both. As I struck into the fields I heard the murmur of the fishermen mixed with the flowing of the tide; a Brighton packet was nearing the harbour, with its cargo of curiosity, and, perhaps, care. Another had just sailed for England, freighted with joyous hopes of home and happiness, and no doubt with many a feeling of travelled triumph and importance. There was a fine breeze, which, to these little vessels, running so close up to the wind, answered very well for either passage; so I turned my back upon the sea, quite at ease for each buoyant adventurer. On clearing the town we come immediately into the valley of Arques, and enter on the scene of the celebrated battle fought in September, 1589. If we reach the place prepared for its observance, we recal the description by Sully:—"Au bout de la chausée d'Arques regne un long côteau tournoyant, couvert de bois taillis. Au-dessous est un espace de terre labourable, au milieu duquel

passe le grand chemin qui conduit à Arques, ayant des deux côtés deux haies épaisses. Plus bas encore, à main gauche, au-dessous de ce terraine labouré, est une espèce de grand marais, ou terre fanguese." I could not make use of a clearer or better account, for every thing is precisely the same to this day, except that the marsh is changed into a fertile pasture, and, looking to old Sully's detail of the battle-field, we have now the prospect of a grazing herd of cattle, instead of the " escadron de lansquenets," a flock of sheep in lieu of the " bataillon des Suisses," and that the wooded eminence echoes no more to the advancing shouts of De Chartres, Palcheux, Brasseuse, and the other heroic companions of Le bon Henri. Rising above the trees which envelope the village on the right, the ruins of the castle catch the eye, and the vividness with which the scene of upwards of two centuries gone was brought before us, is checked by the sudden view of those fragments of the once powerful fortress,—that strong hold from whose embrasures the Hugonot cannon did that day such execution on the forces of the League. The illusion lasts no longer. The hand of Time is felt to be more powerful than the touch of fancy, and we sink into the contemplation of the sober reality around us. I wound my way up the eminence on which the old towers totter to decay; and, passing under the broken archway which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound that forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these ruins gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting place on which a guilty mind might prepare for its flight to virtue. While I stood musing " in the open air, where the scent comes and goes like the warbling of music," and neither wished nor wanted other melody, the soft sounds of a flute came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued; the strain then changed from sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader; and I thought of the passage in Smith's " Nympholept," where Amaranthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of that sylvan deity. I descended the hill towards the village in a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I

reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warbling ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunt. The Gothic church on my right assorted well with the architecture of the scattered houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms and fretwork, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant yet solemn beauty. A few peasant woment were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half a dozen children gambolled on the grass-plot in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician, and not willing to disturb my pleased sensations by common-place questionings, I wandered about, looking in a sort of semi-romantic mood at every antiquated casement. Fronting the church, and almost close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old yet perfect workmanship, and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden; and a venerable old man was busily employed in watering some flowers. A nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms; two others were playing near her; and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a smile. His figure was in part concealed from me; but he observed me, and immediately left the others, and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still. As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one; his right was the perfect model of Apollonic grace. His right arm was courteously waved towards me; his left was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his curled brown hair showed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty. His mustachios, military jacket, and tight pantaloons with red edging, told that he was not "curtailed of man's fair proportion" by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history. A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part, and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and as I shifted from his left side to his right, to offer one of my arms to his only one, I saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father, and my good footing with the family was secured. We entered the hall—a large bleak anti-room, with

three or four old portraits mouldering on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry, and unaccompanied by other ornament. We then passed to the right, into a spacious chamber, which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing-room of some proudly titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a secretaire. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a hook over the Gothic marble mantle-piece; a fiddle lay on one table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into which was screwed a flute, of concert size, with three finger-holes and eleven brass keys; but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Monzani, and the very opposite of those early instruments described by Horace,

> ——" tenuis, simplexque foramine panco,
> Aspirare et adesse choris erat utilis, atque
> Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu."

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined: my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished, but perhaps incredulous public, that his "good right hand" was the sole and simple one that bored and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which united the joints, and accomplished the entire arrangement of an instrument, unrivalled, I must believe, for ingenuity and perfection. Being but an indifferent musician, and worse mechanic, I shall not attempt minutely to describe the peculiarities of the music, or the management of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Verne's and Berbigner's compositions, which lay on the table before him. Nothing could be more true, more tasteful, or more surprising, than was his execution—nothing more picturesque or interesting than his figure, as he bent down to the instrument as if in devotion to his art. I listened for more than an hour, as his mellow and silvery tones were echoed from the lofty walls of his chamber, and returned by vibrations from the guitar, which seemed as much delighted as myself, for it "discoursed most eloquent music." This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation by two quick-sent cannon shots at the battle of Dresden, I believe. Since he was disabled, he has lived in his present retirement,

> ——" passing rich on fifty pounds a-year;"

and happy is it for him that nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind (rare combinations), while art furnished him with that knowledge of music without which his life would have been a burden. I do not consider myself at liberty to enter into the minutiæ of his eventful story, which he told with a *naïveté* and candour enough to have charmed a second Desdemona. But with regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought the moisture into my eyes by the touching manner in which he recounted his despair on discovering that he had lost his arm—the leg was in comparison a worthless and unregretted member. It needs not to be told that he was an enthusiast in music; and when he believed himself thus deprived of the best enjoyment of his life, he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream that he was listening to delicious concerts, in which he was, as he had been wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly harmony seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument. Frequently, at moments of the greatest delight, some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of those sylphs, perhaps the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapt the cord that strung his visioned joys. He awoke in ecstasy; the tones vibrated for a while upon his brain; but, recalled to sensation by a union of bodily pain and mental agony, his inefficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreamy paradise, and the gallant and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours together! He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains at Arques, to show to any visitor unusual proofs of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy.

SONG.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
  Beloved and fair Haidée;
Each morning where Flora reposes,
  For surely I see her in thee.
O Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
  Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
  Yet trembles for what it has sung:
As the branch at the bidding of Nature,
  Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree;
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
  Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful,
  When Love has abandoned the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
  That herb is more fragrant than flowers:

The poison when poured from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drank to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul:
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save;
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances,
Secure of his conquest before;
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core:
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidée!
There Flora all withered reposes,
And mourns o'er thy absence with me. BYRON.

THE MUSICAL FANATICO AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WHEN I was travelling last year in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, accident threw me into the company of a party of strolling German singers on a *kunst reise*, as they call it. It was upon a warm and rainy evening that I was standing at the window of my little inn, about two miles from the city, soothing my meditations with the view of the green country, and with the gentle pattering of the drops upon a majestic linden that covered one side of the house. On a sudden, a country fellow drove up to the door at something between a trot and a gallop, in one of those rude waggons used in this part of the world, and as his vehicle seemed to contain nothing but a little clean straw, his lumbering haste surprised and amused me. The mystery of this extraordinary vivacity in the charioteer was cleared up as soon as the machine halted; for from beneath the straw, up popped three heads, the owners of which had been couchant during the rain, and who now, laughing and talking, made the best of their way into the inn. I believe there is a sort of freemasonry among musical people. Though at first I took these young men in their blue smock-frocks for students, I felt inclined to think them worth something from their *degagé* method of travelling. Abroad there is no difficulty in making acquaintance; and before imparting to them that I was an Englishman and a musical amateur, I had learned that they belonged to a party of five persons who intended for a day or two to give concerts in Strasburg, before they passed on to the

next place. Two ladies, the wife and sister of one of the three, were expected to arrive by the diligence in an hour's time. We agreed to sup together; the girls, not so handsome as fresh looking, with fine teeth, and laughing eyes, and good humour, followed their friends, and we were soon as merry a company as chance ever brought together. That night the bill of fare was studied with extraordinary diligence, and we resolved, as the rain and wind were making it dreary without, to dissipate the gloom within by the richness and delicacy of our refection. I well remember the partridges we had, and a dish of venison, which, though not cooked to the exact satisfaction of my private taste, I found very tolerable with the sauce of good company. After two or three glasses of wine, there was a general desire for some music. As we had no piano-forte in the room, and I am not very fond of unaccompanied singing, nor even of glees without the support of an instrument, I did not expect much pleasure. But the younger lady, stepping to a case, unlocked it, and brought out a guitar, upon which, as soon as it was tuned, she modulated so delightfully, that I was astonished at her knowledge of harmony. The whole party then sang by turns to her accompaniment—mostly wild traditional melodies, full of character. But as in the midst of all this good singing our company was getting rather pensive, one of the three young men jumped up, and, seizing the instrument, gave us so ludicrous a caricature of Rossini's style, in mimicking an old inamorato serenading his mistress, that we had well nigh split with laughter. After this exhibition, we chatted, told stories, drank, danced, and sang again till bed-time. Next day I was in the city by mid-day, and heard my companions give their first concert. The room was pretty full, and to my surprise I heard them not only sing, but play a very difficult quintett on the piano-forte, harp, violin, viola, and violoncello. When the performance was over, they asked me to join them in spending the rest of the day at a beautiful solitude not far from the city —but this indulgence my affairs would not permit. I here parted from my tasteful and vagabondizing associates with a pleasantness of impression which bore an inverse ratio to the brevity of our acquaintance. As I profess myself a citizen of the world, fully coinciding in that sentiment of an old author, "Humani nihil a me alienum puto," I take an immense interest in the welfare of all those vagrant people who live from hand to mouth, as the saying is, and are prone to do as little work as is actually necessary, and to cultivate a proper enjoyment of the world's good things. I never yet found talent of the highest order linked to a grasping disposition in money matters, nor can it, I believe, exist where the mind is so enslaved. The

best picture of a contented stroller that ever was drawn is in Gil Blas. The player whom he sees sitting by the road side, sopping his dry crusts in a spring, bears about him a fine moral. It is pleasant to think of their conversation growing louder and louder as Gil Blas proceeds on his journey, until at last they are obliged to rave at one another from the very top of their voices.

Since my return to this country, after a sojourn of five years in the Conservatorio of Naples, and some study of singing, of the laws of composition, and art of accompaniment, under the worthy Signor Frescobaldi, of Rome, no change appears to me so striking as that which has taken place in the musical taste. Now that I am fairly ensconced in my old lodgings in Queen square, I find it still difficult, of a morning, to forget my companions, for the Conservatorio seems to have travelled here; as at my breakfast, one neighbour regales me with a flute, another with a fiddle, a lady with practising the piano-forte, and one ditto with *solfaing*—above all, an Italian singing master, in a huge flat voice, roars the newest opera songs, so that I have to put in use that power of mental abstraction which the student of a Conservatorio must gain in his own defence. Six years ago, at the same time and place, nothing was heard beyond the clanking of milk pails, or the hebdomadal bell of a dustman. The young ladies, indeed, had at that time engrossed the apostolic commission, in becoming "fishers of men," and used occasionally to bait their hooks with an Italian arietta, while they reserved their more serious energies for the emblazoning of birds' heads for chimney ornaments, screens, and such nick-nackery. The improved cultivation of music has produced a truce in the warfare of the sexes; those modern Amphions, the flautists, do not now attempt to move the stones (their cruel mistresses), who by the same process have become converted into fatal syrens. At the time I left England, I knew most of the subscribers to the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts, besides the members of the Catch and Glee club—had gormandized and boozed with the burly and sometimes muzzy company at the Harmonist and Madrigal dinners, where I have had the satisfaction of hearing enthusiastic but deluded gentlemen singing all manner of false notes. From an evening party in Monument yard, where a sugar-baker and his friends recreated themselves with "Here in cool grot," to "Die not, fond man," sung in full chorus at Freemasons', nothing musical escaped me. On these occasions, it appeared to me, that the belly-god did share with Apollo, at the sacrifices of the assembled company, in the proportion of three to one. As the evening wore, what with hock, claret, and Madeira, our com-

plexions used to become rather adust; a heat which I have known some to allay on their road homewards in a timely kennel. Of all the extraordinary tastes I used to meet with in the round of my musical acquaintance, none was more extraordinary than that of A——r, since become a notorious musical critic. This gentleman, the more he adored a thing, the more he hated to have it more than once performed; a preposterous notion, out of which his wife, as well as myself, often tried to persuade him. He looked upon any one who said he felt a real pleasure in such music as Dr. Boyce's anthems, to be an affected ass. He loved to play the second violin at musical parties, which he did particularly out of tune and time. A—— was a man of some acquirements, with a fresh colour and a robust frame; but though a man of fortune, had a most unhappy pork-butcher-like vulgarity of aspect. How shall I describe thee, Flamineus! thou toughest of old boys, who art the tomb of so many cargoes of fine lively turtle, and hast made so many libations of sweet punch, whom time has painted white on the head, and wine red in the face! Methinks I see thy spindle shanks and spare body now tottering into the harmonist's room with music books under thy arm; "flushed with a purple grace," thou wilt die a martyr to glees and gastronomy. When Flamineus sang after supper, "I have a silent sorrow here," I used to think that his face disproved the saying of Ovid, "Palleat omnis amans, color est hic aptus amanti;" but the poet was, I suppose, here speaking of a race of puling, contemptible lovers, and not of the noble gastronomers. No one knew how to walk home at three o'clock in the morning in a more gentlemanly manner than Flamineus; but if he met a friend on his way, it annoyed him if the inquiries respecting his health and family were over particular. There was K—— too, who used to make the noblemen of the Glee club split with laughter, and helped so to make his fortune. It was said of him, that he had always a peculiarly succinct method of pitching the key-note of a glee. When Beethoven's sinfonias were comparatively new in this country, in the ante-room of a concert, where Bartleman was seated in a very savage humour, K. came forward with a servant's broom, and burlesqued the movement that was going forward with the most extravagant action; sometimes to soft music, looking ludicrously tender at the fortes, stretching out his lance and his legs with an air of the most ferocious pantomime, till Bartleman could no longer preserve his gravity. The last appearance of K. in public was at the funeral of his late Majesty, where he dispossessed a good organist, played an introduction to the anthem, got out of the key, and could not

get back again. God assoyle him! My intention in the present paper was to show, that the more music is kept separate from festive indulgence, the better it is generally liked: but the length to which the sketches of my acquaintance have carried me, prevents the conclusion being so apparent, as a comparison of the former state of musical society with the present one, will I hope render it.

It will not be a great effort to the musical reader, if he have five and twenty years' experience to answer for, to remember the deplorable state of social and domestic performances when he was a boy. Unlike the genial taste in festivity which our ancestors displayed when wine and the madrigal books formed the dessert to their repasts, the later custom of individuals singing round the table, while it saved the host and his guests from the labour of conversation, was the most frigid, unsatisfactory, and teasing hum-drum in the world. We never could ascertain that any one liked to sing on these occasions; an individual, when called upon, after the usual protestations of hoarseness, and forgetfulness, and appealing to his niece—and then hearing that the company was all attention, and finding that no rescue was at hand, used to look red and embarrassed, cast his eyes to the ceiling, or on his wine-glass, and commit his faltering voice to the favourable construction of the critics assembled. Young as I was when these exhibitions were in fashion, something informed me that no voice, however good, could make the practice tolerable; and excepting to this rule a few old melodies of the sailor kind, such is my creed at this day. Not that the table music at the time I have alluded to was always void of harmony. At that era of the musical art in England, there was taken much under the patronage of old ladies a notable piece of counterpoint, entitled the "Fishing Duet." The words, I remember, used to contain a pithy reflection on the instability and insidious nature of beauty—a consoling doctrine at sixty—but it would puzzle a conjuror to find out the connexion between them and the piscatory title which the effusion bore. An ancient Naiad and her niece used to warble this ditty at our formal parties in the country, which regularly happened three times a year, if not oftener; so that at a certain time of the evening I always used to prepare myself for the inquiry, "What is beauty but a bait, snare?" &c. They

> ——"Gave me excess of it,
> That surfeiting, the appetite did sicken,
> And so die."

The horror which I entertain to this day of the Fishing duet, as sung by the aforesaid old ladies; of "Says Plato why," sung

by a thin and pale-faced attorney, captain of a volunteer corps, since dead by hard drinking; and of "May we ne'er want a Friend," sung by a woman, the exact counterpart of Mrs. Nosebag, in Waverley, is commensurate with my knowledge of better music, and more agreeable society. The other night, in a private circle of dilettanti, all of one family, I had the pleasure of going through the whole first act of the "Cosi fan tutte;" and it is not out of any sly prejudice in favour of my own performance of Don Alfonso, that I say the music was felt on all hands. Nor is this instance of amateur taste and skill by any means solitary at this time of day. Domestic concerts, where operas, masses, and the better sort of instrumental music are practised and performed, beget that liking for the art which springs from knowledge, and in their progress lay a surer foundation for true criticism than a century of attendance in the opera pit without study. Hence I imagine the revolution in public taste. The very best singer I ever heard was an amateur, the Roman girl Beatrice, pupil of the old maestro with whom I lived. With a voice at once exquisitely sweet yet powerful, and an ear of the nicest delicacy, she was endowed with that intuitive perception of style, which not only knows where to restrain and where to indulge in refinements, but how to suit her grace to her author. This nicety of tact in style, where all is done, and as much omitted as ought to be, is eminently a gift of genius. The swell and diminishing of the voice were with Beatrice ever in the right place, the appogiature delicately taken but not overdone—all these seemed the effect of an emotion in her own bosom, congenial with that which the composer had felt. She looked sufficiently of a Magdalen to give effect to some of Marcello's psalms, of a heroine for the poetical conception of Vitellia in Titus, and of a woman for the Donna Anna. I liked her in all; for though she was far from being a learned musician, there was feeling and good sense in every thing she did. The poet's figments of angels seem never more natural than when the eye and ear are engrossed by a beautiful woman singing. Beatrice would not, perhaps, have appeared so handsome to the fastidious critic of personal attractions, as to the lover of the ideal in feminine grace. An accident in childhood had left a scar upon her temple which was not to be denied; yet I used to think, as she stood singing with her dark hair hanging like a beautiful cloud over the heaven of her face, that her transparent and sunny complexion, and the sensibility in the shape of her mouth, might have belonged to a portrait of St. Cecilia. The end of this being was, that she married, became a mother, and died within a year at Milan, a fate hardly to be spoken about.

OF MUSIC, WHEN SWEET AND WHEN SOUR. It has often struck me that the poor, harmless, and inoffensive public singers, who have from time to time been most grievously belaboured and behammered in certain newspapers, may have owed all their ill-treatment to a deranged state of the critics' economy. Melted butter is apt to influence opinion, an east wind to warp the judgment; with a tooth-ache where is virtue to be found? However it may be with poetry or painting I know not; but this will not be questioned, that music is a most capricious mistress—sometimes looking as ugly to her admirers, as at other times she does enchanting. Seeing that singers are obliged to sing, and critics to criticise, whether they are in the humour or not, it follows that the public only get a correct opinion by chance. Might not managers remedy this uncertainty by putting forth in their bills that Mr. or Miss ——— should sing on such a day if the wind permitted? and at the same time proprietors of newspapers should pledge themselves to keep their critics in a calm and dispassionate state—neither too fat for observation, nor too lean for good nature—looking rather adust than atrabiliarous. It would no doubt be delightful to Braham to prove that he has of late years sung as well in tune and as chastely as he ever did in his life; and that the faults charged upon him in the papers are wholly owing to the effect of east winds upon the critics. Two things are wanting to our proper enjoyment of music, that our nerves should be as well strung and as well in tune as our piano-forte. Indolent people (like myself and the whole troop of dilettanti) will rather put up with a jarring note, either in their instruments or their bodies, than give themselves the trouble to set it right. Supposing ourselves in the best of all humours for music, the question is next, how or where best to enjoy it? Some are for music in the church, theatre, concert-room, or cathedral; but in my own private opinion there is no place for it like home. A new author that is not quite a stranger (as J. B. C——r would say "for one's private smoking,") quiet apartments, a curtained room, sofa, fire, candles, and a piano-forte just tuned, are great helps to musical devotion. I like to peruse my new opera before I play it, and to this end have lain with a score on the sofa, with as much pleasure as ever Gray did with his romances. One advantage that is gained by being your own audience, performer, and orchestra, is, that you never quarrel with yourself about encores. You have a great pleasure in penetrating into the mystery of the author's design, and there is no one present to disturb your complacency and good humour by want of sympathy. At these times it is that a man plays well. I have no doubt but that John Cramer and Lindley have, in the privacy

of their chambers, performed much more astonishing and beautiful passages than any mortal ever heard them do in public. The solitary and midnight fancies of Mozart were his finest, when he used to sit, as Kelly tells us, alone at his piano-forte, modulating like one inspired. During such spiritual communings it is that music appears inexhaustible in its powers, and ever beautiful. At others times one is inclined to grumble that there are not more ways of travelling from one key to another—that harmonies go in a circle—and that melodies have nearly had all the changes rung upon them. It is seldom that any thing is to be heard perfectly in tune, or that we can hear a chord or accompaniment which strikes us as new. In this splenetic mood we sit down to play; our fingers miss, we have no ideas, we make more blunders in reading than usual, and we in despair go out to the opera to hear somebody who can do better. If the matter is not mended here (as Curioni may be singing out of tune) we had better avoid the Westminster bridge in our way home. When the leader of a band is not "i' the vein" for music, blundering will often spread like contagion through a whole orchestra. I remember a remarkable instance of this in a concert of the Philharmonic Society, when scarcely a single movement of the whole evening went right, notwithstanding an eminent foreign composer was among the audience. Even Dragonetti allows that he makes "de mistaken" sometimes. I do not know whether any other musical fanatic of the country will be candid enough to allow that he sometimes quits music with a feeling like satiety and disgust. But little else will please him in this mood; and he has the consolation of knowing that if he will be patient in enduring, his love will turn round again with a smiling face, and he will be astonished that he took her for such a monotonous old woman. In the mean time, if we would be candid critics, or constant music lovers, we must walk and ride to keep ourselves in health, that we see fair play to ourselves, and that life is made up in tasting due proportions of east wind, ecstacy, melted butter, tooth-ache, &c. that neither have the mastery of us too long.

A Fanciful Lute. The fair one took out of a green satin bag thirty-two pieces of wood, which she put together, and at length composed with them a beautiful Indian lute. She pressed it to her bosom, like a mother embracing her child, and began to sound it. The lute, animated by her lovely fingers, began to acquire consciousness, and to recollect its origin and its fortunes. It remembered the country where it had been planted as a tree, the water by which it had been irrigated, the wood-cutter who had felled it, the artist who had wrought it, the ship which had carried it, and all the different hands

through which it had passed. Touched by the fingers of the beautiful girl, it responded, by harmonious tones, to the following effect:—"I was once a tree, on which dwelt nightingales, who imparted to me a relish for harmony. I bent down my branches and silenced my leaves, that I might listen to and learn their strains. A cruel hand cut me, though unconscious of any fault, into pieces, and transformed me, as thou seest, into a lute. The fingers touch me, but I bear with patience the blows of a fair hand. As a reward for my submission, I enchant, by my notes, all those who have a relish for the amusements of a charming company. I repose on the bosom of the fair, and the arms of houris entwine my neck."

SINGING AT SIGHT. When Handel went through Chester in the year 1741, says Dr. Burney, I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange coffee-house; for being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained at Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music master, to know whether there were any choir-men in the cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses, which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah—"And with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out in broken English, "You shcauntrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?"—"Yes, Sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at first sight."

THE POWER OF MUSIC. Sultan Amurath, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, and permit him to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the sultan, he was suffered to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltery, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and

accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds of the instrument, together with the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, melted even Amurath; he suffered him to proceed, till, overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only ordered those of the prisoners who remained alive, to be spared, but gave them their liberty. This anecdote is related by Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

Sacred Music. A venerable and distinguished clergyman of the last century, although a most cheerful man, and at all times favourable to innocent and rational recreation, yet most highly disapproved of the practice of adapting the language of sacred writ to music, for the purposes of public entertainment. In the year 1784, on the occasion of the celebrated commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey, when the oratorio of the Messiah was performed, he thus satirized that memorable musical festival:—"Whereunto shall I liken the people of this generation, and to what are they like? I represent to myself a number of persons of various characters involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of confinement, but not yet brought to their trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong and pointed, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy; but they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods to amuse themselves, that they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music, and amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one. They choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial, the character of their Judge, the methods of his procedure, and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the groundwork of a musical entertainment. And as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The King, however, out of his great clemency and compassion towards those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness. Undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message: unwilling that they should suffer, he requires, he entreats them to submit; he points out

a way in which their confession and submission shall be certainly accepted; but instead of taking a single step towards a compliance with his goodness, they set his message likewise to music; and this, together with a description of their state, and of the fearful doom awaiting them if they continue obstinate, is sung for their diversion, accompanied with the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments. Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of those people, I should commiserate their insensibility!"

CONTINENTAL OPINION OF ENGLISH MUSIC. One of the Berlin journals, in an essay upon the state of music in the different countries of Europe, has the following remark:—"The English make pretence to a national opera, and to a certain degree they have one, as well as a composer of considerable celebrity; but the character of their music is so rugged and insulated on the one hand, and on the other (as far at least as the opera is in question), so far dependent on what is fashionable in France, Italy, and Germany, that their dramatic music may be said to exist only through the medium of the composers of these countries, without exerting any distinct influence of its own. One active influence this country possesses, and that is her gold, by means of which she is enabled to draw within her sphere all that is great and interesting in art. The foreign virtuoso never quits her shore without an ample provision of the *metallo portentoso*, as Figaro terms it."

THE LITERARY MOZART. A gentleman of Milan possesses three scenes of a dramatic extravaganza by Mozart, in the author's hand-writing, called Love's Trial. Among the personages of the drama are a Mr. Thickscull, a giantess, a female dwarf, and a witch named Slinzkiestinsky—a proper name for a witch. Such were the amusements of the author of the Requiem and Don Juan; and certainly, if any one was ever privileged to excess in trifling, it was he. Those who have not touched the extremes of feeling, may preserve a very respectable steadiness of conduct; but Mozart was incapable of this churchwardenly virtue. As if still more to astonish good people, we are informed he would sometimes enact Harlequin! The possessor of this dramatic fragment has also an original letter from Mozart to his niece, full of jokes; and another addressed to M. Puchberg, of Vienna, in the very depth of melancholy. He has also a little piece strikingly illustrative of the devotion of this great man to his art—a practice in fingering for piano-forte players.

MUSICAL PRECOCITY OF DR. CROTCH. The first decided

manifestation of the infant musician's precocious power of distinguishing modulated sounds, developed itself immediately after hearing a lady of superior musical acquirements (a Mrs. Lulman) perform on his father's organ. After Mrs. Lulman's departure the child cried, and was so peevish, that all the means usually resorted to on such occasions were insufficient to pacify him; till, on being carried through the room where his father's organ stood, he screamed and struggled violently to go to it, and, being indulged in his wish, eagerly began beating down the keys. The next day, seated on the knee of his brother, a youth of about fourteen, who at once supported the infant organist and blew the bellows of the organ, he again began putting down the keys, at first promiscuously, and without any apparent selection or idea of melody, but soon after made an approach towards the air of God save the King, so evident as to awaken the attention of his father, who hastened down stairs to inform himself who was playing this tune on his organ, and discovered, with an astonishment that may be better conceived than described, that it was his infant William, then exactly two years and three weeks old. On this occasion he achieved the first part of the tune; the next day, with the assistance of his brother, he made himself master of the treble of the second part; and on the third day, he attempted the bass, which he performed almost correctly, except the note immediately before the close, which, being an octave below the preceding sound, was out of the reach of his diminutive hand.

Sir H. Davy no Musician. It was clear that he was deficient in that quality which is commonly called "a good ear," and with which the modulation of the voice is generally acknowledged to have an obvious connection. Those who knew him intimately will readily bear testimony to this fact. Whenever he was deeply absorbed in a chemical research, it was his habit to hum some tune, if such it could be called, for it was impossible for any one to discover the air he intended to sing: indeed, Davy's music became a subject of raillery amongst his friends; and Mr. Children informs me, that during an excursion, they attempted to teach him the air of God save the King; but their efforts were perfectly unavailing. It may be a question, continues his biographer, how far the following fact, with which I have just been made acquainted, admits of explanation upon this principle (want of ear). On entering a volunteer infantry corps, commanded by a Captain Ocnam, Davy could never emerge from the awkward squad; no pains could make him keep the step; and those who were so unfortunate as to stand before him in the ranks, ought to have been heroes, invulnerable in the heel. This incapacity, as may be

readily supposed, occasioned him considerable annoyance; and he engaged a sergeant to give him private lessons, but all to no purpose. In the platoon exercise he was not more expert: and he whose electric battery was destined to triumph over the animosity of nations, could never be taught to shoulder a musket in his native town.

LAST SONG.

Oh! lead me forth, once more to gaze
  Upon the glorious sky,
That the bright sun's last brilliant blaze
  May bless me ere I die.

Let me but once again behold
  The rosy clouded West
Fade in its many hues of gold,
  Along the Heaven's breast.

Let me once more inhale the breath
  Among my own loved bowers,
Of all that's beautiful on earth,
  Her young and tender flowers.

And as the morn leads forth her train
  Of twinkling stars so bright,
Let my eyes bless this sight again,
  Ere they are closed in night.

Enough, enough; here let me lie,
  For I have looked my last—
Thus should the young and happy die,
  Thus their last hour be past.

CLEMENTI, AND THE PAST AND PRESENT DAYS OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

There is, we should think, scarcely an instance to be found of a musician of equal popularity and success with Clementi declining in his latter years into such complete obscurity, and as it regards the mass of the public, so entirely outliving his reputation. We question whether, on the day he died, a dozen people in England had played any of his compositions. The knowledge of the general neglect of his music must have been a source of some bitterness to the venerable and estimable artist, had he not been aware that time is the true test—that all works which are instinct with feeling and intellect at the time of their production, can never lose that charm, however fashion may for

a time influence the public taste. Sterling fine writing will assuredly blossom again; and long after the pages of Herz and Pixis have answered their best purpose in the shops of the trunk-maker and pastry-cook, will the volumes of Clementi's piano-forte music have entered upon their immortality in the libraries of musical families. This is not mere prejudice in favour of the old school, but absolutely demonstrable; for the piano-forte music, in which the effects of the instrument are sought to heighten the beauty of the composition, is much more exposed to the vicissitudes of taste than that which is abstractedly fine, and which would interest as greatly through any other medium. This is the reason why the *clavier* compositions of Bach and Scarlatti, Handel and Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, are now just as good as ever. So jealous were the early masters of the piano-forte of gaining an extrinsic charm for their compositions, that the adoption of the most remarkable improvement in the mechanism of the piano-forte, the pedal, was at first far from general. Mozart, it was urged, had never found the pedal necessary to delight his audiences. The convenience it offered in covering the errors of bad performers, by raising a confused noise, and the assistance to poor composers, by gilding over pieces for uncultivated tastes, were foreseen. It was an improvement, however, which the candid musician could only oppose from the fear of its abuse, and that fear has not wanted justification. With this machine originated the first idea of eliciting new effects from the piano-forte, an idea which has by degrees revolutionized the style of execution upon that instrument, with some advantages of colouring, undoubtedly, (as when we acknowledge the perfection of the ancient and modern styles in the compositions and performance of Hummel,) but bringing in its train a host of evils. Composition has in the end been rendered a mechanical job, and performance a piece of vain display, in which the performer measures his excellence by the passages he gets through. The modish composers of Paris and Vienna—Herz and Czerny, with all their tribe, put pen to paper with no other earthly purpose than to show off the player—a worthy motive for the concoction of such stuff as they produce. But notwithstanding the ostentation of passages of the senseless French school, the execution of the present day is not a whit greater than that of the time of Mozart and Clementi, Cramer and Dussek; the object is merely changed, and a shorter road opened to the appearance of a brilliant execution—appearance, unfortunately, too much answering the purpose of both master and scholar. However, we would stake a considerable wager that the most adroit hand at the skips, jumps, and open passages of the

modern writers, would be considerably deficient in the evenness and brilliancy required in the close passages of Mozart's concertos, in the necessary rapidity and equality of the double notes of Clementi, or the strength and delicacy of touch demanded by Cramer. But all this is mechanical; when we come to the intellectual part of the performance, what a difference between the two styles! It is remarkable enough that the term of one man's life should embrace the rise, the perfection, and the decay of piano-forte music, and that that one should be the man who has been justly called the father of the piano-forte, and who has so largely contributed, both by theoretical and practical works, to raise the character of the compositions for his instrument. The reflecting artist will here observe the worthless and transitory nature of popular applause, and the necessity of working for posterity. Clementi's case ought to furnish a salutary lesson. Great advantages attended this musician in his career; the first was the acquirement of a competent fortune at an early period of his life, which enabled him to devote himself to his art; with this he joined other humanizing pursuits, especially the study of literature and the good authors of antiquity. For his music the public had a willing ear and a ready admiration. He was the only composer and player of his day, and this enabled him to lead the taste. And well he led it. The true style of the piano-forte, *adagio*, the pathos, the elegance and the grandeur of that movement, may be learned in his pages. Clementi's general style has been well called "the champagne of music." His best sonatas and capricios are so spiritual, so original, and have about them such a poetical fervour of inspiration, as to stand quite alone. His ideas are beautifully defined, and his musical periods most uncommon; indeed, in our opinion, there never lived a composer who was less indebted to preceding or contemporary musicians than he. The closing scene of Clementi's life is not its least enviable part. As a musician he has departed full of years and honours; as a man he has carried with him the esteem and regard of the whole musical profession.

FAMILY MUSIC.

Hark! Italy's music
Melts over the sea,
Falling light from some lattice
Where cavaliers be.

AMONGST other improvements of this improving age, is that which has been made amongst us in the way of music.

"Twenty years ago," sighs our old grandfather, "who would have thought of second-hand pianos being as numerous in the market as old coats!" And yet so it is. All our young ladies, now a-days, are decidedly musical, and so many hours of the day are set apart for the dear creatures to practise their pieces. We are not going to enter into the question of policy, or even to repeat what rather elderly and old-fashioned mothers say about "things that may be useful"—"learning to make a pie, or mend a hole in a stocking"—"very well if they have fortunes"—"teach them to be good wives," &c. &c. Times have certainly changed, and nothing more can be said about this side of the question; that is, provided we wish to be on good terms with all sorts of readers. We profess ourselves to be devotedly fond of music, properly so called; and therefore the more readily complain of an evil connected with it. Being in the state of "single blessedness," it is often our good fortune to receive the friendly and social summons to the table of a friend; that is, or rather used to be, a matter of high delight to us, because we are really never so happy as when we make one in a pleasant party. Nor do we complain of a regular set musical meeting; somewhat dull at times, to be sure, but then there are generally a few fair performers, whose skill redeems the discordant sins of their companions. On these occasions we have certainly a plentiful sprinkling of musical affectation, but altogether it is tolerable. We come then to the evil. So great is the increase of pianos, that we literally cannot visit a friend without finding some of his family at the instrument; and as the little ones are so interesting, of course you hear all their best pieces, and have to pass judgment on their advancement. It was only the other night we thought to pass a quiet hour or two, and we were fairly stunned with the strumming treat served up for us. There were five young ladies, all in regular gradation of height, except one, who was very tall for her age; the papa and mamma, an uncle, two cousins, Mr. Treacle, the grocer, and ourselves. Scarcely had we done with the cups which "cheer, but not inebriate," when the festival commenced. Miss began, and really gave us a very fair specimen of her taste and execution during about half an hour. Nobody felt tired, and Mr. Treacle was awake. Poor man! they did not suffer him to remain so long, for Miss Julia began to play, and added a little of her own vocal music. This was too much; an hour had passed away since the treat began, and not twenty words had been uttered, save such sentences as these—"Thank you, ladies"—"very much improved"—and "quite scientific," from one of the cousins, who blows the flute. Mr. Treacle's opinion was required; not five minutes before he whispered us that he was

fatigued; he heard not the mother's question on her daughter's play, for he was sleeping. We really envied him the quiet of his nap, and trod on his toe with great reluctance. "Mr. Treacle is not fond of music, I fear," quoth my lady. Our charity prompted a feeling reply—"Perhaps, madam, he is indisposed;" and then the two younger girls played their lessons together. "Angels ever bright and fair" followed; and when the dear vocalists repeated, "Take, O take me to your care," Mr. Treacle drew up his right leg and snored. Happy man, thought we, thus to escape so much harmonious misery! It was evident, however, that this snore was not exactly relished, so we trod again on Mr. Treacle's toe, when, gathering together his left leg, he rubbed his eyes and looked about him. He ought not to have apologised; the fault was on the other side, in sending a man to sleep against his will, before his proper bed-time. From that moment our respect increased for the grocer, who has doubtless been accustomed to express his feelings plainly, or he would have possessed more self-command than to sleep at such a luckless hour. We felt obliged to him, likewise, on another score—his nasal accompaniment finished the treat, and this was a great relief to most of us. Nor is the musical evil confined to the metropolis; a man must travel a long time to be free from the domestic influence of piano-fortes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC. In an academy pupils breathe the atmosphere of knowledge—they must imbibe a certain quantity of it even from each other; few, therefore, in such establishments, quit without reaching mediocrity, which is attainable by most. But schools of this kind are too often preserves of mediocrity; the pupils are generally contented in being equal to their fellows, and then habits of self-satisfaction are apt to take place of that ardour which is so necessary to excellence. It has been remarked, that students who have remained some years in this academy, after a time, continue stationary. Yet, the concerts and operatic performances of last year show, that they have reached that middle state to which we have alluded, and but a very small portion of them have any chance of passing it—for how few are ever destined to go beyond! But to afford them the best opportunity of exceeding boundaries, which true genius spurns at, enlarge their views—attempt something not even thought of in such institutions—let them study music, not only practically, but in as philosophical a manner as their youthful capacities will admit, and a new field will be opened to them, which hitherto, unfortunately for professors and for the world at large, has rarely been explored, except by those whose knowledge of the art was too limited to profit by their discoveries. That there is

a spirit of enterprise alive in the academy, the performance of Lord Burghersh's opera, and the getting up of Le Nozze di Figaro—both of which showed great industry in all, and promising talent in some of the pupils—clearly demonstrated. Let this spirit be turned into a new channel: let the pupils be encouraged to think, to elevate their art, to bring new succours to it—then the future historian of music may be enabled to mention the establishment of this academy as a new era.

Remarkable Effect of Music on Marshal Ney. Having put his voltigeurs in motion, they attacked the redoubt in front, whilst he got on the other side, and brought up his dragoons against the pass it defended: but the latter hesitated, and dared not follow him, so that he penetrated alone into the redoubt. Surrounded by the enemy, single-handed he cut his way through them, re-crossed the ditch, and escaped under a shower of balls; but he received a wound in his arm, the pain of which was increased by the motion of his horse. A species of lock-jaw ensued, and he became restless and desponding; at one moment under the excitement of burning fever, at the next weakened by the sufferings he endured, he refused all surgical aid. His friends, uneasy at the strange turn his disorder had taken, hit upon an expedient to bring him to himself. Having assembled the musicians and young girls of the village, with Kleber and the representative Merlin at their head, they all went in procession to Ney's quarters, and danced the farandollo round his bed. The noise was at first unpleasant to him, but by degrees he joined in the hilarity it occasioned. He then laughed at his gloomy thoughts, and gave up his arm to the surgeons; his only uneasiness being now about the length of time his cure would take—his only anxiety that of knowing how soon he should be able to return and face the enemy.

Russian Music. I recollect seeing in the house of the duke of Saxe Teschen, at Vienna, an instrument something in the shape and of the size of an organ, in which the sounds of fifty different musical instruments were united. In Russia, I have witnessed a performance, which was somewhat the reverse of this, being executed by fifty persons, each of whom was required to give no more than a single note on a species of oboe, made of copper. The effect was surprisingly fine. The performers must have spent a great portion of their lives in acquiring the habit of giving their respective notes with so much accuracy. Musical genius must, in such a case, be out of the question; and it is of course only among a class of persons, brought up under the habits of passive obedience, that men can be made so far to limit the sphere of their faculties as to be converted into mere organised automatons. The effect produced

by these extraordinary bands of musical performers, though certainly very perfect, from the incessant practice they have been made to undergo, is not so much more agreeable than that produced by the ordinary mode of performance, as to justify such a waste of useful hands in a country so thinly peopled.

HANDEL AND DR. GREENE. Dr. Greene, a personal friend, as well as warm admirer, of Handel, brought to the great German an anthem of his own composition, requesting the favour of his opinion and remarks upon it. Handel readily received the production, promised to examine it immediately, and invited the doctor to breakfast with him the next day. Dr. Greene accordingly waited upon the illustrious musician. Handel, who had inspected the composition, received him with cordiality, gave him an elegant breakfast, and treated him with every politeness, but constantly continued to evade his visitor's questions respecting his opinion of the anthem. Greene, at length, too impatient to wait any longer for the great composer's decision on the merits of his piece, exclaimed vehemently, "My dearest friend, keep me no longer in suspense—tell me, I pray you—tell me what you think of my anthem?" Handel, who had found it scientifically written, but very deficient in melody, answered, "Oh, it is ver fine, my dear doctor—ver fine, indeed; only it do vant air, and so I have hung it out ov de vindow."

THE LATE DR. BOYCE. It was a remarkable circumstance attending this great musician, that during the exercise of his profession as a composer, he had the misfortune, through a severe cold, to become almost entirely deaf; and that some of his finest appeals to the ear were produced when he himself no longer enjoyed the auricular faculty. To a master of ordinary capacity, the inconvenience of such a privation had been insuperable: but Boyce's music was in his soul, rather than in his external sense; what his mind knew, his sensibility could apply; and if he lost the gratification of listening to the sounds of harmony, the page of instruction was open to his eye, and the scores he perused he inwardly heard.

THE POWER OF MUSIC. When Yanieivicz, the musician, first came to this country, he lived at the west end of London. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney coach, when the following dialogue ensued:—Coachman *(shutting the door)*, "Where to, Sir?"—Yan. "Home, mon ami; you go me home."—Coachman, "Home, Sir, but where?"—Yan. "By Gar, I no know; de name of de dam street has echappé; has escaped out of my memory; I have forgot him; vat I shall

do?"—*(Coachman grins).*—Yan. "Ah, you are gay; come, now you understand de musique, he?"—Coachman, "Music; what has that to do with the streets?"—Yan. "Ah, vous verrez; you shall see. *(Hums a tune.)* Vat is dat?"—Coachman, "Marlbrook."—Yan. "Ah! by Gar, dat is him; Marlbro' street; now you drive á me home, eh!"

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LOVELY the hour, when bright and calm,
On waves of peace, and winds of balm;
Like empress in her diamond car,
Comes from the east, the eve's fair star:
Lovely to watch the green wave pour
In sprays of silver on the shore;
Lovely to hear the sounds that sweep
Through twilight on the crimson'd deep;
Lovely the shepherd's evening call,
Yet I can bid adieu to all.
—I love, sweet girl, believe, forgive,
I love—by thee must die or live.
—I've gaz'd for nights upon the sky,
It gave no starlight like thine eye—
That eye so brightly, purely blue,
As if the soul were looking through.
Are eyes like thine to waste their beams
On silent rocks and lonely streams,
While there are human hearts to move,
While one—but lives—but dies—for love?
My rosebud!—but too like the flowers
That purple o'er the mermaid's bowers:
Hiding their beauty from the sun,—
My cloister'd love, my more than nun;
Thou wert not made to blush and bloom,
Where mortal feelings never come.
Thou hast a heart—no hermit's heart,
That longs to life and joy to start,—
Thy very tears of passion tell—
Passion and joy that play like gleams,
And deeper feeling's nobler beams,—
Oh, come! My own, my Isabel!

CHARACTERISTICS OF ROSSINI'S COMPOSITIONS.

IT is admitted by musicians and amateurs, as well as by those who merely seek an agreeable pastime in frequenting musical performances of any kind, that the compositions of Rossini form a memorable epoch in the annals of the art, and perhaps an interesting feature in the history of the present age. Wherever his operas have appeared, they have soon rooted firmly and almost exclusively in the public favour, exerted an

inconceivable influence on musical taste, and nearly banished from the stage—it might almost be said from our recollection—the classic works of the greatest masters who have preceded him. In Italy, where the works of Rossini began to make an impression about eighteen years ago, they have succeeded in nearly supplanting the operas of Paesiello, Guglielmi, Mayer, Paer, and even Cimarosa. In Germany, national predilections have rendered their sway perhaps somewhat less universal and exclusive! but, at all events, even there Rossini is the lord of the ascendant. Winter—nay, the incomparable Mozart, are rather tolerated than adored, as heretofore; and even Haydn and Beethoven, although the field which their genius had occupied was not quite the same, have been much less cherished since the intrusion of the Gran Maestro. In France, musical appetite is generally to be stilled with smaller fare. In a country where "Le Devin du Village," "Annette et Lubin," and such light food, are still capable of bringing good houses, the works of Gretry, D'Alayrac, &c. run little risk; and the compositions of Mehul, Boieldieu, &c. may bid defiance to alien intrusion. But although France may have been less fickle towards its native favourites than other countries, it has by no means been exempt from the Rossinimania. In one respect, indeed, France has outdone all its neighbours. Not content with feasting upon the productions of the Swan of Pesaro, nothing would do but to be in possession of the bird itself, in order to have to themselves all the golden eggs yet in expectancy. But the monopolizing speculation has not been very successful. Whether the bird, when thus secured, had done laying for good, or whether he has been over-fed, or whether the climate disagrees with his nature and habits, so much is certain, that the eggs produced since have not been new-laid eggs; some, indeed, were found remarkably stale.

Of the prodigious march and spreading of the Rossinian music in this country, the reader is sufficiently aware. Our worship approaches idolatry, and surpasses that of all other nations. Of the sixty subscription nights at the King's theatre, between forty and fifty are generally devoted to operas of Rossini; and the majority of musical publications consists of adaptations from his operas, or of pieces more or less founded on his productions.

When a thing is so universally relished, the *prima facie* presumption is, that it must possess some intrinsic value; and yet upon this point opinions are strangely at variance. While a large, and probably the greater portion of the musical public, worship Rossini as their idol, there are numbers who perceive in his music nothing but the emanations of a superficial mind,

aided by a lively fancy and a great share of animal spirits; who not only deny him the merit of originality, but strongly accuse him of systematic plagiarism to an extent unprecedented in the works of any other master. In short, the whole history of music, probably, does not present us with the name of a composer upon whose merits opinions have been more divided, and whose works at the same time have made a greater and more universal sensation.

It therefore seems to be worth while, with a view to form a correct opinion on the subject, to consider, with some degree of care and accuracy, the peculiar and distinctive features of the Rossinian music, and to endeavour to trace the probable causes of its great popularity. In the next place, it appears to be an object of some interest—however difficult it may prove—to inquire into the effects which the works of Rossini have produced, not only with reference to dramatic and lyric composition (their immediate field of display), but also generally as regards the musical taste of the age, and the executive part of music, instrumental as well as vocal, but vocal in particular.

One of the most obvious and characteristic features in the compositions of Rossini, and perhaps that which has most contributed to their rapid and universal popularity, is no doubt the vivacity, the unceasing and inexhaustible flow of animal spirits, which prevail in all his writings. In some of the latitudes north of the Alps, and in our own foggy, smoky, and gaseous atmosphere, we occasionally, it is true, meet with a race of beings who seem to delight in the lugubrious, and to feel supremely happy when moved to tears. Fortunately, however, the number of these lacrymants, even in these their foggy, smoky, and gaseous head-quarters, is not considerable; abroad they are fewer still, and in Italy this class of mortals is an absolute rarity. The exception, therefore, is trifling; and we may safely propound it as an axiom, that people in all countries like to be enlivened by cheerfulness and gaiety, in music above all things; and that the composer who supplies this demand most readily and copiously, is sure to be most in favour, at least with the mass of the people.

In Rossini, therefore, the public found their *magnus* Apollo. His vivacity, his mercurial and light-hearted organization, was well calculated to administer light and palatable musical food to his gay and animated countrymen. Rossini's music breathes a life, a stir, and a bustle, not to be met with in the works of any other composer. He seldom resorts to slow rhythms, if a more active measure will but tolerably serve the purpose; indeed, he frequently uses the latter when a more staid progress would have been infinitely preferable. "Keep moving," is his

great motto. It is on that account that the musical figure called triplets has been taken by him into most especial favour. Their "rate of going" is peculiarly rash and animated, owing to the strong accent which the first of the three notes always carries, and which marks the rhythm with peculiar force and precision. Triplets will thus be found to occur abundantly in most of Rossini's pieces, even in slow movements, where they act as accelerators to the otherwise sluggish motion of longer notes. Instead of four sober crotchets in a bar, we generally are treated with a dozen quaver triplets.

Our maestro employs, unconsciously perhaps, a variety of other expedients to give rhythmical seasoning to his airs. To avoid an equable progress of equivalent sounds, one note is retarded by dots and half dots, at the expense of the following, which is barely allowed time to hop in with a momentary snap; thus again marking the rhythm more forcibly, as is the case more especially in military marches; a class of pieces essen tially demanding rhythmical energy and precision, and in which, therefore, Rossini has been signally successful.

All these manifestations of a buoyant vivacity may be traced in nearly the whole of the compositions of Rossini, even in those intended for essentially serious situations, where, as has already been hinted, they at times occur out of their proper place. However pathetic, or even tragic, the poetry of an aria, &c. may be, the musical expression imparted to it by Rossini seems, with scarcely an exception, to fall short of the intensity of emotion contemplated by the text. His musical metre, his rhythm, and his diction, are ever active, bustling, and animated. Without going to the length of maintaining that Rossini is absolutely lively and gay on occasions when the text speaks sadness and despair, it cannot, we think, be denied, that none of his strains breathe the tender sensibility of Mozart, the deep feeling of Weber, or the heart-stirring pathos of Gluck. Hence it is that Rossini has been less successful in the serious and tragic drama, than in the comic and romantic; that his "Otello," "Zelmira," and "Semiramide," however masterly in some respects, must yield the palm to the "Barbiere" and "Tancredi." The two latter operas abound with a succession of original and fascinating melodies, apparently the spontaneous effusions of an exuberant musical fancy; while in the three serious dramas above adverted to, however we may recognize in them the pen of a master-mind, we meet with much fewer tokens of inventive originality and genial inspiration. This remark appears to us particularly applicable to "Zelmira" and "Semiramide," the most recent Italian dramas set to music by Rossini. Very few of the melodies are of a novel character, or of a nature

to fasten on the memory; some traits of compositorial freak and whimsicality perhaps excepted, which for a moment strike the ear with surprise, without interesting its sympathy. As far as art goes, these two operas present scores considerably more elaborate and rich than the generality of their predecessors; and in this respect they savour strongly of the German school, the style of which Rossini has, intentionally perhaps, thought proper to imitate in several of the pieces.

If, as has been above observed, Rossini rarely reaches the tragic grandeur of Gluck, or the intense feeling of Mozart or Weber, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that, let him be as serious as he can contrive to be, his music is never lugubrious, whining, or even sentimental, as is the case with some clever compositions of the German school. This negative characteristic, in our opinion, is one of great merit, or at least, greatly in his favour (for it can hardly be called meritorious to abstain from that which is not in the man's organization). The doleful in music ought very sparingly to be resorted to; most people are soon tired with it. Let a text be ever so melancholy, if music is to be set to it—and it had perhaps better be left alone—the music may fitly fall much short of the gloomy import of the poetry. The long continuance of strains in the minor mode, the frequent employment of diminished sevenths, and of other expedients more peculiarly adapted to the expression of saddened feelings, soon create languor and ennui. It is probably owing to the predominance of serious and gloomy expression, that some compositions of undisputed merit have met with less success than might otherwise have been anticipated. Among these may be numbered Morlacchi's "Tebaldo e Isolina," and Marschner's "Vampyre."

While thus the total absence of every thing lachrymose in Rossini's works seems to compensate, in some degree, for the want of tragic grandeur and intense feeling, it is farther to be admitted, that in musically depicting emotions of softness and tenderness, Rossini has often met with the happiest success; and to this point perhaps may be limited his capability of expressing the more serious sensations of the heart The charming aria, "Ecco ridente il cielo," in the "Barbiere," the sweet rural strains of "Aurora che sorgerai," and several other happy efforts of his pen, might be quoted in support of this opinion.

That the vivacious and animated nature of our bard would ensure him triumphant success in compositions of a lively cast, and in buffo-songs, must at once be self-evident. In this line he shines resplendent, and has often surpassed his most celebrated predecessors, Paesiello, Cimarosa, and even Mozart not excepted. Among many specimens which may be quoted in

support of this assertion, it will be sufficient to remind the reader of one or two; the Largo al Factotum, in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," is a perfect master-piece of comic composition; it really stands unequalled. What a flow of animal spirits, what gaiety, what a buoyancy of life and bustle, both in the vocal part and in the orchestra! The same opera furnishes several other excellent compositions of the humorous kind, such as the first duet between Figaro and Almaviva, "Che invenzione," the bass song, "La Calunia," the two pieces which introduce Almaviva in the two successive disguises of a dragoon and a music-master, &c. Again, in the "Turco in Italia," the duet between Don Geronimo and his flirt of a wife, "Perpiacer alla Signora," is absolutely a cabinet picture of comic expression. These, and others which we could easily add to the catalogue, will readily silence all doubts as to the geniality and originality of Rossini's sprightly muse.

One observation by the way. When these and other comic effusions of the Italian school are contrasted with the coarse and vulgar trash, which, in most of our English operas, is bawled out to the audience under the title of humorous songs, and generally received "with the most unbounded applause," who that is possessed of a grain of taste can refrain from shrinking with a humiliating blush from such a comparison? The manufacture of this rubbish is generally entrusted to humbler hands, distinct from the composer of the rest of the opera; and in the same manner is the drawling and roaring of it consigned to persons totally destitute of either voice or musical education. Such is our taste! such are, with very few exceptions, our comic songs!

In the foregoing remarks we have endeavoured to show what appeared to us to be one of the most obvious attractions in Rossini's music, viz. its sparkling vivacity, the unceasing buoyancy of animal spirits which pervade all his compositions. But there are other important peculiarities in his writings, equally obvious and universal, in our opinion, and no less advantageous.

The compositions of Rossini are essentially conspicuous for their rhythmical symmetry, as well as for extraordinary clearness of plan, uncommon perspicuity and intelligibility, great breadth both of melody and harmonic colouring, and, however the assertion may raise a smile, great simplicity!

Most of our readers, probably, are aware of the meaning of the term "rhythmical symmetry," in music; it is applied to a composition in which the successive phrases and periods stand in due correspondence with each other as regards duration, measure, and cadence; where all the parts present a well pro-

portioned regularity and symmetry among themselves, so as to balance each other; like the feet and lines of a stanza of poetry, in which the same metrical symmetry forms, or at least ought to form, an essential requisite, although not always scrupulously observed by our modern bards of the "free and easy" school.

In this respect the dramatic compositions of the Italians are more or less favourably distinguished; but those of Rossini, above the rest, will, upon investigation, be found to present the most scrupulous symmetry of rhythmical plan and arrangement; if the term "scrupulous" may be applied to a feature, which, instead of being the result of premeditated care and labour, is probably the mere spontaneous offspring of intuitive feeling and good taste. In the writings of Rossini, all is ever in the best proportion.

We are not aware of one single instance of lameness or other irregularity in his rhythm. This is a paramount feature of recommendation even with the multitude, who know nothing of its existence, but are unconsciously fascinated by its charms, even if the vehicle be but a drum, or a stick thumping on a deal board in regular cadence.

Connected, in some measure, with this merit is that of clearness and perspicuity in the plan of a composition; and in this respect the works of Rossini are most perfect. The ear readily seizes the bearings between the successive periods, understands their import, weighs and compares them with each other, unconsciously in most cases; and hails with satisfaction the sequel, of which it had already formed a more or less defined anticipation. The mind is never at a loss to follow the composer's meaning; all is clear and intelligible, like a landscape in a serene summer's evening. The satisfaction imparted by such a score will more readily be appreciated by a comparison with one of a contrary description, which may be likened to a track of country obscured by fogs or dark clouds. In music of the latter kind, the ear may occasionally be greeted by a transient passage of some promise, like a partial gleam of sunshine in the misty haze of confusion; but the anticipated enjoyment is soon marred by a heterogeneous sequel; we torment our imagination with efforts to feel at home, but find ourselves in a wilderness of crudities and incongruities.

Rossini's excellence, with respect to the important requisite of clearness and intelligibility of ideas, will scarcely be disputed. Not so, probably, the paradoxical praise we have ventured to award to him, as regards simplicity. How, it will no doubt be asked, can the music of Rossini be termed simple, fringed and garnished as it is in every bar with amplification, flourish, and ornament of every kind, and in all manner of ways? The

praise of simplicity, it will be said, might as fitly be bestowed on the present attire of our belles, with all its trimming, braiding, and flouncing, or on the florid style of Gothic architecture, overloaded with scrolls, fretwork, and other ornamental minutiæ.

We are quite ready to admit the decorative character of Rossini's music. No composer before him has been so lavish of adventitious, superfluous, and even injurious ornament, especially in his vocal parts. But it appears to us that a musical idea or phrase, although seasoned with embellishment, may, in its essence, in its primary conception, be perfectly simple; that this simplicity, however disguised by ornament, and perhaps even injuriously influenced by it, may subsist, and be readily discerned, in spite of adventitious decoration. The latter may be compared to the tattooing of the skin of a Polynesian warrior, which, be it ever so profuse and whimsical, in no way hides the symmetrical beauty of his form. And since allusion has just been made to the ornamental characteristics of Gothic edifices, we would even hazard the paradoxical assertion, that some of these structures, in despite of the decorations in the minor details, present a striking and pleasing simplicity of outline and general composition. Their grandeur is not disputed, and it may be doubted whether grandeur can exist without simplicity.

It is thus that, in our opinion, the scores of Rossini, with all their numerous figures of superadded ornament, are simple in outline and primary conception. The skeleton of his ideas is plain and obvious—it is the mode of diction only which is florid; and when thus the frame-work of a musical idea is of a simplicity readily to be seized by the ear, and, as is the case with Rossini, the mode of dressing out the idea is graceful and piquant, and frequently quite novel, it is not surprising that music of this description has so rapidly and universally found favour.

In the above enumeration of the various features of attraction which present themselves to the critical observer of Rossini's music, our remarks may be considered as applying principally to melody. But most of these features equally pervade his harmony. The latter is equally, if not more, remarkable for perspicuity of design, an extraordinary degree of intelligibility, great breadth of colouring, if we may be allowed to borrow from the sister art a term so apt to our purpose, and also a striking degree of simplicity.

In the compositions of Rossini, these advantageous characteristics, as regards harmony, cannot, perhaps, be considered as positive merits. A genius born, a true child of nature,

apparently not imbued with the scholastic artifices of counterpoint, his harmonic colouring seems to be rather the spontaneous effusion of innate musical feeling than the result of studious elaboration. The scanty notices of his earlier career mention two instructors, Don Angelo Tesei and the Padre Stanislao Mattei, of whom Rossini is said to have received lessons in the theory of music and composition. But the period of tuition certainly does not seem to have been of long duration, and considering his vivacity and habitual indolence, we suspect a little contrapuntal schooling will have gone a great way with so mercurial a pupil; and this suspicion is by no means invalidated by his scores. They seldom exhibit any touches of contrapuntal artifice; or if there be an occasional gleam of the kind, it is very transient, the effect of momentary inspiration, soon abandoned. There is little of scientific interlacement between the parts. One melodic part, like the outline in a picture, almost always maintains its supremacy; and all the others, from the trombone to the piccolo, merely act in support of the main idea, so as to impart to it the requisite harmonic colouring. This colouring also may be termed simple, broad, and perspicuous in the extreme; simple as to the main object, yet by no means plain or naked. The instrumentation, we mean to assert, is never complex or confused; while maintaining its unity of aim and purpose, it at the same time is full and complete, very often luxuriantly rich, and as frequently replete with the most varied touches of elegance in manner and ornamental diction. In the instrumentation, as in the melody, however decorative and noisy the former may be devised, unity of impression is never lost sight of. All is perfectly luminous to every soul in the theatre (in Italy at all events!) The box-keeper, the scene-shifter, and prim hawker of the libretto, all understand the favourite maestro's meaning, probably, quite as well as the bald or bepowdered theorist in the front of the pit, who, with a supercilious grin, perhaps, laments the palpable decline of musical taste. There surely must be something in music which every body understands and is delighted with, whatever be its lack of scientific elaboration! What do ninety-nine in a hundred—nay, perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand frequenters of even the King's theatre care for high-wrought artifice in the parts—what for learned and abstruse modulations, what for fugues and canons?

Not that the compositions of Rossini are at all deficient as regards modulation. On the contrary, he occasionally launches freely into the regions of harmonic transition, and even ventures upon the boldest leaps. But he never modulates needlessly, for the mere sake of modulation—an expedient most freely

resorted to by those writers who labour most under a poverty of melodic ideas. When Rossini modulates, he has an object in view, generally scenic; or he modulates sometimes, as in overtures, with a view to heighten the harmonic colouring, or to produce variety or striking force of effect. On these occasions, however, he never entangles himself in a labyrinth of unmeaning transitions; he sees his way before him, and is not long in resuming it. The hearer, instead of being wearied by accompanying him in the temporary deviations, finds himself refreshed for the remainder of the journey.

As to fugues and canons, to which we have just now alluded incidentally, we doubt whether Rossini can be said to have ever made either of these. "What! no canons?" some of our readers will exclaim, and bring in array against us "O Nume benefico;"* "Di tanti regi;"† "Mi manca la voce,"‡ &c., pointing to the very titles with which these pieces are inscribed. Any scientific discussion on this subject would be foreign to the object of our paper; but as we do not hesitate to maintain that these pieces are improperly styled canons, we feel compelled to state our reasons in a few words. Canons—if the reader will have patience with a line or two of dry definition—are vocal pieces of several parts, in which each part, falling in successively, executes the same melody, which is throughout adhered to by all the parts; these being so contrived as to act reciprocally in the way of accompaniment, as soon as two and more parts successively come into co-operation. In the Rossinian canons, each part, it is true, enters successively, and commences with the same melody; but as soon as it thus steps in, the other parts no longer pursue the primary melody, but merely discharge the ordinary functions of accompaniment, so that the primary melody is never heard but in one of the parts. The Rossinian canons, therefore, are nothing more than terzetts, or quartetts, in which each part successively begins with the same motive. We are aware that, in scenic music, some liberties are taken with compositions of this class; but these liberties do not amount to a total departure from the essence of the canon.

For the rest, we are far from finding fault with these pseudo-canons of Rossini. Several of them are highly dramatic and impressive; much more so, we are sure, than any real canon which could have been substituted in their place. All we meant to assert was, that so far as our acquaintance with his works extends, no proper canon or fugue occurs in them. This structure requires a degree of study and application, which, if we know enough of the disposition of Rossini, he probably

* "Gazza Ladra." † "Semiramide." ‡ "Mosè in Egitto."

feels seldom inclined to exert, even supposing him to be an adept in the mystery. Nay, if he were to urge in his defence that, in dramatic music at least, the trouble is not compensated by the effect, we should be disposed to concur. Canons and fugues, however fine and clever, are, after all, a scientific sort of Dutch medley, which, from the condition of its structure, must be deficient in musical sentiment and unity of expression. Scholastic artifice is not a vehicle of the beautiful. What should we say to an occasional set of acrostic lines in the Æneid or the Odyssey?

We have thus far endeavoured to trace those predominant features of attraction which, like a magic charm, appeared to us to have imparted to the compositions of Rossini a degree of universal popularity never before experienced by the works of any other musical writer. His melodies are not only relished over the whole extent of civilised Christendom, but, strange to tell, they have even found their way to the barbarian ears of Mussulmans. We find from recent reports that the military band of the body-guard of Sultan Mahmoud has been taught to pipe, *à la Turque*, it is true, but with tolerable success, some of the most favourite airs and marches of Rossini, and that his highness is delighted with the performance. The most enthusiastic admirers of the musical idol of the present day, will readily acknowledge that we have not been backward in rendering full justice to his merits; we have not hesitated in pronouncing him an extraordinary musical genius, whose works, in our opinion, really deserve the popularity which they have acquired.

This picture, however, has its shady side. The works of Rossini, amidst all their charms, present certain points, which, though they cannot silence our admiration of his genius, yet compel us to blend our praise with some expressions of critical animadversion. If these defects were casual and solitary, a conviction of the imperfection of all human productions would induce us to pass them by unnoticed; but they seem to adhere, more or less, to all his works; they have furnished his adversaries with weapons to combat his fame. Impartiality, therefore, and a view to the interests of the art, call upon us to investigate these blemishes, however slight some of them may be, and to point them out with candour, as beacons to the artists of the present and future generations.

Mannerism is one of the most frequent reproaches with which Rossini is assailed by his enemies; and as the charge in our opinion is not altogether unfounded, we feel in some measure called upon to elucidate its nature and import.

By the term "mannerism," we do not exactly understand

that degree of manifestation of individuality which is inseparable from all human efforts, and which, if not carried to excess, so as to render the individual apparently a slave to it, even sheds a charm over them. This unobjectionable, nay, pleasing individuality of conception, expression, and treatment of a subject, prevails, more or less, in the productions of the greatest masters in painting and sculpture, and is generally sufficiently striking to proclaim the author to an experienced eye. The connoisseur finds no difficulty in deciding whether such a picture be the production of Raphael, Titian, or Correggio; and he will, with nearly equal facility, recognise the chisel of Michael Angelo, Canova, Thorwaldsen, or Chantrey. In the same manner will a certain peculiarity of thought and style proclaim the writing of Thucydides, Tacitus, Cicero, Voltaire, Gibbon, Dr. Johnson, &c.; and similar characteristic features, though perhaps less decisively marked, have, more or less, distinguished the works of classic composers, such as Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa, Paesiello, &c. These distinctive characteristics, however, apply rather to the substance of a production, than to its form and manner; and hence the term "mannerism" appears to us to have been very properly devised to designate striking peculiarities of form and manner in the expression of our ideas, feelings, or conceptions, or in any of our intellectual productions. Since it is the frequent recurrence of these peculiarities that renders them striking, repetition and sameness, at least in form and mode, seem to be essential criteria of mannerism.

In this respect, it would be difficult to meet the opponents of Rossini with any chance of success. A sameness of style and manner in his works strikes the most superficial observer. Rossini, more than any composer we know, is, as it were, a slave to a peculiar style and manner, by which his compositions may be instantly known. This style, however, some of the peculiarities of which will be briefly noticed presently, cannot be said to be altogether of Rossini's own creation; much of it may be traced in the works of Generali, from whom the former is stated to have had lessons in composition. In Generali's "Adelina," we remember to have plainly recognised the prototype, or the germ of many of Rossini's peculiarities. From Velluti, also, he has borrowed largely, as regards style and manner; and he has made good use of these loans; principally, of course, in vocal compositions, but not in these alone: many of Velluti's modes of embellishment and diction have even been engrafted upon the instrumental scores of Rossini. All these ideas and hints, derived from the works of others, Rossini certainly has more fully developed, carried to a greater length, and

embodied in a sort of systematic aggregate of style, which, thus appropriated and embodied, is generally considered as a style of his own; at the same time, we ought not to be altogether unmindful of the changes of style and manner which, under any circumstances, mere lapse of time has at all periods effected in music. If Rossini had not existed, some such change would have taken place; and though the aggregate of the style of the present day might not be precisely that which Rossini, no doubt, has principally been instrumental in establishing; and though the change might probably not have been so speedy, striking, and universal, it is a question whether, without Rossini, we might not, at this moment, possess a style of music, less pronounced perhaps, but substantially similar to that of the Gran' Maestro. Indeed, what has rendered his style so strongly marked and striking, is the constant repetition of the same formulas and modes of diction. Persons that are in the habit of making use of particular phrases, or modes of expression, soon attract our attention, and become conspicuous in society.

To enumerate all the features of individual mannerism in Rossini's music, would lead us into an analysis much too scientific for the general reader; we therefore confine our remarks to some of the most prominent, which will be quite sufficient for our purpose.

The *crescendos* form a powerful and favourite engine of effect in Rossini's compositions. They make their appearance as regularly and invariably in his overtures and finales as horse-radish with a joint of roast beef. Some simple phrase, of four bars or so, founded on an alternation of the tonic and dominant harmonies, is selected to serve as a peg to hang on the darling *crescendo;* and nothing remains but to ring the changes on the passage in question, taking care to let the instruments step in successively, and to augment the bustle in gradation, by increasing not only the momentum of sound, but also the number and speed of the notes. This family recipe for preparing the Rossinian crescendo, we can confidently recommend as infallible, and such as the master himself invariably employs in its confection. We well remember the gratification with which we heard the first specimen. It was in the overture which, at the King's theatre, serves as the introduction to the "Barbiere di Siviglia." But, as is the case in every thing else, constant repetition has sickened us of this species of musical seasoning, which, moreover, is by no means an original idea. We meet with *crescendos*, quite similar in form, in works of an earlier date than the operas of Rossini, especially in the scores of Generali and Paer. But these masters, in their primitive timidity, contented themselves with a few modest bars of the

kind, while Rossini, the autocrat of crotchets and quavers, taking it for granted that his audience will thankfully receive what he judges to be fit and meet, has had the boldness to dispense these *crescendos* wholesale. They seldom measure less than three or four yards of staves in any of his overtures.

To the incessant use of triplets in the music of Rossini we have already had occasion to advert, as one of the causes which contribute to the fascinating liveliness and animation of his compositions; and we at the same time felt no hesitation in stating our opinion concerning the too frequent employment and abuse of this favourite rhythmical figure. It is this abuse, carried, as we find it, to great excess, and often resorted to in movements or periods where triplets are totally out of their place, which constitutes another and most palpable point of Rossinian mannerism.

A remarkable predilection for *appoggiaturas* forms a further and very characteristic feature in the works of Rossini. There are, probably, few of our readers, musical or unmusical, that will be found quite strangers to this technical term, which, from its literal import, might fitly be translated "*leaning*-notes." If, instead of intonating at once the essentially harmonic note of a melody, we introduce that note by previously *leaning* upon another, above or below it, that introductory note, which retards the appearance of the essential harmonic sound, is called an appoggiatura. The most natural "leaning-notes" are those which lie next to the harmonic note, and belong to the scale of the key of the melody itself. Thus, in the key of C, *b* or *d* will serve as natural appoggiaturas to c; as *b*c or *d*c. Other notes, however, quite foreign to the key, are resorted to for this purpose. Thus, in the last mentioned instance, *d*c, instead of employing *d* as appoggiatura, *d* flat might be used in certain cases. In so far Rossini has done like others before him; but whilst it had been customary not to suffer the duration of the appoggiatura to exceed that of the main sound, and indeed frequently to make it shorter, Rossini's appoggiaturas are often much longer than the harmonic note itself. This retardation of the latter naturally imparts a certain degree of piquancy to the melody, and its effect is further rendered striking by the legitimate harmony of the melodic note being at once, and in anticipation, assigned to this lengthened appoggiatura; thus producing a temporary dissonance, the peculiarity of which naturally acts as a stimulant to the ear. But it is not alone by lengthening the leaning-note that Rossini is fond of delaying the appearance of the plain melodic sound. Instead of merely applying for support to the next-door neighbour, he scruples not to go a few houses higher up; like Moses, in the "School for

Scandal," whose friend has not the money, but that friend has a friend, &c. To speak plainly, Rossini builds up appoggiatura upon appoggiatura; instead of introducing C in a homely manner, by means of its next upper neighbour *d*, *d* has need of being ushered in by its own neighbour *e*; not unfrequently *e* obtains the same friendly office at the hands of *f*; and, as if to play with our patience, this latter usher of ushers is unconscionably lengthened into the bargain, while all the while the harmony properly appertaining to C has prepared us for its debut; like a lord mayor's procession, in which various sets of official personages successively precede, until at last the main object of the show, the grand civic car, makes its appearance.

This is not the place to illustrate by crotchets and quavers the Rossinian process of piling up appoggiaturas. Enough has been said to convey some idea of the proceeding; nor shall we detain the reader by any remarks on the variety and novelty of the effects resulting from it. Of all this Rossini has made ample use in his works; and here again, as in other matters, he has been so uncontrolled and lavish, that the frequency of the employment has become habit, and the habit has produced a strong feature of mannerism. The novelty is not in the thing itself, for others have occasionally done the like; but Rossini has, as it were, usurped the right of unsparingly decking out all his melodies with appoggiaturas of all kinds and lengths.

Among various other Rossinian practices which, according to the foregoing remark, are found to be so frequent and habitual with him as to constitute what is termed mannerism, we may also number the fondness of closing his periods by modulating from the major tonic to the minor mood of the lesser third below, or of the great third above such major tonic; *i. e.* if the period be in C major, it will be made to close either in A minor, or E minor. This species of modulation, especially that to the minor third below, was common enough long before Rossini, but both are of such constant occurrence in his melodies, that the chances would probably be in favour of a wager, which maintained that any piece of Rossini, picked at random from his compositions, shall exhibit one or the other of these minor transitions in the very motivo. In this, as in other features, some of which we have just enumerated, a very considerable portion of his compositions appears to be matter of routine, fashioned in the same mould, with an occasional sprinkling of adventitious and trifling change, as to form and figure.

We deem it unnecessary to extend these observations: they show sufficiently, we think, that Rossini is a mannerist in the full sense of the term. Our next object will be to consider a

much more serious charge brought against him by his adversaries, viz. that of being a plagiarist. If the repetition and reproduction of an author's own ideas come under the denomination of plagiarism, Rossini must at once plead guilty; but, as the term is generally considered to apply exclusively to the appropriation of the thoughts or works of another, the question appears to be, how far Rossini has made free with the property of others.

The question of plagiarism in music is too nice and uncertain in its limits to admit of a full enquiry in this place: it seems to be a question of degree. If the adoption of one bar of music, to be found in other works, constituted plagiarism, we know of no composer, not excepting Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, who could be exculpated from the charge; and, after all, it would remain to be ascertained who was the first that made use of the questionable bar. There is, we believe, an opinion current among the profession, that the appropriation of no less than four bars constitutes actionable piracy. If so, Rossini has no cause to fear the arm of the law. We do not remember an instance of his introducing four bars, *tali quali*, from the works of a brother bard. But, if he be not amenable to the charge of legal piracy, there is such a thing as moral, constructive plagiarism, plagiarism in disguise. And in this respect, Rossini, we fear, stands but an indifferent chance. He has largely borrowed in every quarter. Besides resorting to the national airs of Italy, he has, to a great extent, availed himself of the ideas of Generali and Cimarosa, and other Italian authors; and the German composers, Haydn, Krommer, Mozart, &c. have supplied materials for his scores. We have not room for a catalogue of these numerous Rossinian loans, the existence of many of which, we believe, is not disputed even by himself. Among the appropriations from Cimarosa, those which occur in "La Cenerentola" are perhaps the most conspicuous. From Haydn the substance of "Zitti, zitti," in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," has been borrowed; the opening movement in "Mosé" has its source in a quartett of Krommer's; Mozart has furnished various models of harmonic progressions; and, among others, the strains of the ghost of Ninus in "Semiramide," are mere imitations of quite similar harmonies in "Don Giovanni;" in "Semiramide," too, we have new versions of the German air, "Life let us cherish," of an Italian monferina, well known in England under the title of "Row, gondoliers," &c. &c.

These appropriations, we admit, are not always obvious; because Rossini, as has already been remarked, takes good care, like other professional appropriators, not to expose them

in their primitive form. They are first thrown into the crucible of Rossinian mannerism, from which they come out so changed in outward shape, that the rightful owners scarcely know them again, and much less can establish a title to their own metamorphosed property. The legitimate proprietors are much in the same situation as Mrs. N——, the widow of an English merchant residing at Naples some thirty years ago. Mrs. N——, being compelled to undertake a journey to England, at an inclement season of the year, availed herself of the kind offer of a friend, a Neapolitan lady, the mother of a family, to leave her only child with her, a beautiful boy of six or seven years, whose open countenance, large blue eyes, and curly flaxen locks, set off by a light becoming skeleton dress, open frill, &c. had often attracted the favourable notice of Lady Hamilton. On Mrs. N——'s return, after an absence of some months, she alighted at the Signora's. Little Charles flew up to his mother's arms, who at first did not know him; but, on recognizing her offspring, she burst into a flood of tears. Charley's exterior had undergone an infinity of improvements under the fostering hand of the Signora. Instead of the light nankeen trowsers, he wore a miniature pair of tight-knees with paste buckles, and his little foot was set off to great advantage by a pair of Cordovan shoes, nearly hidden by another pair of paste buckles. To make up as it were for the procrustean curtailment of the inexpressibles, Charley's neat little blue jacket had given way to a regular coat, with skirts dangling down to the heels; the open frill had been discarded in favour of a tight black cravat, presenting a fine large bow in front, edged with narrow black lace; the auburn locks, well frizzed, pomatumed, and powdered, had been extended on each side, like the wings of Mercury, and tastefully tied up behind into a little pigtail. A pair of scissors, asked for on the spot from the very foster-mother, enabled the afflicted parent, in a great measure, to disitalianize the exterior of the child, whose tears evinced the grief he felt at the loss of his fine trappings.

The *rifacimenti* to which the Maestro of Pesaro subjects his appropriations are somewhat similar to Charley's metamorphosis. Curling and frizzing are unsparingly inflicted on the plain thoughts taken into favour; the idea is made to shoot, is expanded, developed, amplified, macadamized. The process is not unlike that of a French cook upon the *beaux restes* of yesterday's table d'hôte, out of which his consummate *savoir faire* knows how to create *entremêts* and *hors d'œuvres*, pronounced by the spoiled palate of the epicure to be even more savoury and piquant than the original viands that have supplied the substantial ingredient, which is scarcely to be recognized. Thus,

if "God save the King," or the "Dashing White Sergeant," were thrown into the Rossinian *casserole*, the odds are, that most people would not know them again; nay, that their hearts would leap with delight at the fascinating novelty, and their hands clap for an encore. We have before now tried our hand at Rossinianizing the subjects of hackneyed tunes, and the result has proved quite amusing; if some of our musical readers will make a similar experiment, they will understand, better than all our observations can convey, the effect and mystery of Rossinian mannerism.

When a man is found on the one hand to appropriate to himself so freely and frequently the thoughts of others, and, on the other, to resort so constantly to a repetition of his own ideas, under every sort of varied form and disguise, we are, however reluctantly, compelled to qualify our opinion as to his originality and the store of his inventive faculty. We are warranted in concluding, either that he must be gifted with the latter in a degree by no means unlimited, or that pressure of time, or indolence, may have often induced him to draw less on the resources of his own mind, than we have a right to expect from true genius and exalted and independent feelings. In Rossini, both causes have often perhaps, operated conjointly. Pressure of time, however, must be left out of consideration as regards the few works he has produced during the last four or five years of his easy and snug engagement in Paris; while, on the other hand, its effect during an earlier period of his career, when want of sufficient leisure could alone have existed, seems to have been so little prejudicial to his productions, that some of those are precisely found to be the most original, and certainly the most likely to perpetuate his fame.

Indolence, no doubt, has but too often impeded the full display of Rossini's genius; but, for ourselves, we are inclined to suspect that the genius and inventive faculties of Rossini—however fully and undeniably their existence is proved in his works—have been meted out to him by nature within measured limits, by no means inexhaustible; and, if we are to form an opinion from his later works, we think we should be justified in entertaining the apprehension that his mind is approaching the limits set by nature. His latest operas,—viz. "Zelmira," "Semiramide," "Le Siege de Corinthe," "Le Comte Ory," and "Guillaume Tell," appear to us to lead to this conclusion. Notwithstanding that the two first named, and more particularly "Semiramide," must ever be considered as works of a very superior order, they yet evince rather a high degree of art, science, and intimate knowledge of dramatic effect, than that genial inspiration which is the source of original and fascinating

melody. "Le Siege de Corinthe," a *rifacimento* as it is of his unsuccessful "Maometto Secondo," has met with no better reception than its prototype; and "Le Comte Ory," another made-up piece from "Le Voyage à Rheims," is altogether an insignificant production, with the exception of one or two good choruses; and failed, deservedly, on its first representation at the King's theatre.

"Guillaume Tell" is the most recent opera of Rossini, and was brought out at Paris in 18—. As the poem is far more important than that of "Le Comte Ory," and Rossini was known to have devoted much time to its composition, we felt, along with the majority of the musical public, an intense curiosity to ascertain the value of its music. Although the music be very voluminous, "Guillaume Tell" appears to us more in the light of a musical melodrama than a regular opera. A considerable part of the action is carried on with the aid of dramatic music; there are many long recitativos; and an unusual number of choruses constitute a principal portion of the opera. The whole seems to bear the stamp of careful elaboration and assiduity; is indisputably not only the best French opera from the pen of Rossini, but a work which proclaims the hand of a great master in his art, and which presents occasional gleams of the Promethean spark, as regards originality of melodic invention. The latter, however, are not so frequent, and the reminiscences and repetitions of earlier ideas not so rare, as to lull our fears concerning the wane of the flame which cheered and vivified some of Rossini's earlier productions. Art and science seem to us to predominate largely over invention; and they have not been spared in the construction of the great mass of the choruses, some of which are masterly. Rossini's style seems to have undergone a change on the borders of the Seine, not for the better, we think. It is as if the pomegranate or myrtle had been grafted upon the northern hawthorn or wild cherry, and the blossoms presented a hybrid approximation between the alien species.

SONG.

MARY! now let us love employ
  Among the happy smiles of May,
Oh! let us bind the wings of Joy,
  And keep him captive for a day.
Nature in love doth now disclose
  Her flow'rs in full ripe smiles to thee!
'Twill be too late to seek the rose,
  When Autumn leaves have left the tree:
So let us wreath Joy's brow to day—
To-morrow he may speed away!

While on this meadow-bank we sit,
Mark thou the sights that might thee move;
How that the winds, in amorous fit,
Woo things inanimate to love!
The bulrush bows, in graceful art,
To kiss the river's lesser weeds;
And flags, in many a merry start,
Rustling, whisper to the reeds:
Shall things inanimate agree
To love—unmoving thee and me?

See yonder skylark, from the corn
Rises to sing his wedding lay,
For he was wed at early morn,
And Twilight gave the bride away.
The church above the trees doth climb:
Love! promise, and we'll soon be there:
'Tis well to borrow haste from Time,
If Time hath present joys to spare:
Delay not, Mary, till to-morrow!
It might repay thee—but with sorrow!

AN ESSAY ON THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF MUSIC.

"Thou mere vacuity, thou thing of air,
In merit shall Sol Fa with sense compare?"

To hear men disputing upon the importance, the excellence, or superiority of their several occupations, studies, tastes, or amusements, a person of an enlightened mind, and totally uninterested in the controversy, would quickly and very naturally draw this conclusion, that amidst the jar of opposite and contradictory opinions, there is no rule or criterion presented, by which the favourite ideas of one party should be held as preferable to those of another. He would think that, as various minds are variously modified, they would consequently require different kinds of employment, and that every occupation, study, taste, or amusement, that carried with it a high degree of pleasure or satisfaction to any one individual, must, on that account, become important to him, and worthy of his preference; but that if from abstract we go to general considerations, neither the pursuits of these or those persons could be truly said to be important or insignificant, or best or worst; each, as it were, only forming a single part of that vast round of occupations, that are necessary to be kept up, to carry on the system of this terrestrial existence. This reasoning, in all ordinary cases, would undoubtedly be just, and he that should deny it would, by so doing, only expose the unsoundness of his philosophy, and narrowness of his views. But the case I am

going to put is not an ordinary one, or sufficiently vague and uncertain in its nature, for any one who seriously considers it, to be mistaken in; and therefore I trust that in the following rather desultory essay, I shall not justly incur the imputation of arguing against my own premises. Every thing in nature, we find, has its opposite; thus water is opposed to fire, space to materiality, night to day, winter to summer, &c. &c.; and when it is asked what is the opposite of sense, then I answer decidedly that opposite is music. I affirm it, that the study or practice of this science has a strong tendency to stop the process of thinking; it dulls the vivacity and obscures the brightness of the mental images; it reduces the intellectual energies, allays the fervency of the imagination, weakens the judgment, fills the heart with a disagreeable languor, and eradicates every manly feeling from the soul; and, in fine, renders the mind unfit, and gives it a disgust for every occupation or pursuit wherein thought (its noblest quality) is to be brought into activity. But it will perhaps be said, How! music, that sublime science, which is known to be capable of disarming the fiercest rage, of soothing the profoundest grief, enlivening the gloomiest fit of melancholy, and inspiring us with thoughts of mirth and festivity, can it be fraught with such pernicious consequences? To which it may be replied, by way of illustration, that ardent spirits, when only applied in a medicinal way, have always a beneficial result, but when taken at all times and in quantities, must have a most injurious effect on the constitution. It is not, then, the listening to music at intervals that can have any pernicious effect on the mind; on the contrary, it may benefit it, as the temporary relaxation that it yields to the mental springs may give them fresh vigour, and renew, as it were, their elasticity: but the continued study or practice of music is quite another thing to this. This science is of too difficult and complicated a nature ever to be attained by any one, whatever aptitude he may have to learn, by a moderate degree of application; he must either give the chief of his attention to it, or abandon it entirely. There should be, indeed, no medium between these two courses; for a little smattering in this science I conceive to be the most contemptible thing in the world. Let those who can, find a pleasure in puffing discordantly on the flute, in scraping on the violin harshly and out of tune, in jarring the keys of a piano-forte with unscientific fingers, or in the squall of an uncultivated voice; for my part, I would prefer, and would recommend others to prefer, a total unacquaintance with the subject. Before a person attempts to learn this science, it is proper he should be informed what is likely to be the ultimate result of a regular course of musical studies. He should be

informed that if he can have the perseverance to undergo a ten years' discipline in the arcanum of sounds, he will in all probability overcome every difficulty, and play with ease, taste, and precision; but by this time his ear will be completely palled, and he will have totally lost all pleasure in the practice of music; as, however, he will deem it a pity to give up an acquirement that has cost him so much time and application, and as he will find the constant practice of it still to be necessary to retain it, in any kind of perfection, he will be induced to play, even while he is disgusted with the thing; and thus find, that what he at first entered upon as an amusement, has become in the end a mere drudgery, a burden that presses down, as it were, on the more noble capabilities of the mind, an obstacle that seems to stand in the way of the more important avocations of life. The faculty of thinking owes its physical cause to a certain peculiar motion communicated to the brain by that incomprehensible power we denominate the will; the capacity for performing music also depends on a certain motion of the nervous system, which is called forth, or engendered, by repeated practice: but these two modes of action of the organs of the human machine, are in their nature as contradictory and opposite to each other, as is the bright ascending flame to the watery element, which quickly extinguishes it. To think of blending the two qualifications together, that is, accustoming our nerves to perform these opposite movements, without one motion being impaired or disordered by the attendance of the other, is as vain as if we were to endeavour to reconcile the above elements with each other; so that by their assimilation neither a partial nor mutual destruction might ensue. Between sense and music, equally as between fire and water, a rivalry or contention cannot be long kept up; for either the former, by feeling the deadly weight of its opponent press down upon its energies, and clogging, as it were, the airy play of its intellectual machinery, will, after a faint resistance, finally give up the contest; or the latter, by becoming sensible of its unimportance in regard to its influence over rational beings, will, as if ashamed of the weakness and puerility of its cause, withdraw its presumptuous claim, and retire into that back-ground where it ought for ever to remain. The ancients had a notion that the celestial orbs, as they revolved in the ethereal expanse, gave utterance to divine harmony, and which they denominated the music of the spheres; but for my part, whenever I view these stupendous objects, and contemplate their grandeur and importance, their incessant activity, and the undeviating regularity with which they trace out their courses amidst the immensity of space, no idea can be further removed from my

mind than that music is combined with, or is a result of, the astonishing phenomena. In this respect I differ so much from the ancients, that I am led to conclude, that could that mighty power or principle, which is the occult or hidden cause of that eternal activity of material nature, which constitutes the beautiful phenomena of the universe, be led to feel the stealing, languor-imparting, enfeebling influence of a scientific combination of melodious sounds, it would by degrees relax its mighty energy, and all matter, for want of the necessary impulse, be reduced to that sluggish and quiescent state which might be deemed the lethargy of nature.

Some people are of the opinion, that the pleasure derived from hearing music, is the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment; alas! that beings gifted with a portion of the Supreme intelligence should think thus, and so neglect their noblest capabilities for an unmeaning sound. What is the finest adagio, let me ask, that ever was composed, compared to a pathetic and beautiful literary composition? What is the liveliest allegro that ever was engendered in the maudlin fancy of a musician, compared to the enlivening wit which fills the pages of a Smollett or a Sterne? It will perhaps be contended that these are things of so different a nature, that it is absurd in the highest degree to compare them together; but it must be observed, that the votaries of Terpsichore maintain there to be a certain kind of expression pervading all good musical pieces, which is capable of calling forth all those emotions of the mind that are allied to, or identified with thought. If so, then the absurdity of the comparison is not so very apparent. There are even those who not only think music to be the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment, but that it will also constitute our chief felicity in a future existence; and many learned though superstitious men have given in to this (not to call it by a worse name) absurd opinion, and pleased themselves with the conceit, that the blessed would be almost perpetually occupied in chanting hallelujahs, accompanied by the celestial sounds of golden harps and viols. For my own part, if that be really so, I must candidly declare, that I shall be but a cold participator of the joys of heaven. I hope, however, that in this case, the celestial regions will offer something, besides, that shall be more congenial with my taste. I mean a delightful scene of ever verdant hills and dales, and paradisaical bowers, where smiling spring shall perpetually reign, and to which I may retire like the prince in the happy valley, and be beyond the reach of the sounds produced by this vast orchestra. There, the only harmony that should attune and soothe my soul, should be the exquisite musings the enchanting prospect around me should call forth; and the only

hallelujah that I would raise to the Divinity, should be that divine modulation of feeling that arises from a sense of gratitude for happiness conferred. As the dull vapours of a summer's morning obscure the brilliant beauties of nature, so music throws her dusky veil over all the fine intellectual emanations of the mind. Thus we find the professors and lovers of harmony seldom know any thing beyond this science; there are indeed exceptions to be found, but they are rare. Rousseau may be said almost to constitute a phenomenon in this respect: he was not only a lover of music, but also a teacher and composer, and yet his literary abilities have never been surpassed: even Voltaire, who hardly could be brought to acknowledge any rival, was jealous of him. But even this case the ingenious author of Emilius requires to be qualified, for it appears from his own confession, that he was never able to play at sight; and to account for this deficiency rather puzzled him, as his practice was sufficient to have made a person tolerably expert in this respect; but though this philosopher could not unravel the mystery of his inability, I think that I can do it, and clearly point out its physical source and fundamental cause. Nature had modified the organization of Rousseau's brain in an especial and peculiar manner, and in consequence, with a taste for music, he possessed an understanding too strong, and an imagination too glowing and vivid, ever to be able to read with facility a musical composition with which he was unacquainted; for not all his study and practice in this science could reduce the velocity or vivacity of that organical action on which his nobler and better faculties had their physical dependence. Had he persevered more closely still than he did, he might perhaps have succeeded in his design, (for stones are hollowed by the continual dropping of water,) he might have checked the exquisite play of his mental organs, he might have clogged the wheels that carried on his fine understanding, he might have abated the bright fire of his intellectual genius, and have acquired, as a compensation for all this loss, the important art of playing an *Adagio*, an *Andante*, an *Allegro*, a *Capriccio*, and even a Furioso, correctly on the very first trial. O Rousseau, thou mighty master of the pathetic and sublime! who possessed the magic key to unlock so completely the human heart, peace to thy spirit wherever it may abide! right glad am I, that all thy perseverance in regard to music, was never rewarded with the success thou so desirest; to this failure may I attribute my becoming acquainted with *Emilius*, with *Julia*, with *the Social Contract*, &c. &c. works which have more correctly attuned my soul than all the artificial combination of musical notes that I have played, or that have

ever struck on my ear. A few words more and I conclude. There is a little insignificant insect, which lays its eggs deep in the body of a far larger animal than itself, and the young embryo is brought forth, matured, and perfected, at the expense of the whole vitals of the other party: just so it is with music; for this, though insignificant when compared to the leading and original powers of the soul, insinuates itself by degrees into the mind, disturbs the mental economy, absorbs its energies, and at length quite subdues the understanding, destroying the source from whence it derived its nature. Thus the intelligent spirit of Haydn seemed finally to have died, ere the sands of his existence had near run out their course, and he became a doting idiot; and thus too, a recent and celebrated leader of our public oratorios lost his reason, and like a mere child, was necessitated to be placed under another person's guidance.

ABEL AND HIS VIOL DA GAMBA. Abel, the German composer, and professional partner of Bach, was so attached to the *viol da gamba*, in the performance of which he excelled every cotemporary practitioner, as to prefer its thin, grating tones, to the notes of all other instruments. At a dinner party one day given by the late Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty, the various attractions of the different musical instruments forming the subject of conversation, his lordship proposed that every gentleman should say which of them was his favourite; when Abel, after hearing with constrained patience, one guest name the organ, another the piano-forte, another the hautboy, another the clarionet, &c. &c. but no one name the *Viol da Gamba*, suddenly arose from his seat, and left the room: exclaiming—"O dere be de brute in de world; dere be dose who no love de king of all de instrument."

HAYDN. The celebrated Haydn composed, from his eighteenth to his seventy-third year, 163 pieces for the viola da gamba, 20 divertismentos for various instruments, 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin-solos, 15 concertos for various instruments, 40 services, 13 quartetts, 66 sonatas, 42 duets, 5 German puppet operas, (a performance which Maria Therese was much attached to,) 5 oratorios, 366 Scotch airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes, amounting in all to the prodigious number of 1228. He was born, 1730; died in May, 1809.

MUSICAL INQUIRY. A new mad-house has been erected at Milan, near the Port de Saint Celso, which contains a musical saloon, with different sorts of musical instruments, for the practice of the inmates. The object is to ascertain whether music has a beneficial effect over mental disease.

GREAT MEN THAT WERE INDIFFERENT TO MUSIC. Wind-

ham said four of the greatest men he knew had no relish for music,—Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Dr. Johnson, and Pitt. [To these we believe may be added Pope, and in our own times, Southey.]

Musical Rivals. Gizziello and Caffarelli. It was remarked, that Gizziello had materially improved in style from the opportunities he had enjoyed of hearing and studying the manner of Farinelli; and so great a reputation did he acquire at Lisbon, that the king of Naples, Charles III., who had just finished the theatre of San Carlo, determined that the two greatest singers of the age should be heard at one time upon its boards; and though Caffarelli was to be brought from Poland, and Gizziello from Portugal, he carried his determination into effect. The opera selected for the display of their rival exertions was Pergolesi's "*Achille in Sciro*," in which the one performed the part of Ulysses, the other that of Achilles. Caffarelli had the first air, and it appeared as if nothing could equal the impression he made. The court and the whole audience indulged in loud and enthusiastic applauses, which lasted for many minutes. Gizziello acknowledged afterwards, that he was almost stupified with wonder at what he heard, and gave himself up for lost. "However," said he, "I commended myself to heaven, and took courage." The air he had to sing was of a pathetic character; the tone of his voice so pure and touching, the exquisite finish of his execution, the expression which he threw into his style, and perhaps also the emotion which the success of his rival had excited in his breast; all these combined, gave an air of such sublimity to his singing, that the king rose and clapped his hands in transport; the whole court followed the royal example, and the theatre rang with the extatic and reiterated plaudits of the audience. It was a drawn battle: neither of the rivals retreated with defeat from the field; but Caffarelli was pronounced the greatest singer in the brilliant, and Gizziello in the expressible style.

Haydn, sober and solitary as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

Cherubini was in the habit of composing when surrounded by company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the pips with faces caricatured, and all kinds

of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though not equally great with both.

"GOD SAVE THE KING." It is curious enough that the popular song of God save the King was composed by John Bull. It has been attributed to Harry Carey and others; but authentic documents were lately brought forward to show, that Dr. Bull, chamber-musician to James I. was the composer; and that the production was originally performed before that monarch at Merchant Tailors' hall, on the 16th of July, 1607, in celebration of his majesty's escape from the gunpowder-plot. Hence the "scattering" of his "enemies," and the imprecation on their "knavish tricks." Hence perhaps, also, the emphatic repetition of the word "save," and the wish, "God save us all." The composition received its present harmony, we believe, from Dr. Arne, and first became popular during the rebellion of 1745, George being substituted for James.

RECITATIVE. There is nothing that has more startled our English audience than the Italian recitative: at its first entrance upon the stage, the people were wonderfully surprised to hear generals sing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they first heard a lover chaunting out a *billet doux*. The famous blunder in an old play of "enter a king and two fiddlers solus," was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak unaccompanied with musical instruments.

MUSICAL DOG. A letter from Naples mentions a most extraordinary little poodle dog, who at the command of his mistress perched himself on a music-stool, and howled the chromatic scale, and at the same time beat the keys of the piano-forte with his fore paws; he concluded his performance by a long shake, after which he made his bow and jumped down.

HANDEL being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah chorus, replied in his imperfect English, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself;" and, indeed, we may well suppose that they must have been ideas little less sublime, that furnished sounds so grand in their combinations.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF MUSICAL SOUNDS ON ANIMALS. Sir Everard Home, V. P. R. S. has recently made some interesting inquiries, by way of comparison, between the auricular organs of man and quadrupeds. The result of his researches seems to prove, that shrill tones, or the upper notes of an instrument, have, comparatively, little effect in exciting the attention of

animals, whilst the full lower tones stimulate them almost to fury. Sir Everard observes, "that the effect of the high notes upon the piano-forte upon the great lion in Exeter Change, only called his attention, which was considerable, though he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat or lower notes sounded, than he sprung up, lashed his tail, and yelled violently, and endeavoured to break loose; and became altogether so furious as to alarm the spectators present."

HAYDN AND HIS PUPIL PLEYEL. It was a custom of Haydn, as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he again looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartetts, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him, whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed it from his mind, and forgot entirely the objects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards, Haydn felt inclined to peruse these quartetts, of which he thought favourably, but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, and were no where to be found, and all attempts to recover them ended only in disappointment. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartetts; and notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, he continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil, convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from the robbery; these stolen quartetts never saw the light.

FRAGMENT.

THE moon has vanish'd like some gliding ghost,
That for a moment mounts the distant hill,
Where waving trees appear a gather'd host,
Through whose dark ranks the night wind whistles shrill;
Came she alone to view a scene so still,
Or to announce the tempest's scatt'ring rage?
A sultry warmth dispels the night breeze chill;
I hear the distant storm,—it comes to wage
War with the slumbering world, and will 'ere long engage.

It comes! it comes! the cavern'd thunder springs
From its dark bed; the clouds are rolling back
To gather strength; hark! now the welkin rings,
Nature awakes, hills echo, mountains crack,
Now darkness dons his suit of blackest black;
From clashing chariots leap the shining train
Of blue-wing'd lightnings;—now is seen their track,
Through the dun thicket, now, sweeping the plain,
The flying steeds are seen shaking their fiery mane.

I am a child of tempest—and I love
To view the lightnings wave their flaming arms,
And hear the pealing thunder roll above
The answering hills, nor shrink when heaven alarms
The slumb'ring earth: her gleaming torch hath charms
She then reveals, darting from vale to vale,
Rushing in blazing splendour, to disarm
Black column'd night; earth's clad in fiery mail,
While loud, hoarse, rumbling thunder shouts amid the gale.

Who dare ascend the hill when tempests beat,
And howling winds are loose and walk abroad;
When on dark clouds the Thunderer makes his seat,
And bids his black artillery explode?
Who's dar'd to mark him, as he proudly rode
On his dun car, rolling from rock to rock,
That echoing trembles 'neath the mighty load?
The turrets' boasted strength his hot bolts mock,
He strikes—piecemeal they fall to earth with dreadful shock.

Who's dared to claim a kindred with the storm,
Or dance, link'd hand in hand with raging wind?
Or mount the lofty billows, and perform
The madd'ning reel, where seas roll unconfined,
And wave-worn vales with streaming flames are lined?
Upon their blue curled heads red lightnings slide;
Anon, the leaping thunder—bounds behind,
Chasing hot shafts, which through the valleys glide,
While on white foaming waves the Thunderer dares to ride.

On mountain waves, behold—behold him stand,
Hurling his red shafts through the sable sky;
Grasping long-forked lightnings in his hand,
Ten thousand thunderbolts around him lie,
At his hoarse mandate o'er the hills they fly,
Split the firm rock, scatter the lofty tower,
Aim'd by his piercing, dark, unerring eye,
Hell gapes, and from the blaze receives fresh power,
Catching the flaming brands, as sand inhales a shower.

I love the open air, the breadth of heaven,
I love the forest's depth, the mountain high,
Britain's own Alps, the peak by thunder riven,
The midnight dark, when fire-wing'd lightnings fly,
Waving their blazing banners o'er the sky,
As though they gave the pealing thunder chase;
Hark! now I hear the mocking hills reply
In dreadful laughter, now two clouds embrace
With furious clash; earth totters on its flimsy base. T. MILLER.

DANCING.

ESSAY ON DANCING.

DANCING, which is now a profane, was once a sacred pastime. The Egyptians danced at the mysteries of Isis, they taught many of their military exercises in a dance called the Memphian: they even recorded and represented astronomical facts in a dance given on the feast of Apis. The Jews borrowed these religious ceremonies of the Egyptians. They not only danced in the wilderness around the golden calf; but at the feast of the Lord in Shiloh (Judges xxi. 19), they celebrated dances, which terminated like those with which Romulus entertained the Sabine women. These dances did not accord with modern ideas of decency; for when David brought the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom, the daughter of Saul (2 Samuel vi. 20) reproached the king with having, like one of the vulgar, uncovered himself shamefully. Yet the practice of temple dances was not discontinued: in many of the Psalms (see Lorin's Commentary on the third verse of the 149th Psalm) the people are called on to praise the Lord in the dance. From the descriptions preserved of the three Jewish temples of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Alexandria, it is known that a sort of stage was erected before the altar, where dances were publicly performed by the young, accompanied with dance and song. The Greeks naturalized the military, or Memphian dance of the Egyptians, under the name of Pyrrhic. The javelin, the shield, the sword, were all employed in this exhibition. It was sacred to Pallas; and named from Pyrrhus of Epirus, who

introduced it as conducive to military agility and skill. The Bacchic dances of the Greeks were consecrated to jollity, to amusement, and to pleasure. The Muse Terpsichore was supposed to preside over them; and Comus was said to have invented them. The annual dances of the vintagers, in which they smeared their faces with lees of wine, and the theatric dances, which accompanied and relieved the choral odes of the dramatists, were both orgies of Bacchus. Lycurgus instituted dancings in honour of Apollo: at one of these balls, Theseus saw Helen, fell in love with her, and carried her off. The old men at Sparta had an appropriate dance in honour of Chronos, or Saturn. Homer praises Merion as "the dancer." Hippocleides lost his bride by a vain display of agility in dancing: his saying, "What cares Hippocleides for that?" became a proverbial expression of dissembled contempt. The Athenians had funeral dances, of which the movement was slow, the dress white, the garlands were of cypress, the music solemn, and the occasional pauses filled up with sobs and howls of woe. They had also dances distinguished by peculiar appellations, which employed a few, or two, or a single dancer. Demosthenes reproaches Philip with causing hornpipes (cordax) to be danced before him after dinner by naked boys. The *hormus* resembled a cotillion, and employed eight dancers, who frequently joined hands. The *emmeleia* sometimes resembled our minuet by its gravity and dignity. The Romans imported the dances of the Greeks: they were a more decorous people, and have left declamations and laws against dancing dances which the Greeks executed without a blush. Scipio Africanus entertained his guests with dancing. Mark Antony was censured for taking a licentious part in some religious dances. Under the reign of Augustus, Pylades carried the serious, and Bathyllus the comic pantomime, to the highest perfection. The hymeneal dances began under Tiberius to assume so indecent a character, that the senate made a decree to suppress them, and to banish the dancing-masters from Rome. The priests of Cybele travelled about, like our travellers, to perform dances in public for hire. Lucian has left an entertaining account of these exhibitions. The Goths, when Tacitus described them, had their dance of spears, in which young lads threw javelins at each other, and moved to and fro uninjured between the flight of darts. The first Christians, in imitation of the Jews, gave balls in their churches. On the eve of great festivals, and after the close of the love feasts, the young people danced on a stage in the choir. Scaliger thinks that the bishops were called *præsules*, a *præsiliendo*, because they set up the dance. Father Heliot has collected curious particulars of these religious or

ecclesiastical balls, which were suppressed by the council of Carthage, in 397, under Pope Gregory. Since that period, the idea seems to have been continually gaining ground, that the happiness of man is displeasing to the Deity, and that joyous rites may not form a part of public worship. This prejudice is injurious to the state. Quintilian recommends dancing to the orator, and Locke to the gentleman; but its most important value is to the soldier. Because the French are a people of dancers, they carry agility and skill in the military exercises further than their neighbours. In proportion as the imminence of domestic defence increases, government ought to patronize among the common people a taste for dancing. Instead of roasting oxen whole, kindling bonfires, and distributing porter, a victory or peace should be celebrated by a popular *hop*. Those cotton mills and spinning engines, which inflict a sedentary and unwholesome confinement on the adolescent, ought in atonement to cater for their pleasures, and to attach a dancing-master to the establishment. The subscribers to Sunday-schools should provide, after mental fatigue, bodily recreation for their pupils, and engage a dancing usher to marshal the sports of the children. Not only musicians, but dancers should be attached to every regiment by the secretary at war, and stationed in every barrack, that cheap instruction in the art of dancing may every where be within reach. The physical education of the poor has too long and too inhumanly been neglected: we steep their youth in ceaseless azotic confinement, and rear a melancholy band of withered and distorted carcases. Come back to our temples, ye graces and ye sports; joy, health, and beauty, are inseparable attendants of your train!

ORIGIN OF THE "DANCE." The dance, which at the present day is much admired as a diversion, was, in origin, a sort of mystery and ceremony. The Jews, to whom God himself gave laws and ceremonies, introduced it in their festivals; and the Pagans, after them, consecrated it to their divinities. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and Miriam his sister, to return thanks to the Almighty for the preservation of the people, and the defeat of the Egyptians drowned in the Red Sea, arranged two grand dances, with music, one for the men, the other for the women. They danced, singing the substance of the 15th chapter of Exodus, and performing a graceful ballet.

DANCES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

As many of our fair readers, who delight to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," may be pleased to receive some information with

respect to the dancing of their ancestors, we have made, from Dr. Drake's "Shakspeare and his times," the following extracts for their use:—"Dancing was an almost daily amusement in the court of Elizabeth; the queen was peculiarly fond of this exercise, as had been her father, Henry the Eighth; and the taste for it became so general during her reign, that a great part of the leisure of almost every class of society was spent, and especially on days of festivity, in dancing. To dance elegantly was one of the strongest recommendations to the favour of her majesty; and her courtiers, therefore, strove to rival each other in this pleasing accomplishment; nor were their efforts, in many instances, unrewarded. Sir Christopher Hatton, we are told, owed his promotion, in a great measure, to his skill in dancing; and in accordance with this anecdote, Gray opens his "Long Story" with an admirable description of his merit in this department; which, as containing a most just and excellent picture, both of the architecture and manners of "the days of good queen Bess," as well as of the dress and agility of the knight, we with pleasure transcribe. Stoke-Pogeis, the scene of the narrative, was formerly in the possession of the Hattons.

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

The brawl, a species of dance here alluded to, is derived from the French word *braule*, "indicating," observes Mr. Douce, "a shaking or swinging motion. It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle, and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the time. It usually consisted of three *pas* and a *pied-joint*, to the time of four strokes of the bow; which being repeated, was termed a double brawl. With this dance balls were usually opened." Shakspeare seems to have entertained as high an idea of the efficacy of a French brawl, as probably did Sir Christopher Hatton, when he exhibited before Queen Elizabeth; for he makes Moth,

in Love's Labour Lost, ask Armado, "Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?" and he then exclaims, "These betray nice wenches." That several dances were included under the term brawls, appears from a passage in Shelton's Don Quixote: "After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawles:" and Mr. Douce informs us, that amidst a great variety of brawls, noticed in Thoinot Arbeau's treatise on dancing, entitled Orchesographia, occurs a Scotch brawl; and he adds, that this dance continued in fashion to the close of the seventeenth century, Another dance of much celebrity at this period, was the *pavin*, or *pavan*, which, from the solemnity of the measure, seems to have been held in utter aversion by Sir Toby Belch, who, in reference to his intoxicated surgeon, exclaims, "Then he's a rogue! After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue." This is the text of Mr. Tyrwhitt; but the old copy reads, "Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure's pavyn," which is probably correct; for the pavan was rendered still more grave by the introduction of the passa-mezzo air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle in a slow step, or *cinque pace*. This alteration of time occasioned the term passa-mezzo to be prefixed to the name of several dances; thus we read of the passa-mezzo galliard, as well as the passa-mezzo pavin; and Sir Toby, by applying the latter appellation to his surgeon, meant to call him not only a rogue, but a solemn coxcomb. "The pavan, from *pavo*, a peacock," observes Sir J. Hawkins, "is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently, by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns, with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for this step, in the Orchesographia of Thoinot Arbeau. Of the passa-mezzo little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a passa-mezzo galliard, which, in the year 1647, a padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same he says with an air of that kind, which, in Shakspeare's play of Henry the Fourth, was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician, there named." Of equal gravity with the "doleful pavin," as Sir W. D'Avenant calls it, was the measure, to tread which was the relaxation of the most dignified characters in the state, and formed a part of the revelry of the inns of court, where the gravest lawyers were often found treading the measures. Shakspeare puns upon the name of this

dance, and contrasts it with the Scotch jig in Much Ado about Nothing, where he introduces Beatrice telling her cousin Hero, "The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too importunate, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave." A more brisk and lively step accompanied the canary dance, which was likewise very fashionable. "I have seen a medicine," says Lafeu, in All's Well that Ends Well, alluding to the influence of female charms,

> "That's able to bring life into a stone;
> Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
> With spritely fire and motion."

And Moth advises Armado, when dancing the brawl, to canary it with his feet. The mode of performing this dance is thus given by Mr. Douce, from the treatise of Thoinot Arbeau: "A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done, he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the lady. Then he makes up to her again, with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties, with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style." Beside the brawl, the pavin, the measure, and the canary, several other dances were in vogue, under the general titles of corantoes, lavoltoes, jigs, galliards, and fancies; but the four which we have selected for more peculiar notice, appear to have been the most celebrated.

DANCING.

A MULTITUDE of very wise people have declared, that the nineteenth century has made a decided retrograde: quite as large a multitude have affirmed that it has made no such thing. To prove this they have produced some very weighty arguments; but they have always omitted one, viz. the attention we pay in this age to dancing. Aware that the necessary abstruseness and flatness of my subject may betray me into perplexity, I shall endeavour, for the sake of a *lucidus ordo*, to arrange my

remarks under different heads. And 1st, let me say that there is no art so ancient as dancing. I think it will be allowed by every thinking mind, that man was created with legs. What then can be more natural than to suppose that he put these legs to some use? I may be bold in the assertion, but I must be allowed to say that it is my unalterable opinion, that the first *pas seul* was danced by Adam in Paradise. Almost all the old Hebrew worthies shone in the dance; Moses was a renowned *figurante*, and David is almost as well known for his dancing as for his playing. We have often heard of a young lady's dancing a man's heart away—a Hebrew damsel danced a man's head off his shoulders. But let not my reader think that the Jews were the only cultivators of this science. The Egyptians have been long celebrated for their progress, nor did Cadmus fail to teach it to Greece, when he taught her every thing else. The Pyrrhic dance, with all its varieties, has been long in the mouths of the learned. Theseus and Numa both invented dances, and led off the first couple themselves. When Rome was mistress of the world, when her civilization flourished most, then dancing shone brightest. Pylades and Bathyllus drew the world after them. Rome fell, and lamed the dancers with the falling rubbish. The barbarian Tiberius banished dancing from Rome: no wonder that after ages have looked upon him as a monster. When Domitian grew wicked, dancers fell into disrepute with him. When the lamp of civilization was supplied with new oil by the Italians in the fifteenth century, then and there did the dance elate the legs of its votaries. But, 2nd, let me hasten to prove that dancing is wise:—1. Dancing is exercise.—2. Exercise is serviceable to life.—*Ergo*, Dancing is serviceable to life.—1. Dancing is serviceable to life.—2. Whatever is serviceable to life, is wise.—*Ergo*, Dancing is wise.—By these two simple syllogisms, I have no doubt set the matter at rest with every thinking mind; but I will even go farther. Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, is said to have invented the dance; but as this rests upon rather slender testimony, and as I myself think, with Diodorus Siculus, that a king of Phrygia had this honour, I shall not press it; but it is a well-known fact that the goddess danced a hornpipe after the defeat of the Titans. Socrates learned to dance of Aspasia. Homer makes all his heroes good dancers; so does Hesiod. Solomon (than whom no one was more capable of judging) has expressly assigned a time to mourn and a time to dance. Plato has not disdained to write about it, and divides it into three heads; and a learned professor of philosophy at Dantzic has given to the world a dissertation on it as late as 1782. The president Montesquieu, and Helvetius, both knew what the *esprit* of the dance

was. Professor Porson was a great dancer in his earlier days. It is also curious that the most rational animals, the dog and the elephant, both dance. But to sum up all in a word, that learned body, the lawyers, have always been noted for their antique masks and revelries. At certain times in the year, the learned judges, sergeants, and apprentices de la ley, wigged and gowned, all hand in hand *(a grand rond)* move majestically round a fire in their respective halls. The world applauded, and majesty joined in the shout. By this we may infer that Lords Hale, Coke, Fortescue, &c. and even our old friends Bracton and Glanville, were all "*Deux de la danse.*" There are two snarlers at this divine art, (I do not mention St. Jerome or St. Augustine, or the Albigenses and the Waldenses, at present) the one, Cicero, who in his oration for Gabinius, dared to call a man a fool if he danced; the other, Lord Byron, who has frequently railed against dancing. When Cicero pronounced that oration, his "dancing-days" were over; we may fairly presume, therefore, that he reviled it, knowing he could no longer shine in it. As for the noble lord, we all know that he could not dance even the Scotch step. I could now expatiate on various other heads—the use of dancing: the Cretans used to dance to the battle; so does our 42nd. Its pleasure—"Ich war kein Mensch mehr. Das liebenswürdigste Geschöpfin den Armen zu haben, und mit ihr herum zu fliegen wie Wetter, dass alles rings umher verging."—Its grace, "As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."—Its fluctuations, "Jigs grew to reels, and reels to cotillions." I could view it in a thousand lights, and it would be strengthened at each reflection;—but I abstain. I have attacked the most difficult points, and, I trust, with success. We would hint that dancing now-a-days is of great importance. A good *pastorale* has often procured an acred wife; the *ballances* has influenced the scale of many fortunes; the *demi queue de chat* has often entailed an estate; and the *chaine Anglaise* has been exchanged for the *chaine du dame*, and that not unfrequently for the fetters of Hymen. Therefore, *Saltare si recte nescis*, &c. I cannot better conclude than by quoting Tully's eulogium of a different thing, turning the words of the scorner against himself:—"Hæc studia (to wit waltzing and quadrilling) adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant adversis solatium et perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

DANCING DERVISHES.

In a mosque of Tophano (says Dr. Clarke) was exhibited the dance of the dervishes; and in another, at Scutari, the exhibition of the howling priests; ceremonies so extraordinary, that it is necessary to see them, in order to believe that they are really practised by human beings as acts of devotion. We saw them both; and first were conducted to behold the dance of Tophano. As we entered the mosque, we observed twelve or fourteen dervishes walking slowly round, before a superior, in a small space surrounded with rails, beneath the dome of the building. Several spectators were stationed on the outside of the railing; and being, as usual, ordered to take off our shoes, we joined the party. In a gallery over the entrance were stationed two or three performers on the tambourine and Turkish pipes. Presently the dervishes, crossing their arms over their breasts, and with each of their hands grasping their shoulders, began an obeisance to the superior, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the door of the mosque. Then each in succession, as he passed the superior, having finished his bow, began to turn round, first slowly, but afterwards with such velocity, that his long garments flying out in the rotatory motion, the whole party appeared spinning like so many umbrellas upon their handles. As they began, their hands were disengaged from their shoulders, and raised gradually above their heads. At length, as the velocity of the whirl increased, they were all seen, with their arms extended horizontally, and their eyes closed, turning with inconceivable rapidity. The music, accompanied by voices, served to animate them; while a steady old fellow, in a green pelisse, continued to walk among them, with a fixed countenance, and expressing as much care and watchfulness as if his life would expire with the slightest failure of the ceremony. I noticed a method they all observed in the exhibition; it was that of turning one of their feet, with their toes as much inward as possible, at every whirl of the body, while the other foot kept its natural position. The elder of these dervishes appeared to me to perform the task with so little labour or exertion, that although their bodies were in violent agitation, their countenances resembled those of persons in an easy sleep. The younger part of the dancers moved with no less velocity than the others; but it seemed in them a less mechanical operation. This extraordinary exercise continued for the space of fifteen minutes; a length of time it might be supposed, sufficient to exhaust life itself during such an exertion; and our eyes began to ache with the sight of so many objects all turning one way. Suddenly, on a signal given

by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the dervishes all stopped at the same instant, like the wheels of a machine, and, what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, and grasping their shoulders as before, bowing together with the utmost regularity, at the same instant, almost to the ground. We regarded them with astonishment, not one of them being in the slightest degree out of breath, heated, or having his countenance at all changed. After this they began to walk as at first; each following the other within the railing, and passing the superior as before. As soon as their obeisance had been made, they began to turn again. This second exhibition lasted as long as the first, and was similarly concluded. They then began to turn for the third time; and, as the dance lengthened, the music grew louder and more animating. Perspiration became evident on the features of the dervishes; the extended garments of some among them began to droop; and little accidents occurred, such as their striking against each other; they nevertheless persevered, until large drops of sweat falling from their bodies upon the floor, such a degree of friction was thereby occasioned, that the noise of their feet rubbing the floor was heard by the spectators. Upon this, the third and last signal was made for them to halt, and the dance ended. This extraordinary performance is considered miraculous by the Turks. By their law, every species of dancing is prohibited; and yet, in such veneration is this ceremony held, that an attempt to abolish it would excite insurrection among the people.

DANCING. The Chinese have odd ideas of this amusement. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

QUADRILLES.

I HAVE resolved never again to dance;—and yet this is a cruel resolution at two-and-thirty. For ten years I have been a happy member of our social assemblies in the pleasant town of ———. My subscription will be saved; but how shall I fill up the tedious winter months without the recollections of the past, and the anticipations of the coming ball? Delightful companions of the full moon—blooming evenings of defiance to hail and frost—ye are gone, and my solitary hearth must be

my solace. I shall never forget the night when the seeds of your destruction were first sown. Louisa W. had to call, and I was her delighted partner. The eager hands were clapped, the discordant strings were screwed up into tune, and we were debating with the venerable leader of our country band the relative merits of "the Honey Moon" and "Speed the Plough." With the most correct taste, Louisa had decided for "right and left," in preference to "la poussette,"—we were ready. At that instant, a handsome officer of dragoons—the coxcomb—advanced to Louisa, and in the most humble tone—the puppy—ventured to recommend a quadrille. Louisa's eyes consulted mine, and I boldly consulted the leader. I knew the range of his acquirements, and I was safe;—we went down with "the Honey Moon;" but the evil was rooted. Within a fortnight there was a special meeting of the subscribers to our assembly-room to discuss an important question. It was convened at the particular desire of a lady of fashion, who had become a temporary resident among us. I knew there was mischief brooding, and, as I was petulant, I staid away. Poor Kit, the master of our band, and his faithful followers, were dismissed after thirty years' duteous service; and four fiddlers, from Paine's, I think they said, came from London by the coach—fine powdered fellows in silk stockings—but no more to compare with Kit's crew for strength and untiring execution than a Jew's-harp to a hand organ. But they were wonderfully applauded; and Louisa, seeing that I would not sanction them, recommended me to take lessons. I would as soon have learned to speak High Dutch. They have now gone on for two years with their quadrilles—but I have done with them. I hate their curtsies and their bows—their skipping in and their skipping out—their endless labyrinths—their barbarous nomenclature. Departed visions of the dear country dances of my boyhood, to what foreign land are ye fled? Even the shopkeepers of M———, who meet every Christmas at the Hoop and Griffin to "a ball and supper," have banished you. Are ye gone to thrust out waltzes from Germany, or fandangos from Spain—are ye departed to unnationalize other feet, like the detestable quadrilles have corrupted ours? Ah, no!—ye have not the subtlety of your hateful rival—like your unhappy countrymen, ye must give place to the cuckoo tribe, who drive you from your nests. It is only twenty years since I learned to dance—ay, sirs, under a pupil of the celebrated Vestris—and my knowledge has become obsolete. To outlive one's old friends is the most painful feeling in earth's pilgrimage—and I have done this before I am grown grey. "The Jolly Young Waterman," and

"Money Musk," and the "Devil among the Tailors," and "Drops of Brandy," and "Off She Goes," and "Mother Casey," and "Molly put the Kettle on," and "Lady Montgomery," are with the things before the flood—and "I weep for them." But I will never abandon my early faith for "La Poule," or "L'Eté," or —— Psha! I hate myself for knowing even these execrable names. I will practise, even with my own chairs, "up the middle and down again, swing corners, hands four, and right and left," till the gout overtakes me—but I will never prostitute myself to "dos-à-dos, chassée en avant, balancer, tourner les dames, or chaine Anglaise,"—no, not if I could secure myself an exemption from crutches till my eightieth winter. I have two much patriotism in my blood. I am satisfied that my hatred to quadrilles is not a vain caprice, but is founded upon moral and philosophical principles. There is nothing kind, genial, manly, womanly, cheerful, ebullient, in the quadrille. It is a formal and impertinent piece of personal display, from beginning to end. It is cold, repulsive, artificial;—it requires practice and skill—it is altogether an affair of the feet and not of the heart. It is unsuited to our climate and our habits;—it is for a people who would corrupt the unconstrained intercourse of our English dance into a matter of intrigue. But our country dance was made expressly for, if not by, our character. It requires no skill but what a good ear and good humour may supply; it breaks down the usual cold intercourse of the sexes into an unpresuming and regulated familiarity; it calls forth all the thousand graces of innocent hearts and unclouded spirits; it creates an interchange of individual sentiments, in the midst of the most cordial sociality. No maiden ever went away less innocent to her freest thoughts from a country dance, though her fingers had once or twice replied to a scarcely perceptible pressure from those of her handsome partner. But the balancing and footing of the quadrille—the display of personal advantages upon the most approved system of studied grace—it is altogether an unnatural and constrained affair—and when the simplicity of the heart is fled, its innocence is knocking very hard to be let out. A ball supplies the most exquisite pleasure to youthful and unsophisticated minds—and let such enjoy it, in the freshness and vivacity of their national dance. Quadrilles were made for prudes of forty and martinets of fifty. But I may live to see a re-action—Quadrilles have descended to the kitchen;—and so Sir Roger de Coverley may again find his true place in the drawing-room.

DRAWING.

LANDSCAPES.

LANDSCAPE painting includes every object that the country presents; and is distinguished into the heroic, and the pastoral or rural; of which, indeed, all other styles are but mixtures. The heroic style is a composition of objects, which in their kinds draw both from art and nature every thing that is great and extraordinary in either. The situations are perfectly agreeable and surprising. The only buildings are temples, pyramids, ancient places of burial, altars consecrated to the divinities, pleasure-houses of regular architecture; and if nature appear not there as we every day casually see her, she is at least represented as we think she ought to be. This style is an agreeable illusion, and a sort of enchantment, when handled by a man of fine genius and a good understanding, as Poussin was, who has so happily expressed it. But if, in the course of this style, the painter has not talent enough to maintain the sublime, he is often in danger of falling into the childish manner. The rural style is a representation of countries, rather abandoned to the caprice of nature, than cultivated: we there see nature simple, without ornament, and without artifice; but with all those graces wherewith she adorns herself much more when left to herself than when constrained by art. In this style, situations bear all sorts of varieties: sometimes they are very extensive and open, to contain the flocks of the shepherds; at others very wild, for the retreat of solitary persons, and a covert for wild beasts. There are numberless pieces wherein

both these styles happily meet; and which has the ascendant, will appear from their respective properties. The chief parts of landscapes are—their sites and openings, accidents, skies, and clouds, offskips and mountains, verdure or turfing, rocks, grounds or lands, terraces, fabrics, waters, fore-grounds, plants, figures, and trees. The word site, or situation, signifies the view, prospect, or opening, of a country. Situations ought to be well put together; and disengaged in their make, that the conjunction of grounds may not seem to be obstructed, though we should see but a part of them. 1. Situations are various, and represented, according to the plan of the painter, as either open or close, mountainous or watery, tilled and inhabited, or wild and lonely; or, in fine, variegated by a prudent mixture of some of these. But if the painter be obliged to imitate nature in a flat and regular country, he must make it agreeable by a good disposition of the *claro obscuro*, and such pleasing colouring, as may make one soil unite with another. 2. An accident in painting is an obstruction of the sun's light by the interposition of clouds, in such manner, that some part of the earth shall be in light and others in shade, which, according to the motion of the clouds, succeed each other, and produce such wonderful effects and changes of the *claro obscuro*, as seem to create so many new situations. 3. The sky, in painter's language, is the ethereal part over our heads; but more particularly the air in which we breathe, and that where clouds and storms are engendered. Its colour is blue, growing clearer as it approaches the earth, because of the interposition of vapours arising between the eye and the horizon; which being penetrated by the light, communicates it to objects in a greater or less degree, as they are more or less remote. But this light, being either yellow or reddish, at sunset these objects partake not only of the light but of the colour: thus the yellow light mixing with the blue colour of the sky, alters it, and gives it a tint more or less greenish, as the yellowness of the light is more or less deep. This observation is general and infallible; but there is an infinity of particular ones, which the painter must make upon the natural, with his pencil in his hand, when occasion offers; for there are very fine and singular effects appearing in the sky, which it is difficult to describe or account for by physical or optical reasons. 4. Offskips have a near affinity with the sky; it is the sky which determines either the force or faintness of them. They are darkest when the sky is most loaded, and brightest when it is most clear. They sometimes intermix their shapes and lights; and there are times, and countries, where the clouds pass between the mountains, whose tops rise and appear above them. Mountains that are

high, and covered with snow, are very proper to produce extraordinary effects in the offskip, which are advantageous to the painter, and pleasing to the spectator. The disposition of offskips is arbitrary; let them only agree with the whole together of the picture, and the nature of the country we would represent. They are usually blue, because of the interpositions of air between them and the eye; but they lose this colour by degrees, as they come nearer the eye, and so take that which is natural to the objects. In distancing mountains, we must observe to join them insensibly by the roundings off, which the reflections make probable; and avoid a certain edginess in their extremities, which make them appear in slices, as if cut with scissars, and stuck upon the cloth. 5. By verdure or turfing is meant the greenness with which the herbs colour the ground. This is done several ways; and the diversity proceeds, not only from the nature of plants, which, for the most part, have their particular verdures, but also from the change of seasons, and the colour of the earth, when the herbs are but thinly sown. By this variety, a painter may choose or unite, in the same tract of land, several sorts of greens, intermixed and blended together, which are often of great service to those who know how to use them; because this diversity of greens, as it is often found in nature, gives a character of truth to those parts, where it is properly used. There is a wonderful example of this part of landscape, in the view of Mechlin, by Rubens. 6. Though rocks have all sorts of shapes, and participate of all colours; yet there are, in their diversity, certain characters which cannot be well expressed without having recourse to nature. Some are in banks, and set off with beds of shrubs; others in huge blocks, either projecting or falling back; others consist of large broken parts, contiguous to each other; and others, in short, of an enormous size, all in one stone, either naturally, as freestone, or else through the injuries of time, which in the course of many ages has worn away their marks of separation. But whatever their form be, they are usually set out with clefts, breaks, hollows, bushes, moss, and the stains of time; and these particulars, well managed, create a certain idea of truth. 7. A ground or land, in the painter's style, is a certain distinct piece of land, which is neither too woody nor hilly. Grounds contribute, more than any thing, to the gradation and distancing of landscape; because they follow one another, either in shape, or in their *claro obscuro*, or in their variety of colouring, or by some insensible conjunction of one with another. 8. A terrace, in painting, is a piece of ground, either quite naked or having very little herbage, like great roads and places often frequented. They are of use chiefly in the fore-grounds of a picture, where

they ought to be very spacious and open, and accompanied with some accidental verdure, and some stones, which, if placed with judgment, give a terrace a greater share of probability. 9. Painters mean by buildings any structures they generally represent, but chiefly such as are of a regular architecture, and are most conspicuous. 10. Much of the spirit of landscape is owing to the waters which are introduced in it. They appear sometimes impetuous, as when a storm makes them overflow their banks; at other times rebounding, as by the fall of a rock; at other times, through unusual pressure, gushing out and dividing into numberless streams, whose motion and murmuring agreeably deceive both the eye and ear; at other times calm and purling in a sandy bed; at other times so still and standing, as to become a faithful looking-glass, which doubles all the objects that are opposite to it; and in this state they have more life than in the most violent agitation. Consult Bourdon's works, or his prints, on this subject: he has treated of waters with the greatest propriety. 11. As it is the part of the fore-ground to usher the eye into the piece, great care must be taken that the eye meet with good reception; sometimes by the opening of a fine terrace, whose design and workmanship may be equally curious; sometimes by a variety of well-distinguished plants, and these sometimes flowered; and at other times, by figures in a lively taste, or other objects, either admirable for their novelty or introduced as by chance. In a word, the artist cannot too much study his fore-ground objects, since they attract the eye, impress the first character of truth, and greatly contribute to make the artifice of a picture successful, and to anticipate our esteem for the whole work. 12. Plants are not always necessary in fore-grounds, because there are several ways of making those grounds agreeable. But if we resolve to draw plants there, we ought to paint them exactly after life. 13. In composing landscape, the artist may have intended to give it a character agreeable to the subject he has chosen, and which his figures ought to represent. He may also, as often happens, have only thought of his figures, after finishing his landscape. The truth is, the figures in most landscapes are made rather to accompany than to suit them. There are landscapes so disposed and situated, as to require only passing figures; which several good masters, each in his style, have introduced, as Poussin in the heroic, and Fouquier in the rural, with all probability and grace. Resting figures have also been made to appear inwardly active. And these two different ways of treating figures act equally, though in a different manner. It is rather inaction that ought to be blamed in figures; for in this condition, which robs them of all connexion

with the landscape, they appear to be pasted on. Great care must be taken to proportion the size of the figures to the bigness of the trees, and other objects of the landscape. And as they chiefly give life to a landscape, they must be dispersed as conveniently as possible. 14. The beauty of trees is, perhaps, one of the greatest ornaments of landscape; on account of the variety of their kinds, and their freshness, but chiefly their lightness, which makes them seem, as being exposed to the air, to be always in motion. Though diversity be pleasing in all the objects of landscape, it is chiefly in trees that it shows its greatest beauty. Landscape considers both their kinds and their forms. Their kinds require the painter's particular study, to distinguish them from each other; for we must be able at first sight to discover which are oaks, elms, firs, sycamores, poplars, willows, pines, &c. which, by a specific colour, or touching, are distinguishable from all other kinds. Besides the variety which is found in each kind of tree, there is in all trees a general variety. This is observed in the different manners in which their branches are disposed, some being very vigorous and thick, others being more dry and thin; some more green, others more red or yellow. But, whatever their nature or manner of branching be, let the handling be lively and thin, to preserve the spirit of their characters. The observation of the different barks merits particular attention; for in hard woods, age or accident chaps them, and thereby gives them a sort of embroidery. Beginners will find, in practice, that the chief trouble of landscape lies in handling trees; and both in practice and speculation, trees are the most difficult part of landscape, as they are its greatest ornament. After having studied and copied, with the pen or crayon, first the prints, and then the designs, of Titian and Caracci, the student should imitate with the pencil those touches which they have most distinctly specified, if their paintings can be procured; but since they are scarce, others should be got which have a good character for their touching; as those of Fouquier, who is a most excellent model: Paul Brill, Breugel, and Bourdon, are also very good; their touching is neat, lively, and thin. The student should here also apply himself assiduously to nature, and direct his genius to delineate that extensive variety, which she every where presents in the appearance of trees. The principal colours used in landscapes are, 1. flake white; 2. white lead, or common white; 3. fine light ochre; 4. brown ochre; 5. brown pink; 6. burnt umber; 7. ivory black; 8. Prussian blue; 9. ultramarine; 10. terraverte; 11. lake; 12. Indian red; 13. vermilion, or native cinnabar; 14. king's yellow. The principal tints are,

1. light ochre, and white; 2. light ochre, Prussian blue and white; 3. light ochre, and Prussian blue; 4. the same darker; 5. terraverte and Prussian blue; 6. brown pink and Prussian blue; 7. brown pink and brown ochre; 8. brown pink, ochre, and Prussian blue; 9. Indian red and white; 10. ivory-black, Indian red, and lake. The colours necessary for dead-colouring are, common white, light ochre, brown ochre, burnt umber, Indian red, ivory-black, and Prussian blue. The principal colours and tints for painting the sky are, fine white, ultramarine, Prussian blue, light ochre, vermilion, lake, and Indian red. The tints are, a fine azure, lighter azure, light ochre, and white, vermilion and white; and a tint made of white, a little vermilion, and some of the light azure, at your discretion.

PORTRAITURE. Before we proceed to particulars in this branch of painting, it is necessary to attend to some general propositions.

I. There is not a single person in the world who has not a peculiar character both in body and face.

II. Simple and genuine nature is more proper for imitation than nature embellished too artificially.

III. Painters easily accustom themselves to their own tints, and the manner of their masters; and after this habit is rooted, they view nature not as she really is, but as they are used to paint her.

IV. It is very difficult to make a picture, the figures of which are as big as life, to have the same effect near as at a distance.

V. It is proper, before we begin a portrait, to make a sketch of it.

There are four things necessary to make a portrait perfect; viz. air, colouring, dress, and attitude. 1. The air respects the lines of the face, the head-attire, and the size. The lines of the face depend upon exactness of draught, and agreement of the parts; which all together must represent the physiognomy of the person painted in such a manner, that the picture of his face may seem to be also that of his mind. It is not exactness of design in portraits that gives spirit and true air, so much as the agreement of the parts at the very moment when the disposition and temperament of the sitter are to be hit off. We see several portraits, which, though correctly designed, have a cold, languishing, and stupid air; while others, less correct in design, strike us, however, at first sight, with the sitter's resemblance. Few painters are careful enough to put the parts well together. Sometimes the mouth is smiling, and the eyes are sad; at other times the eyes are cheerful, and the cheeks lank; by which means their work has a false air, and looks unnatural. Of all the parts of the face, that which contributes most to likeness is

the nose; it is therefore of great moment to set and draw it well. Though the hair of the head seems to be part of the dress which is capable of various forms without altering the air of the face, yet the head-attire which one has been most accustomed to, creates such a likeness, that we scarcely know a familiar acquaintance, on his putting on a perriwig somewhat different from that which he used to wear. It is necessary, therefore, as far as possible, to take the air of the head-ornament, and make it accompany and set off that of the face, if there be no reason to the contrary. 2. Colouring, in portraiture, is an effusion of nature, discovering the true tempers of persons; and their temper being essential to likeness, it ought to be handled as exactly as the design. This part is the more valuable as it is rare and difficult to hit. Many painters have come to a likeness by strokes and outlines; but few have shown in colours the tempers of persons. Two points are necessary in colouring; exactness of tints, and the art of setting them off. The former is acquired by practice, in examining and comparing the colours we see in life with those by which we would imitate it: and the art of those tints consists in knowing what one colour will produce when set by another, and in making good what either distance or time may abate on the glow and freshness of the colours. A painter who does nothing more than what he sees, will never arrive at a perfect imitation; for though his work may seem, on the easel, to be good to him, it may not appear so to others, nor perhaps even to himself at a distance. A tint, which near appears disjoined, and of one colour, may look of another at a distance, and be confounded in the mass it belongs to. If you would have your work, therefore, to produce a good effect in the place where it is to hang, both the colours and lights must be a little loaded, but with discretion. In this point consult Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt's methods; for indeed their art is wonderful. The tints usually require three times of observation. The first is at the person's first sitting down, when he has more spirit and colour than ordinary; and this is to be noted in the first hour of his sitting. The second is when, being composed, his look is as usual; which is to be observed in the second hour. And the third is when, through tiresomeness by sitting in one posture, his colour alters to what weariness usually creates; on which account it is better to keep to the sitter's usual tint, a little improved. 3. In dress and draperies, all sorts of colours do not suit all sorts of persons. In men's portraits, we need only observe great truth and great force; but in women's there must also be charms; whatever beauty they have must appear in a fine light, and their blemishes must be softened. For this reason, a white, lively, and bright tint,

ought never to be set off by a fine yellow, which would make it look like plaster; but rather by colours inclining to green, blue, or grey, or such others as, by their opposition, may make the tint appear more fleshy than usual in fair women. In grounds, two things are observable; the tone and the colour. The colour is to be considered in the same manner as those of draperies, with respect to the head. The tone must be always different from the mass it supports, and of which it is the ground, that the objects coming upon it may not seem transparent, but solid and raised. 4. Attitudes ought to suit the ages and qualities of persons and their tempers. In old men and women they should be grave, majestic, and sometimes bold: and generally, in women, they ought to have a noble simplicity and modest cheerfulness; for modesty ought to be the character of women. Attitudes are of two kinds; one in motion, the other at rest. Those at rest may suit every person; but those in motion are proper for young people only, and are hard to be expressed, because a great part of the air and drapery must be moved by the air; motion, in painting, being never better expressed than by such agitations. The attitudes at rest must not appear so much at rest as to seem to represent an inactive person, and one who sits for no other purpose but to be a copy. According to De Piles, portraiture requires three different sittings and operations; to wit, dead colouring, second colouring, and retouching or finishing. Before the painter dead colours, he must attentively consider what aspect will best suit the sitter, by putting him in different positions, if he have not any settled design; when this is determined, it is of the utmost consequence to put the parts well together, by comparing always one part with another; for not only the portrait acquires a greater likeness when well designed, but it is troublesome to make alterations at the second sitting, when the artist should only think of painting, that is, of disposing and uniting his colours.

I. The dead-colouring ought to be clean, because of the slope and the transparency of the colours, especially in the shades; and when the parts are well put together, and become clammy, they must be judiciously sweetened and melted in each other; yet without taking away the air of the picture, that the painter may finish it in proportion as he draws.

II. The business of the second sitting is, to put the colours well in their places, and to paint them in a manner that is suitable to the sitter and to the effect we propose: but before they are made clammy, we ought to examine afresh whether the parts are rightly placed, and here and there to give some touches towards likeness, that, when we are assured of it, the work may

go on with greater satisfaction. If the portrait be justly designed, the painter ought, as much as possible, to work quickly, as the work will thus have the more spirit and life. But this readiness is only the effect of long study and experience.

III. Before we retouch or finish, it is proper to terminate the hair, that, on finishing the carnations, we may be able to judge of the effect of the whole head. If, at the second sitting, we cannot do all we intended, which often happens, the third makes up the loss, and gives both spirit, physiognomy, and character. If we would paint a portrait at once, we must load the colouring; but neither sweeten, nor drive, nor very much oil it: and if we dip the pencil in varnish as the work advances, this will readily enable us to put colour on colour, and to mix them without driving. There is nothing so rare as fine hands, either in the design or colouring. It is therefore convenient to cultivate a friendship with some women who will take pleasure in serving for a copy. But if an opportunity occurs of copying heads after Vandyke, it must not be let slip; for he drew them with a surprising delicacy, and an admirable colouring. It is of great service to copy after the manners which come nearest to nature; as are those of Titian and Vandyke. The surest way to judge of the colours is by comparison; and to know a tint, nothing is better than to compare it with linen placed next it, or else placed next to the natural object, if there is occasion. The portrait being now finished, nothing remains, but at some distance of time to view both the picture and sitter together, to determine with certainty whether there is any thing still wanting to the work.

OF THE DIFFERENT METHODS OF PAINTING. 1. The most simple of all methods of painting, and doubtless the first discovered and used, is painting in water-colours. 2. Painting in oil is preferable to all other methods, as it is more susceptible of all sorts of expressions, of more perfect gradations of colours, and is at the same time more durable. 3. Mosaic painting is performed by joining together a great number of small pieces of marble of different colours, with stucco. Works of this kind are made more principally at Rome, where this art has been carried so far as to resemble the paintings of the greatest masters: and of these are made monuments for the latest posterity. 4. Painting in fresco is performed by drawing with colours diluted with water, on a wall newly plastered, and with which they so incorporate, that they perish only with the stucco itself. This is principally used on ceilings. 5. Miniature painting is performed with water colours, or with gum Arabic; and represents objects in the least discernible magnitudes. 6. Painting in crayons. Colours, either simple or compound, are

mixed with gum, and made into a kind of hard paste like chalk, with which they draw on paper and parchment. 7. Painting in enamel is performed on copper or gold, with mineral colours that are dried by fire, and become very durable. The paintings on the porcelain of China and Europe, on Delft wares, &c. are so many sorts of enamel. 8. Painting in wax, or encaustic painting, is a new invention, or rather an old one renewed, in which there are in France performances highly pleasing. It is done with wax mixed with varnish and colours. 9. Painting on glass, of which there are various kinds. 10. Elydoric painting, a new species, being the mixed application of oil and water colours.

TO THE SPRING.

"Much of my native scenery appears,
And presses forward to be in my song;
But must not now: for much awaits
Of higher note." POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

THOU art come, thou art come, with thy balmy breath,
With thy deep blue skies and ephemeral wreath;
Thy blossoming trees and fresh blooming flowers,
With thy fields so green and sweet smelling bowers.

Thou art come, thou art come, with consummate grace,
With thy secret charms and long looked-for face;
Under heaven's pure eye, thou art made to look
The most beautiful picture in nature's book.

Thou art come, thou art come, with indulgent smile,
T' illumine our own highly favoured isle,
Where beauty and manhood delighted shall talk,
Gentle Spring! of thy charms, through their evening walk.

Thou art come, thou art come, with thy plants of pride,
With thy foliage of loveliness beside;
And the red roses fair, and the violets blue,
Seem to vie with their kind in colour and hue.

Thou art come, thou art come, with silver and gold,
To make glad their lov'd homes, t' increase the fold:
The land-boys rejoice; and, rejoicing exclaim—
"Bright sun-beams of Spring! descend on the plain."

Thou art come, thou art come, with thy maiden plume,
But thy pearly crown shines brightest at noon,
When thou lightest up with thy radiant smiles
The throne of the brave and the British isles.

Thou art come, thou art come, with heart touching power,
And the 'throned monarch shall improve the hour,
When he looks o'er the land, from the palace of old,
And sees "Britain, our country!" resplendently bold.

Thou art come, thou art come: how beautiful all!
What enchantment surrounds the glad sun-beam's fall;
Oh! the comforting breath of the zephyr bland,
Comes like honied words from the promis'd land.

Thou art come, thou art come, to comfort mankind—
For thou bring'st with thee "news" from th' ETERNAL MIND:
Though shadows and clouds still darken the whole,
We perceive, in the midst, th' UNFATHOM'D SOUL.

Thou art come, thou art come, to assure us there lives
An Omnipotent God who creates as he gives:—
Thy grandeur, sublimity, beauty, and love,
Are but faint blushing shadows of heaven above!

T. H. CORNISH.

COMIC PAINTING,

BY THE FACETIOUS CAPT. GROSE.

OF all the different artists who have attempted this style of painting, Hogarth and Coypel seem to have been the most successful: the works of the first seem to stand unrivalled for invention, expression, and diversity of characters. The ludicrous performances of Coypel are confined to the history of Don Quixote. On examining divers of Hogarth's designs, we find he strongly adopted the principle here laid down. For example, let us consider the prison scene in the Rake's Progress. How incompatible is it for a man who professes wings and the art of flying, to be detained within the walls of a gaol; and equally contradictory is the idea of one suffering for the non-payment of his own debts, who has the secret of discharging those of the nation! In the Four Times of the Day, what can be more truly consonant with the scene near Islington, where, in the sultry heat of summer, a number of fat citizens are crowded together in a small room, by the side of a dusty road smoking their pipes, in order to enjoy the refreshment of country air? In the Gate of Calais, how finely does the fat friar's person and enthusiastic admiration of the huge surloin, mark that sensuality so incompatible with his profession; the fundamental principles of which dictate abstinence and mortification! In that admirable and comic print, the Enraged Musician, the humour lies solely in the incompatible situation of the son of Apollo, whose ear, trained to melodious and harmonious sounds, is thereby rendered extremely unfit to bear the tintamarre, or confusion of discordant noises, with which the painter has so ludicrously and ingeniously surrounded him. The picture of Grown Gentlemen learning to Dance, painted by Collet, was well conceived; and hough infinitely short of Hogarth's execution, had a very pleasing effect, both on the canvass and on the stage, where it was

introduced into a pantomime. In this piece, every person was, by form or age, totally unfit for the part he was acting. Anachronisms have likewise a very laughable effect. King Solomon in all his glory, delineated in a tie or bag wig, laced cravat, long ruffles, and a full dressed suit, will always cause a smile; as would also the siege of Jerusalem, where the emperor Titus and his aid-de-camp should be represented in the fore-ground, dressed in great wigs and jack boots,—their horses decorated with laced furniture, holsters, and pistols; in the distance a view of the town, amidst the fire of cannons and mortars. Our theatrical representations afford plenty of these ridiculous absurdities,—where we frequently see the chamber of Cleopatra furnished with a table, clock, and harpsichord, or a piano-forte, or the hall of Mark Antony with a large chimney garnished with muskets, blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, &c. and a picture of the taking of Portobello, by the brave Admiral Vernon. Nothing affords greater scope for ludicrous representations, than the universal rage with which particular fashions of dress are followed by persons of all ranks, ages, sizes, and makes, without the least attention to their figures or stations. Habilaments, also, not ridiculous in themselves, become so by being worn by improper persons, or at improper places. Thus, though the full-bottomed wig adds dignity to a venerable judge, we should laugh at it on the head of a boyish counsel; and though a tie-wig lends gravity to a counsellor or physician, it contributes greatly to the ludicrous equipment of a mountebank, a little chimney-sweeper dancing round the May-day garland, or one of the candidates for the borough of Garrat in the procession to that election; a high head, and a large hoop, worn in a stage coach, or a full dressed suit and a sword at a horse race, are equally objects of ridicule. Respectable characters, unworthily employed, are objects for the ludicrous pencil. Such would be a lord mayor or an alderman in his gold chain, dancing a horn-pipe, or a serjeant-at-law in his coif, band, and spectacles, standing up at a reel or cotillion. Employments accidentally improper may make a character ridiculous, and that for those very circumstances which, in another situation, render it respectable. Thus, a military or naval officer dancing a minuet with a wooden leg, exhibits a truly ludicrous appearance;—consider the same person walking or standing, and his wooden leg makes him an object of respect, as a sufferer in the cause of his country. Besides these general subjects, there are others which, like the stage tricks, will always ensure the suffrages of the vulgar; among them are national jokes,—as, an Irishman on horseback, carrying a heavy portmanteau on his head, to ease his horse of its weight; a Welshman with his goat, leek,

hay boots, and long pedigree; a Scotchman with his scrubbing-post; and a meagre Frenchman in his laced jacket and bag, having long ruffles to his sleeves, without a shirt. Of this kind are professional allusions:—a physician and apothecary are lawful game, by prescription; a tailor by trade; and a mayor, alderman, or churchwarden, *ex officio*. Injudicious representations of sublime or serious subjects, have often unintentionally been productive of pictures highly ridiculous; of this a striking instance occurs in a history of the Bible, adorned with plates, in one of which the following text of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew, verse the third, is illustrated:—"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" The state of these two men is thus delineated by the artist:—one of them has in his eye a complete castle, with a moat and its appurtenances; and from the eye of the other projects a large beam, like the girder of a house. To conclude the instances of these accidentally ludicrous pictures, I shall just mention one which a gentleman of veracity assured me he saw at the "Exposition des Tableaux" at Paris. The subject was the death of the late dauphin, which the painter had treated in the manner following:—on a field bed, decorated with all those fluttering ornaments of which the French are so peculiarly fond, lay the dauphin, pale and emaciated; by it stood the dauphiness weeping over him, in the affected attitude of an opera dancer. She was attended by her loving children; and in the clouds, hovering over them, was the Duke of Burgundy, their deceased son, and two embryos, the product of as many miscarriages; the angel duke was quite naked, except that the order of the Saint Esprit was thrown across his shoulders.

VILE DRUDGERY OF PORTRAIT PAINTING! The greatest painters, and the wisest philosophers have held portrait painting to be a high, difficult, and important branch of art. Is it not as interesting a department of painting as is that of making portrait statues and busts in sculpture? Will not future posterity behold the living resemblance of Johnson in the picture of Reynolds, and the mind of that great moralist in the marble bust of Nollekins, with equal interest? Or do we value the painted resemblance of the unfortunate English monarch, transmitted to us by the pencil of Vandyck, less than the faithful image of that princely patron of the arts, by the chisel of Bernini? We could almost wish that it had pleased the Fates that the prince of limners had lived in the age of the prince of poets, that we might have contemplated a picture of Shakspeare by the pencil of Reynolds. But why the literati should so continually disturb themselves upon this prevailing want of lofty-

mindedness among our artists, and so loudly reprobate this national depravity of taste—this self-devotion of the public, which, in spite of all the moralizing and satirizing of the press, still continues to employ the best energies of our national school, is passing strange. It is certainly a gratuitous zeal on the part of our writers; and why the royal academicians do not profit by advice so disinterested, can only be accounted for by the grovelling spirit which urges them to paint substantial human forms—to live, rather than to wander in the paths of sublimity, in pursuit of classic shadows—to starve.

THE PATHS OF SUBLIMITY! There is so much sentiment and pathos in the phrase, that it might well inspire the painters to look to these paths, only that they have no classic enthusiasm. Indeed it is said of them as a body, that they are generally so perversely devoted to their own pursuits, as rarely to deviate from the path of nature; and excepting that they heartily wish well to all bodies of science, they trouble themselves with no one's business but their own. But with reference to the monthly, weekly, and daily literary channels, through which so much sublime advice is poured to waste, upon not only the painters, but the architects and sculptors, let us enquire into the operations of the classic gentlemen employed in their service, and whose pens are thus devoted to the improvement of the national taste. We would ask some of these lofty-minded censors, whether their talents are not as commonly confined to the vile drudgery of the press? and whether a host of men of classic learning, and high literary abilities, do not prostitute their talents by ministering to that national bad taste which revels in the contemplation of a monthly, weekly—yea, a daily detail of human vice and folly, which fills the columns of our numberless journals?

PAINTING.

How terrible is the absence of him in whose presence alone the heart feels the sense of existence! Amaryllis thought this, one night in a cave where Lycidas was sleeping, while the wakeful beauty hung enamoured over each interesting feature; a suspended lamp was placed near. Ah! (she continued) even this pleasing light, this soft moon of my chamber, is the thought of his genius.* It was from the pendant light of the glow-worm,

* It is a pleasing idea of Apuleius, in his Cupid and Psyche, that the lamp was first invented by a lover that he might, for a longer time, enjoy by night the object of his desire.

in the illumined hedge, that he stole the hint; it is thus that, borrowing every happy conception from nature, he discovers around him the sources of enjoyment. The lamp threw its light on the even wall, and the solitary flame strongly reflected the shadow of his face. "Ye gods!" exclaimed the fond maid, "behold two Lycidases! Ye speaking features, can ye not for ever dwell on that wall? then would Lycidas not entirely quit me in his absence. How consoling even the shadow of what we love! Lycidas! thy shade would to me prove a tender companion. Fugitive and cherished shadow! live here when Lycidas roves in the circling mountains!" She took up her sheep-hook, and affectionately tracing the shadow of her lover, its sharp iron graved it on the wall. Lycidas turned, and the lines remained unmoved. "He is for ever there," exclaimed the enraptured Amaryllis. Lycidas awoke. "Who is here? Amaryllis!"—"Thyself, thyself," she cried in embracing him. "These eyes shall worship thee when thou art on the clifts; whole suns from me the light shall give me thy presence in the mimic wonder. Behold thy half-closed eye, thy half-opened lips, for ever smiling on that wall!" Lycidas looked on the wall and on Amaryllis, and they embraced. Such was the origin of the design.* Amaryllis, in the absence of Lycidas, passed many hours in contemplating this first portrait of love. But the familiarity of enjoyment discovered its imperfections. "Dismal shadow," she cried, "thou pleasest me because thou resemblest Lycidas; but Lycidas would not charm me, did he resemble thee. Where is the soft mutability of his cheek? Melancholy resemblance of a form of gaiety! Only when Lycidas is dead will he resemble thee." She held in her lap a treasury of flowers, which she was assorting to weave into a wreath for Lycidas. She took a rose, and continued:—"This breathing rose is the hue of his cheek; O Shade, I will place it on thy cheek! This white lily is like the snow of his forehead; that its splendid whiteness could for ever spread on thine; these blue violets are the purple of his veins; and she delicately laid them along the neck. And this dark eye of the tulip is black as his brilliant eye; and she fixed it there. Entranced, she gazed on the illusive shadow; for a moment it was her Lycidas! his beautiful colours lived to her eye. Such was the first essay of colouring! The tinted impressions which some of the flowers left behind, gave them

* It is singular that the origin of painting has ever been attributed to the often-repeated story of the Corinthian maid sketching the shadow of her sleeping lover. But this is only the origin of design, and, in fact, is but a silhouette. I have never been able to trace the origin of colouring to any recorded tradition.

afterwards a hint to express, from various plants and minerals, that variety of colours which gave birth to the more perfect parts of painting.*

APOLOGY FOR PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

SCARCELY have the gates of the Royal Academy closed upon the first day of its annual exhibition, and night spread darkness over the Strand, but on looking up at many surrounding attics, we behold the magnified shadows of many a head of critic, compositor, pressman, and printer's devil, reflected upon the dingy ceilings, from the blazing lamps within. We have often likened these upper stories to the camps of an invading enemy, busily preparing their literary missiles to discharge against the adjacent citadel of arts on the approaching morn. 'Tis day again, and now the smutty heralds, with tin trumpets, issue forth, east, west, north, and south, and proclaim the war of literature against the arts; and now the siege begins, and the thicker the bombs of satire shower their destructive shells upon the devoted heads of the besieged, so, louder and louder are the national huzzas. What spirit is it presides over this annual warfare? It is of so preternatural a character and cast, that to designate it by a fitting name, would puzzle those more cunningly skilled in the import of words than our unlearned selves. This is the era of a new and unheard-of persecution, invented in England, too preposterous for the imitation of other regions, and the marvel of the civilized world. But to depart from idle metaphor, let us seriously ask, and put it to the good sense of the thinking part of the nation, whether the arts can flourish (and why should they not?) when thus assailed by such increasing hosts of enemies and wanton calumniators as each succeeding year has mustered, from the period when a few audacious satirists first commenced their unprovoked attacks upon the artists and their works? It is now more than thirty years since those malignant writers, men of no mean perception, and abounding in wit—so much the worse—first began to mark down certain members of the native school of art for public

* After this was written, the notion was verified by two facts discovered: the one, in the life of Carlo Maratti, who, when a child, for want of colours, made use of the juices of roots and flowers: the other in the History of the Canary Islands, where the author writes, that "some of the Marjocans were good artificers; they built houses and painted them elegantly with the colours which they extracted from certain herbs and flowers upon the island." The Marjocans were then in the infancy of society.

sport. The opening spring exhibition was the season to beat up for game. It is an old adage—that the aberrations of wise men constitute the chief consolation of the ignorant. There could then be no lack of open-mouthed blockheads to join in the chace. It argued bad taste, however, in men of such potent wit to play the yeoman-prickers and whippers-in—to head the field, and run down genius and talent for public sport. But these were traitors to the cause of learning, sciences, and arts; corrupt sentinels, who sought rewards of the enemy, to point out a fissure or a hole, or where lay the weakest point for attack; traitors in the strictest sense; for men of genius and talent of every peaceful art and science all over the world, should be of one fraternity: how much more strong, then, should be the ties among brethren of the same soil. At the period of which we have spoken, these attacks were confined to the daring operations of at most half-a-dozen pamphleteers. But of late, the monthly, weekly, and even diurnal papers, unite forces, and assail the artists and the arts. Almost every periodical retains its critical censor on taste; and few can be named whose columns are not open to all anonymous enemies who choose to try their hands in sending from a masked battery a random shot at the professors. There would be less cause for dreading this confederacy of the press against the arts, were not the assailants so specious in their attacks. The public are persuaded by these self-elected censors, that the taste is wrongly directed, that the English school is not impelled by that noble emulation which raised the renown of the great painters of old. Portrait! portrait! portrait! the exhibition is filled with portrait! What then? Why, the study of portraiture is degrading to artists and the arts. This is the universal cry. And why not portraits? Because every lord mayor, and alderman, and deputy, and common-councilman, and every proud peer, and vain lady, and old beau, and silly coquette, are thrust in places that were better filled with historical paintings of classic story, to excite the age to great and glorious deeds. How nobly these great critics think and feel! say the unsuspicious public. Surely the painters of our days are sadly degenerate. These reflections naturally arise in the minds of the reader of the "Notices of Art." Scarcely had the mortal remains of our great Reynolds been deposited in the tomb, but his illustrious fame became the object of animadversion, for prostituting his talent to portraiture. We shall copy some passages from the pamphlet in which the censures appear. It is from the satirical pen of no less a wit than Anthony Pasquin, to whom, and Peter Pindar, we ascribe the origin of this war of literature against the arts. The subject from which we quote,

is that wherein truth is made to delineate the portraits of all the academicians, as they are drawn with that mixture of wit, falsehood, and malignity, for which he was famed, and which mainly betrayed the public into those errors which have led to so false an estimate of the merits of our schools of art.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds.—That elegant flatterer of humanity on canvass," quoth he, "was born at Plympton in Devonshire, on July 16, 1723, where his father, depressed with a numerous family, prayed and starved, as one of those subordinate ecclesiastics, whose state is a reproach to the indolent fat prelates of this credulous island, who gorge on the luxuries of nature, and cast their offals indignantly to the patient and laborious curate." * * * * "Ere the wing of his fancy was in full feather, it was his good fortune to be protected by the late lord Keppel, under whose auspices he visited Italy, and by an incessant and well-directed study, acquired, as he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his limitless reputation as a portrait painter; though I never subscribed to his merits to that extent which his companions and panegyrists demanded. He swallowed potations of vile adulation, even to sickening; but as they were administered by the unskilful, they must have worked to the relaxation, and not to the strengthening of his judgment. * * * * * At the opening of the Royal Academy, he delivered the first of those discourses on painting which he annually continued, and which were supposed to have been previously illuminated by the pens of Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke. The principles which he chiefly inculcated in these essays are erroneous, as they tend to maintain an idea that a disciple in painting can do as well without genius as with it; but as every writer upon the arts, in every language, had antecedently thought otherwise, perhaps the president believed that it was more advantageous to his fame to be singularly fallacious than customarily instructive. There certainly exists a disposition in our modern artists, to make the portraiture independent of the person represented; and for this disposition we are indebted to the labours of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Not that I wish to convey any odium to his memory, but merely to prove to the rising race of artists, how ruinous it is to make hazardous attempts to which the capacity is not competent, when the only excuse that can be brought forward in justification of the error is, that the practice originated with a man whose genius and talents elevated him above competition."

1. FLAKE-WHITE, or fine white, is the very best white we have. This colour should be ground with the finest poppy oil that can be made. At present our white is bad, on account of the oil, which is not really poppy. White is a friendly working colour, and comes forward with yellows and reds, but retires with blues and greens. It is the nature of all whites to sink into whatever ground they are laid on; therefore they should be laid on white grounds. 2. Ivory-black is the best black we have: it is a colour which sympathises and mixes kindly with all the others. It is a true shade for blue. Ivory-black and a little Indian-red make the best general shadow-colour that can be. It is ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil. Black is a cold, retiring colour. 3. Ultramarine is the finest blue in the world. It is a tender, retiring colour, and never glares, and is a beautiful glazing colour; it is used with poppy oil. 4. Prussian is a very fine blue, and a kind working colour. It is ground with linseed oil, though I think nut oil is more proper. It should never be used in the flesh, but in the green teint, and the eyes. 5. Light-ochre is a friendly, mixing colour, and of great use in the flesh; it is usually ground with linseed oil, but nut oil is better. All yellows are strengthened with reds, and weakened with blues and greens. 6. Light red is nothing but fine light ochre burnt; this and white, by mixing, produce the most perfect flesh colour that can be made. It is a beautiful, clean, kind, working colour, but too strong for the white, and therefore will grow darker. It should be ground and used with nut oil. 7. No vermilion, but what is made of the true native Cinnabar, should ever be used. It will not glaze, but is a fine colour when it is glazed. It is ground with linseed oil, and should be used with drying oil. 8. Carmine is the most beautiful crimson that can be; it is a middle colour between lake and vermilion, is a fine working colour, and glazes delightfully; it should be ground with nut oil, and used with drying oil. 9. Lake is a tender, sympathising, deep red, but of no strong body, therefore it should be strengthened with Indian red; it is the best glazing colour that can be used. It is ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil. 10. Indian red is a strong, pleasant, working colour, but will not glaze well, and when mixed with white, falls a little into the lead. It is ground and used as the lake. 11. Brown pink is a fine glazing colour, but of no strong body; in the flesh it should never join, or mix with the lights, because this colour and white antipathise, and mix of a warm dirty hue, for which reason their joinings should

be blended with a cold middle teint. In glazing of shadows, it should be laid before the other colours that are to enrich it; it is one of the finishing colours, and therefore should never be used alone in the first painting. It is strengthened with burnt umber, and weakened with terraverte, ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil. 12. Burnt umber is a fine warm brown, and a good working strong colour: it is of great use in the hair, and mixes finely with the warm shade.

NEPTUNE'S PALACE.

Deep in a gold-embroidered vale,
That slop'd adown a rosy dale,
Where amaranths were in the bud,
The sea-god Neptune's palace stood;
A massive diamond, shining bright,
Replete with warmth, was sun and light,—
A cloudless sun, that always shone,
And canopied the sea-god's throne;
The dazzling dome rose bright and high,
And bore the shining sea-green sky,
That here and there was silver lac'd,
A liquid heaven, firmly brac'd,
Where oft a dolphin's golden head,
Peep'd wondering from its green wave bed,
And look'd down with a curious eye,
From out its tower-borne liquid sky,
Saw steep, and spire, and minaret,
Lit by a sun that never set.
The front, like Dian's crescent bow'd,
A glittering arch, and richly glow'd
With all the rainbow's varied dye,
When bending clearest in the sky;
Save, that instead of borrow'd bright,
Each circle was a gem of light,
Of ruby, pearl, or chrysolite:
And for its arching stride was given,
Room ample as the bow of heaven,
When one foot on the mountain's plac'd,
The other in the ocean bas'd.
Three sea snakes, form'd of finest gold,
That massive arch did firmly hold,
Where a long portico display'd,
Its dazzling jasper colonnade,
That threw on a triumphal arch
Rich splendour, such as conquerors march
Beneath, with steeds and banners gay,
And nodding plumes in battle 'ray,
Prancing, where starry eyes are met,
All leaning from a parapet,
Waving a farewell scarf of light,
To some young gallant mail-clad knight.
The winding flight that thitherward
Led on, were diamonds, bright and hard,
With rare mosaic work inlaid,
Hemm'd by a ruby balustrade,
And on the topmost golden landing,
A group in bas-relief were standing;

Of silver was that martial line,
And bore the mark of Troy divine;
Here Hector, and Ulysses there,
With Neptune as Calchas the seer,
Filling the Grecian ranks with fire;
Whose gather'd brows bespoke their ire;
They were by god-like chiefs led on,
Tydides and stern Telamon.
This led to Neptune's presence-room,
Sweet as an island of perfume;
Rich fragrant smells were wafted here,
Which breeze, or flower, or beauty bear;
Beneath that dome which lights the deep,
With its huge rocks and billows steep,
That lash the shore, or veil the skies,
The sea-god's shining throne did rise;
Cariates of topaz bright,
Upheld the canopy of light,
Their yellow garments graceful hung,
Or round their beaming waists were flung,
Above the fair Cariates,
Were festooned birds, and flowers, and bees,
Some with expanded golden plumes,
Hung o'er the censor's waving fumes,
While foliage shot around the room,
And hung luxuriant 'neath the dome,
Roses, and pinks, and lilies twining,
The gem-carved grape, with tendrils shining,
As though they sprung from dews or showers,
So bright they shone, a sky of flowers:
While some suspended wreaths enfold
A dolphin lamp of glittering gold,
Twice fifty such were swinging round,
By diamond chains and jaspers bound,
And when in radiance they burn,
Dazzling they gleam on vase and urn,
Of agate, beryl, gold, and amber,
Up which the fragrant sea-flowers clamber.
Along great Neptune's regal hall,
Twice forty columns rising tall,
Of rich engraven Corinth order,
All massy gold, support the border,
Of cornice, droppings, and festoon,
And carved gems, bright as the moon;
Between the space, by pillars grac'd,
Large emerald pedestals were plac'd,
Where amethyst immortals stood,—
Here Dian, goddess of the wood,
There Venus, with her car and doves,
And groups of Graces, and young loves;
Here Hebe, with her cup of gold,
There thundering Jove, dread to behold,
And Mercury, with his serpent rod,
With mandates from the Olympian god,
And Pallas, with her gorgon shield,
And Ceres, guardian of the field,
And Juno, with her birds of pride,
Spreading their jewell'd plumage wide,
And all the great immortal race
Stood by each column's shining base;
And every hand a censor holds,
Where fragrant smoke, in varied folds,
Curls to the fluted pillars' head,
Where gems in festoon'd foliage spread. T. MILLER

BURNS. There has lately been discovered an original portrait of Burns. The likeness was taken at the period that the poet first began to attract attention, by a young artist of the name of Taylor, who was his intimate friend. Taylor died prematurely, and we have never seen any other of his works; but if we judge by the felicitous apprehension of form and expression, in that of which we are now speaking, he must have been a man of no common promise. The portrait of Burns remained in the possession of the artist's widow, who treasured the deposit with a jealous vigilance, which envied even a glance of it to another; and by this means it was almost forgotten, when it came, upon the old lady's decease, into the hands of a relative, who has liberally allowed the engraving to be taken from it, published by Messrs. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. The fidelity of the portrait is guaranteed by a host of attestations —among others from the poet's fellow craftsmen, Scott and Hogg, from Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, our towusman Mr. Syme, Mrs. Burns, Miss Dunlop of Dunlop, Mrs. James Thomson of Dumfries, and Clarinda, (Mrs. Macklehose.) To us it appears a much more pleasing likeness, and more consonant to the descriptions given by Burns's most intimate friend of his appearance, than any other extant. Those by Allan, in his illustrations of the Cottar's Saturday Night, are good in the original, but wretched in the engraving. That by Nasmyth is like all the artist's productions, small and undecided. The features, to use the words of Sir Walter, (or something like them) look smaller than in life, as if seen through an inverted opera-glass. There is no want of symmetry in the poet's features, and yet they are rather full to be elegant. The expression of the countenance is heavy—all except the eye, which is large and full of intellect and feeling. It is on the expression that we rest our faith in the likeness of the portrait. Burns is described by all who knew him in youth, and in particular by his tutor, Murdoch, as rather a dull-looking boy. We have uniformly heard the remark made with regard to poets: Byron had a sleepy, Scott a heavy look—so speak the herd who cannot penetrate beyond the outward surface of things. Heaviness of expression in the human countenance is of two kinds. There is the dull, stolid, unideaed look of sheer stupidity—there is the languor of genius, not under any immediate cause of excitation. Genius seems partly to depend upon a finer, a more sensitive formation of the physical frame. This, whilst it enables the possessor to apprehend more quickly all that is beautiful and worthy in earth, and in air around him, is also less fitted for the rude ordinary tear and wear of common life. Unmoved by what forms the chief stimulus of meaner minds,

and frequently depressed after the moment of inspiration which tasked it beyond material power has gone by, the unreflecting spectator would think all fire extinct, such and so total is the relaxation. Still there is nothing stupid about the expression. There is a quivering look of morbid sensitiveness about the flesh —a calm, deep, and glowing eye—a broad, expansive brow. There is no more similitude between the heaviness of dulness and genius, than there is between the immobility of a stone, and of the calm, breezeless air of a summer sunset—between the cold rigidity of death, and the warm, deep breathlessness of an infant's slumber. The heaviness of expression in the countenance of Taylor's portrait of Burns, is of the latter kind,—it is instinct with feeling—it is the quivering repose of a frame over-informed with vital principle. Horsburgh's engraving is worthy of his reputation, and has improved in some of the accessaries, (in which young artists are generally most deficient) upon the original. The execution is strong, broad, and clean. The distribution of the lights, shades, and mezzotinto excellent. The value of the print, viewed simply as an engraving, is all but equal to that which is derived from the hallowed associations that wreath around its subject. It is one of those national gems which ought to be found as an ornament over every respectable chimney-piece in the country.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. This distinguished painter, and kind-hearted man, hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious matrimonial connexion, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the truth of it. The unfortunate man told him the melancholy particulars of his situation; adding, that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand; and after squeezing it in a friendly manner, hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart, which the exalted of human kind alone can experience, while the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank note for one hundred pounds.

Piranesi, the eminent artist, died at Rome early in November, 1778. A letter of that time now before us, thus announces his death:—"Last Monday morning died here the celebrated Cav. J. Bapt. Piranesi, who has done more for the honour of the antiquities of Rome, and for the fine arts in general, than any other artist whatever: he was sixty-three years old. Some domestic troubles contributed in all appearance to shorten his days, whilst preparing to augment the vast collection of his

works, by two new series of prints of the ruins of "Villa Adrian," near Tivoli, and of "Pæstum," in the kingdom of Naples, and with ample dissertations on each. He unhappily thought of leaving his great collection of marbles and copper-plates to some sovereign prince; but at last expired without leaving a will: thus his children have got the inheritance of all his effects, which are estimated at two hundred thousand crowns, all acquired by their father's extraordinary talents and industry; for at his first coming to Rome he was not worth a shilling. His remains are deposited in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratti."

Extraordinary Portrait. Shaffon Paca was, indeed, ugly beyond all parallel; she was of Egyptian origin; yet her countenance was not of simple Egyptian ugliness, but seemed to exhibit a characteristic mark of every original nation. Her legs appeared to have been put together by mistake; the right one being considerably shorter and thicker than the other. She was corpulent; and her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction. She had, besides, the peculiar power, like the cameleon, of fixing the one upon an object, while the other turned leisurely round, as if seeking for somewhat else. In her voluble conversation no idea was distinct. It seemed as if an endless memory, stored with the beginnings and endings of all that ever had been, was running over the heads and hints of what she wished to express. Learning appeared to have overpowered her; she had dabbled in metaphysics until it was hardly possible to understand what she meant, and she was continually misquoting passages in the dead languages. Under these circumstances, it is not much to be wondered at, that Ada Reis could not bear to converse with her: indeed, from the first, he had spoken to her with such extreme harshness, that the fright into which he had thrown her increased, to the greatest degree, the confusion of her ideas, and, consequently, the natural tediousness of her discourse. In his first interview he asked her a few questions concerning education; and as he knew that there is a great deal to be said upon that subject, he was not surprised that she took much time and many words to answer. But though not surprised, he was fatigued; and in order to get rid of her, he sent for the child, and delivered her into her hands; for it is a common practice to condemn children to the society of those with whom parents cannot endure even for a moment to associate.

An Artist's Sang Froid. Nollekens, after reading the death of any great person in the newspaper, generally ordered some plaister to be got ready, so that he might attend at a minute's notice. One day, when a lady who had sent for him,

desired him not to make so free with her dear husband's corpse, he observed, "Oh, bless ye, you had better let me close his eyelids; for then, when I cast him in my mould, he will look for all the world as if he was asleep. Why do you take on so? You do wrong to prey upon such a dismal prospect; do leave the room to me and my man; I am used to it, it makes no impression upon me; I have got a good many noted down in my journal." Mr. Sebastian Gahagan, the sculptor, Mr. Nollekens's assistant, attended him to cast the face of Lord Lake, after his decease: his lordship's brother was then inconsolably pacing the room, but Mr. Nollekens shook him by the elbow, and applied to him for a little sweet oil, a large basin, some water, and pen, ink, and paper. The gentleman, astonished at his want of decency, referred him to the servant; and Nollekens, after he had taken the mask, muttered the following soliloquy:—"Now, let me see, I must begin to measure him; where's my callipers? I must take him from his chin to the upper pinnacle of his head; I'll put him down in ink; ay, that will do; now, I must have him from his nose to the back part of his skull; well, now let's take his shoulders; now for his neck; well, now I've got him all."

Gibbons is the well-known name of the patriarch of English sculpture. With him ornamental carving rose to its highest excellence in this country. No one has since approached him in the happy boldness and natural freedom of such productions. Under his chisel, stone seemed touched with vegetable life, and wood to look as lilies of the valley and fruit upon the trees. His works chiefly are—the carvings in St. Paul's choir—the wooden throne at Canterbury—the embellishments at Chatsworth, Petworth, Burleigh, Houghton, Southwick in Hampshire, where the whole gallery is embroidered in panels, by Gibbons's own hand; and the altar-piece of Trinity College, Oxford. This artist was appointed master carver in wood to George the First, with a salary of eighteen-pence a day, which splendid allowance he enjoyed from 1714 to 1721, on the third of August in which year he died.

Anecdote of the late Richard Parkes Bonnington. Bonnington, the artist, (shortly after the arrival of his parents in Paris) was placed under that celebrated Frenchman Le Gros, but, from some dereliction of duty, incurred the displeasure of his master, and was expelled the academy. Bonnington, not daring to tell his parents of the circumstance, left home at the usual time, as if he was prosecuting his studies, instead of which, he went to the house of a friend, who allowed him the use of a garret, where he painted a number of pictures, which he sold to an old lady who kept a print-shop. Le Gros,

happening to pass by her store, saw some of the paintings, and being struck by their beauty, became a purchaser. On a future day, others were exhibited in her window, and he was tempted to make a second purchase, and, at the same time, asked the old lady who was the artist? She replied, "a young Englishman of the name of Bonnington." Le Gros was so gratified that he immediately sent for him, and, after pointing out the impropriety for which he was expelled, said, "Bonnington, I restore you to your place in the academy—your pictures have given me such pleasure, and promise so much future excellence, that if ever you are at a loss in any thing relative to your profession, consult and advise with me." Bonnington related this to the writer of this article, and said the happiest and proudest day of his life was that on which he was restored to his academy.

NOLLEKENS, the sculptor, took his model of the hair for the bust of Dr. Johnson from the flowing locks of an Irish beggar, who sat to him for an hour for that purpose. When the task was finished, the sculptor offered the beggar a shilling; but the Hibernian put it back, with a "God bless your honour, I could have made more by begging in the same time."

SIGNOR CASTRUCCI, a famous performer on the violin, but a man of very eccentric habits, who came over from Italy with Lord Burlington, in 1715, was the person immortalised by Hogarth in his celebrated picture of the "Enraged Musician." Previously to making his drawing, the painter was wicked enough to have the poor Italian's house beset by all the noisy street performers he could collect together, whose clamorous and discordant instruments brought the distracted Castrucci to his window in all the agonies of auricular torture, and then it was that the artist made his expressive sketch.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP. Raeburn was a sort of Scottish Lawrence. An early incident in the life of the young artist, is pleasantly told:—"Sitters began to wax numerous. One day a young lady presented herself at his *studio*, and desired to sit for her portrait: he instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when, with his sketch-book in his hand, he was noting down fine snatches of scenery; and, as the appearance of any thing living and lovely gives an additional charm to a landscape, the painter, like Gainsborough in similar circumstances, had admitted her readily into his drawing. This circumstance, it is said, had had its influence: on farther acquaintance, he found that, besides personal charms, she had sensibility and wit: his respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait. The lady, Ann Edgar, the daughter of Peter

Edgar, Esq., of Bridgelands, was much pleased with the skill and likewise with the manners of the artist; and within a month or so after the adventure of the *studio*, she gave him her hand in marriage; bestowing at once a most affectionate wife and a handsome fortune. This was in the twenty-second year of his age."

SIR H. DAVY'S INDIFFERENCE TO THE FINE ARTS. * * * "They afterwards descended to a view of the statues in the lower apartments: here Davy displayed the same frigid indifference towards the higher works of art. A spectator of the scene might have well imagined that some mighty spell was in operation, by which the order of nature had been reversed; while the marble glowed with more than human passion, the living man was colder than stone. The apathy, the total want of feeling he betrayed, on having his attention directed to the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Venus de Medicis, was as inexplicable as it was provoking; but an exclamation of the most vivid surprise escaped him at the sight of Antinous, treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in alabaster.—'Gracious powers,' said he, 'what a beautiful stalactite!'"

ANECDOTE OF SALVATOR ROSA. A somewhat laughable anecdote is told of the manner in which he and his friend Lippi employed themselves, when, relaxing from professional cares, they retired to the country house of the latter, which was pleasantly situated on the side of the river, a few miles from Florence. It so happened that the high road wound along a walled and lofty bank which overhung the stream, and that when passengers arrived at the point which lay contiguous to Lippi's plantation, their reverted shadows could be seen in the river, though they themselves were not observable by persons in the grounds. Salvator and his friend, regarding this as a grand discovery, whispered it about with an air of great solemnity and mystery, that in one part of the river it was possible to look through it and see the antipodes: whenever they met with any one who suited their purpose, he was, as a great favour, invited to witness the wonderful spectacle; and great was their delight when they beheld their visitor bending his head over the water, and watching with intense curiosity the people of the nether world walking with their feet upwards.

PAINTING. Mr. Gordon, in his "Personal Memoirs," relates the following of John Bull:—A young artist at Florence, a Frenchman, Monsieur Averani, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery, and I purchased a clever copy of the "Fornarina of Raphael," and one from the "Venus Vesita of Titian," in the Pitti palace, said to

be the only miniature ever painted by this great man. It had a great deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, but quite fresh, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my effects in Sloane-street, previous to my setting out for Scotland, this miniature made a figuring appearance in the catalogue, and my friend, the late Mr. Christie, puffed it so well, that a certain Mr. F., a sort of broker, became the purchaser of this gem for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done pretty well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the Morning Chronicle—a flaming puff—stating, that an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scotland, the undoubted work of Zucchi, value 1000 guineas, was to be seen at No. 14, Pall-mall: price of admission, 2s. 6d. The bait took; Mr. F. put 300*l.* or 400*l.* in his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for 700*l.* or 800*l.* Here was I, an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition ever practised on the public. As a work of art, it was worth all I got for it, and I was offered nearly that sum from a friend who knew its whole history. I understood that Lord B——k was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature.

THE PROUD DUKE OF SOMERSET AND THE PAINTER. His Grace was himself a patron of art, and did not obtain his toname without cause. He had employed James Seymour to paint the figures—artists say portraits—of his horses at Petworth, and condescended to sit with his humble namesake at table. One day at dinner his grace filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honour of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ a humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The duke now condescended to recal his discarded cousin. "My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I can now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I won't come."

A PAINTER'S STUDY. "The memoirs of a portrait painter's study—what a subject for a book!" exclaimed Gainsborough, the painter, to old Coombe, the author of Dr. Syntax, as he entered the long passage in Charles-street, just as Mr. *****, a corpulent city banker, made his exit to step into his barouche. The loyal banker (we do not mean the loyal baronet, who has better taste) had dropped in upon the painter, to negociate for a family picture. It happened at the memorable epoch of "life

and property men," when London was to be thatched with silver, and paved with gold. "Well, sir, your most obedient, mister painter," said the squire banker, looking around. "Sir, yours," returned the painter, bowing low. The banker was a fine, portly, pompous-looking citizen, a good subject to his majesty, and no bad subject as a sitter, though it happened that he sat not. "Well, mister painter, sir, you have some fine pieces here, sir. Pray, sir,—a—what may be the value of that?" pointing to a whole length of an admiral. "My price for that is two hundred guineas." "So!" ejaculated the banker, "a fine, noble-looking fellow, 'pon my word—very heroical indeed! Ah, mister painter, they are our great wooden walls, our prime bull-works! This is the land for such seamen—old England, hey, sir,—and those who don't like it, why let 'em leave it: that's my toast, sir. But to the point, sir: my business is to negociate, look you, for a large family piece,—myself, my wife, and my boys and girls; a fine family, as you shall see, sir,—the same number as his majesty's, God bless him! Now, what is your charge for such a collection?—group, I think you painters call it." "I cannot exactly answer that—within—five hundred pounds, or so," replied the painter. "Wheugh-h-h," whistled the banker: "what, sir, five hundred pounds?" "Such a subject requires study, sir,—great studying—as, how—" "Pho! pho! study, mister painter: true, sir, but you have not studied Cocker, sir, hey? ha, ha, ha! not tell within five hundred pounds; ha, ha, ha!" "Why, sir, such a work requires consideration. I should like, first, to be allowed to see your family, sir—and then—how to dispose of so many persons—how to employ them—and—and—" "Oh, my good sir, I'll save you that trouble; that is already settled, my good sir,—we are to be painted on our lawn, with a harpsichord, and all singing God save the King!"

HOLY FAMILY BY MICHAEL ANGELO. A bas-relief of a Holy Family by Michael Angelo, has been purchased in Italy, and brought safely into England by Sir G. Beaumont. It was executed at Florence for Taddeo Taddei, in the year 1504, when Michael Angelo was thirty years old. Since the introduction of the Elgin marbles, nothing so divine has ever been brought into the country. After having seen this exquisite specimen of his power, one no longer wonders at Ariosto's enthusiasm—

"——————— Michael
"Piu che mortel Angel divino."

It is like an emanation from the mind of an angel, unstained by earthly thought!—St. John playfully frightens our Saviour

with a dove; the Virgin protects him, and gently puts up her hand, as if in affectionate reproof, while the superior infant leans across his mother's lap, startled, yet amused.—The parts which are finished are equal to any thing in the world; and those which are not, have a dash of chisel like the brush of Tintoretto. To have an idea of the Virgin in this divine group, we must see it:—holy, pious, melancholy, tender, and beautiful, she turns her sinless face towards St. John, as if interested in the frolic, and yet thinking it a little beyond the awe due to the God-child. Nothing in the world that was ever imagined by human genius, or executed by human hand, exceeded the sentiment of this angelic figure! It was executed at his purest time of art, before he had done the Capella Sistina or the Moses. B. R. HAYDON.

JEALOUSY OF ARTISTS. Andrea del Castagne, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafurni, one of the most beautiful colourists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to colour which gave Domenico so grand a pre-eminence in this branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil colours. Andrea del Castagne resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrible idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolical impulse which inspired it. He knew Domenico had just rambled out with his lute in the fields: it was evening; and seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself in a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at night fall. There the demon in human shape patiently waited for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow; he heard a footstep approach; he knew it; and as Domenico passed he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest —it crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man whom they had found had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a dying friend. Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with

them to the place; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed, and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the same spot where slept the remains of his victim, and during his life least of all succeeded in that peculiar excellence, to attain which he consigned his conscience while living to the furies, and his memory to perpetual infamy after death.

ORIGIN OF OIL-PAINTING. A work is expected very shortly to be published at Munich, which will probably throw considerable light on the discovery and early history of oil-painting. It is a Life of John Van Eyk, by Dr. Gustavus Waagen, and will doubtless bring forward every argument that can tend to prove Van Eyk to have been the inventor of oil-painting. Not to mention that we have many reasons (not to say proofs) which go far to establish the existence of oil-painting, in England, previous to John Van Eyk, we shall be anxious to see how Dr. Waagen will meet the evidence of the curious Treatise on Painting, by Cennine Cennini, published by Chevalier Tambroni, at Rome.

CONTEMPORARY STATESMEN. Sir Robert Peel's collection of whole-length portraits of contemporary statesmen, the worthy baronet's colleagues in the Government, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and placed in the gallery of Sir Robert, were complete at the death of the President of the Royal Academy, with the exception of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Hill, and Sir George Murray. These three portraits have subsequently been painted for Sir Robert Peel, by Pickersgill.

THE FINE ARTS. A knowledge of the fine arts may be said to open a sixth sense upon every one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food, and falls asleep; the man of mere wealth does little more: but to those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense will appear but subordinate.

MENGS, the celebrated painter, used to say that very few artists understand the right method of showing off their own works in the best light; that no less judgment was required to shew a picture well, than there was to paint it.

IT appears from practical experience, that a young artist may travel to all the places on the Continent where he may derive information and experience in his profession, being absent from London about seven months, for the trifling sum of 92*l.* 10*s.*

ITALY.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
First saw and loved, and now by him who came
That night a stranger, sleeps from age to age?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself;
And not a stone in a cross-way, inscribed
"To Mantua"—"To Ferrara"—but excites
Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.
O Italy! how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and we admire thee now,
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wast born,
The gift of beauty. Would thou hadst it not;
Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile
That now beset thee, making thee their slave!
Would they had loved thee less, or fear'd thee more!
——But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who like the eagle cowering o'er his prey
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly.
E'en now the flame
Bursts forth, where once it burnt so gloriously,
And dying left a splendour like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes, that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon were themselves—
Since men invoked "By those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
And through the ranks from wing to wing are seen
Moving as once they were—instead of rage,
Breathing deliberate valour.

ROGERS.

THE WORKS OF ANTONIO CANOVA,

ENGRAVED IN OUTLINE BY HENRY MOSES.

This elegant work, which was published in monthly numbers, has several claims to patronage from the world of taste. First, as it tends to extend the sphere of the great and noble-minded sculptor's fame. Secondly, as it helps to diffuse a general taste for the polite arts; and thirdly, as it displays another specimen of the beauty and perfection of the British press, both as to the state of graphic and chalcographic art. We owe the introduction of this useful method of representation, touching the form and

composition of the works of sculptors and painters, to the munificence of Mr. Thomas Hope, who some years since patronised Mr. Moses, and gave to the artists of England, through the medium of his masterly and correct outlines, the graceful forms of the finest Greek statues. We say gave to the artists, for Mr. Hope paid for the plates, and presented them to the publisher, that the painters, sculptors, engravers, and other professors of the arts, might purchase the volumes in which they appeared, at the most reasonable price. Had this spontaneous offering been presented at the shrine of English taste by a native, we should have proclaimed the generous deed as nobly patriotic. As it was so graciously placed there by a foreigner, however, we contemplate the act as still more noble, because it is still more generous, and we respect the deed accordingly. There are too many useful works on sciences and arts, which are unattainable by the professor, from the large sums which are demanded for a copy. In that before us we have no such cause for prohibition, as each number contains five beautiful outlines by this celebrated engraver, from statues, groups, &c. sculptured by the renowned Canova, with several pages of descriptive letter-press, printed on superb paper, at the very moderate price of four shillings each number. The utility of these works in outline, is greater than might be imagined by those who are satisfied by a mere cursory glance at every thing in the graphic art that is deficient in bold and striking effect; an indifference, by the way, too common with English amateurs, by whom the higher graces of drawing are held of minor importance; and so that a picture displays but splendid colouring and vigorous effect, a strict adherence to the other properties of composition can usually be dispensed with. That the British school of painting excels all other schools in these fascinating qualities, is universally admitted; and for many branches of that art, we confess that the original and poetic feeling exhibited in colouring and effect, amply compensates for the neglect of drawing. In portraiture and in landscape, an indefinite image of the prototype may be produced, which shall charm the spectator beyond the most laboured imitation. We have in proof of this but to instance certain works of Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, not only inimitable in their way, but superior in poetic and pictorial sentiment, to the productions of all other masters. There are, however, subjects of a higher and more classic character that command a style of composition, of which the very foundation is elegance of form, and the superstructure perfection of drawing; without which, indeed, even much cleverness of conception, and meritorious exertion fall so short of the mark,

that the painter's faults are exposed even to the observation of persons who pretend to no judgment of the principles of art. To arrive at these superior excellences, the student must have recourse to the sublime forms and contours of sculpture, as exhibited in the statues and basso-relievos of the ancient Greeks; or those sculptures, the works of the most illustrious moderns, who emulate their style of composition. It is in vain for the painter to seek equally perfect models of human form in nature, as objects of his academic studies in drawing, for they no where exist. His study of form from the life, and its application on the canvass, is a matter of subsequent consideration. These outlines, then, are valuable to the student, as they enable him to store his portfolio with a variety of positions of well-studied form, in the most graceful and elegant contours. These he should contemplate in his closet, by which he could not fail to acquire improvement in his taste, as they afford a greater extent of material to enrich his mind with, when engaged in sketching his thoughts, in the delightful practice of composition. He, then, that would excel in the pursuits of high art, should endeavour to procure every scrap of the *classic antique*, and in his hours of leisure, seek profitable amusement in the contemplation of the endless varieties of form, simplicity, and grace, which are so exquisitely combined in such mighty works of human genius.

FAMILIAR REMARKS ON ARCHITECTURE.

ALMOST every body occasionally travels from one part of the country to another, and amongst the many picturesque objects which attract the attention, none are more conspicuous than the churches and cathedrals in the villages or cities through which the traveller passes in his route. Even those who are prevented by circumstances from making these excursions, whose lot is cast in London, or in a country town, or in a remote village, have generally in the vicinity of their residence one or more of those venerable structures, which, whether considered in a religious or scientific point of view, call upon us for attention and admiration. When looking at any particular building, it naturally occurs to us to enquire how long it has been standing on the spot where we now see it. If any one be at hand we ask the question, and perhaps receive a satisfactory answer, though it is more probable that the answer will be one expressing a total ignorance of the subject. Most persons would, no doubt, be glad to possess a few rules, by the knowledge of which they might themselves be able to guess, within a few

years, the age of the building they were surveying; and to supply these is the intention of the following remarks. The doors and windows of old English churches, generally, have pointed arches; and from the shape of these arches, principally, though there are other minor distinctions, the age of the building may be most accurately inferred, as they have varied in height and width from age to age. Buildings constructed with arches of this description are usually denominated Gothic, an appellation given to them originally as a term of reproach, because they were supposed formerly to be the remains of the architectural taste of the Goths, and considered to be very inferior to the productions of Greece and Rome. A more correct term for them, however, though not one so frequently employed, is the English style, because buildings of this kind were first introduced in England, and no other country can boast finer specimens than are still remaining here. Before the introduction of the English or pointed arch, the circular or rounded arch was in use; and a few very beautiful examples of this kind of building still remain in different parts of the country. It is called Saxon or Norman, from its having prevailed during the reign of the Saxon and Norman kings in England. It commenced at the establishment of Christianity among the Saxons, in the sixth century, and continued to about the year 1135, in the reign of king Stephen. The entrance to the Temple church, London; the Abbey Gate, Bristol; and the church of Romsey, in Hampshire, are in this style of architecture. The doors in this style are sometimes quite plain, and sometimes very richly carved. Between the reign of Stephen and that of Henry III., the circular arch began to disappear; and before the death of the latter monarch, gave way to the pointed arch. At first the two arches were intermixed; and the style was then called semi or half Norman. Some suppose that the pointed arch was introduced from the Saracens, by the crusaders to the Holy Land, and from this circumstance they call it the Saracenic arch; but the greater number of persons imagine it to have arisen from the accidental intersection of several rounded arches with each other. That this will produce pointed arches of different widths and heights, according to the points of intersection, may easily be shown by placing two hoops, or rings, across each other, allowing one point of the hoops, or rings, to rest upon a floor or table. The crossings of the boughs of trees in an avenue, also afford a familiar illustration of the same fact. In the Temple church the two arches may be found united, and other specimens may be seen in the church of St. Cross, near Winchester; the ruins of Buildwas Abbey, Shropshire; Fountain Abbey, Rievaulx Abbey, and Roche Abbey, in Yorkshire.

When the circular arch totally disappeared in 1220, the early English style commenced. The windows of this style were at first very narrow in comparison with their height: they were called lancet-shaped, and were considered very elegant: two or three were frequently seen together, connected by drip-stones. In a short time, however, the windows became wider, and divisions and ornaments were introduced. Sometimes the same window was divided into several lights, and frequently finished at the top by a light in the form of a lozenge, circle, trefoil, or other ornament. A specimen of this kind may be seen in the beautiful church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which has lately been thrown open to view by the improvements connected with the erection of the New London Bridge. The door of St. Mary's, Lincoln, is also in this style. About the year 1300, the architecture became more ornamental, and from this circumstance received the name of the decorated English style, which is considered the most beautiful for ecclesiastical buildings. The windows of this style are very easily distinguished; they are large and wide, and are divided into several lights by mullions, which are upright or perpendicular narrow columns, branching out at the top into tracery of various forms, such as trefoils, circles, and other figures. York Cathedral affords a fine specimen of this sort of architecture, and there is a beautiful window of the same style in the south transept of Chichester Cathedral. The west front of that of Exeter is another specimen, and the door-way of Lincoln Cathedral is in this style. The transition from the decorated to the florid or perpendicular style, was very gradual. Ornament after ornament was added, till simplicity disappeared beneath the extravagant additions; and about the year 1380, the architecture became so overloaded and profuse, that it obtained the title of Florid, which, by some persons is called the Perpendicular, because the lines of division run in upright or perpendicular lines from top to bottom, which is not the case in any other style. King's College Chapel, Cambridge, begun in the reign of Henry VI., though not finished till some time after; Gloucester Cathedral; Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster; St. George's Chapel at Windsor; Wrexham Church, Denbighshire; and the chapel on the bridge at Wakefield, Yorkshire, are all of this character. Many small country churches are built in this style; and their size not admitting of much ornament, they are distinguished from structures of a later date, by mouldings running round their arches, and generally by a square head over the obtuse-pointed arch of the door. A peculiar ornament of this style is a flower of four leaves, called, from the family reigning at that period, the Tudor flower. From 1380, and during the reign of

Henry VIII., architecture became less pure in style, though, in some cases, very elaborate in its ornaments. An intermixture of styles was introduced, and hence the appellation of the debased style, the character of the architecture being inferior to that of preceding ages, and yearly becoming less worthy of admiration. Italian architecture was mingled with the different orders of English, and the latter were almost entirely lost sight of before the reign of Charles I. Of what is called the debased style there are many specimens in the colleges both of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as in many country churches, built about the same period. There are many other characteristics by which a building of one period may be distinguished from that of another, even by a very casual observer; but in a hasty glance, the traveller will hardly perhaps have time to cast his eye upon more than one particular part of the structure. The arches of doors and windows are prominent objects, and are readily seized upon by the eye.

TOPOGRAPHICAL PAINTING.

THE art of reading nature, to revert to the saying of Sir Joshua, though indispensable to the study of painting, is a faculty not necessarily confined to the professor of that art. The true connoisseur is at least an honorary disciple of her school: hence we could name certain collectors who, to use another phrase, can read a picture with a painter's eye. The painter, if a master of his profession, (we shall confine our present remarks to the landscape-painter,) copies nature under those appearances wherein she is most congenial to his art: so that it is common with persons of feeling and perception, though no connoisseurs, to observe, in viewing many a scene whilst travelling, "How like this is to a picture!" Thus unconsciously, through the medium of graphic imitation, such persons acquire the first rudiments of reading nature. Nothing, then, can be more true than the assertion of a celebrated philosopher, that to view a scene as a painter beholds it, is, as it were, to acquire a new sense. Would that this faculty were taught in all our public schools—it would be the means of expanding the optic faculty to a vast extent of improvement and delight; for through the organ of sight we acquire the greater proportion of our knowledge of things: it would furnish the sensible mind with continual sources of new and useful amusement, and would moreover be of inconceivable advantage to the progress of art. Were all

pictures directed to an age of general taste, even graphic dunces must improve. This is the age of education; we hope yet to live to see an age of intellect, when not only the painter, but the poet, architect, sculptor, engraver, composer, and indeed every professor of every branch of the polite arts, may address his talents to a public who will know how to appreciate the respective merits of his work; and each ingenious candidate may be secure of a reward in just proportion to his abilities. It is of vital importance to the tyro in painting, as in every other art, to have his faculties early directed into the right channel for study. The perceptions of the youth who studies professionally may, however, discover a path for himself, though such instances are rare. With the amateur of art it is entirely different; for however great the talent of such may be, the not giving the whole mind to the study renders such an expectation hopeless. It is, therefore, of the greatest consequence to these to seek such professors to teach them the principles of the art as have proved their competency to the task. Nothing can more demonstrate the general ignorance of these matters, even among people of condition, notwithstanding this boasted epoch of education, than the appointment of such very inferior artists as we could name to the important office of preceptors. It is owing to this indiscriminate selection that art is scandalised, and that those professors who should be preferred to these appointments, however lucrative, decline the occupation of teaching, because they feel conscious that the professor would sink into the insignificance attached to the designation of drawing-master. It is interesting to look back to the general state of the landscape department prior to the epoch when Wilson and Gainsborough threw new light upon that delightful branch of art. We would refer to the works of George Lambert and Taverner, who, by the way, was not a professional artist, being a proctor of considerable practice in Doctors' Commons. John Wootton, the horse-painter, at this period occasionally practised in landscape; and he too is said not only to have approached towards Gaspar Poussin, but sometimes to have happily imitated the glow of Claude Lorraine. Of these, and most others of their day, it may be pretty generally said that they practised in three styles; one not their own, the second woolly, and the third when not woolly—hard. The frequency of comparison of the works of the English landscape-painters of this period with those of the great Italian painters, we may venture to affirm, arose out of the circumstance of the scarcity of genuine pictures of these masters to compare by. The vilest imitations, even copies of copies, were consigned to the British metropolis; and all found purchasers at that mighty mart for all wares. It was from

spurious examples like these, that the landscape-painters, a century ago, studied their art. It can easily be supposed, then, that men of talent, such as Lambert, Taverner, Wootton, and others, really were, occasionally produced pictures equal to their prototypes. An aptitude at imitation, great practice, and a hand gifted with execution, might not unfrequently enable them not only to surpass these examples, but even to savour of the manner of the true pictures, which these artists must sometimes have seen in certain collections in the houses of our old nobility. These too, in common with professors of all ages, may be said to have sometimes excelled themselves,—and thus, under the inspiration of a lucky star, have produced works really worthy of praise. Judging, however, by what we have seen, and from what we have gathered from the opinions of others, we still remain incredulous as to the reputed powers of these rivals of Poussin and Claude. To substantiate the fact of the general poverty of the picture galleries of this period, and onwards until of late, we need only refer to the catalogues of public picture sales from the reign of George I. to the early part of that of our late sovereign. We have lately looked through a large manuscript volume, containing memoranda of the catalogues of picture sales, the names of their proprietors, and the prices, in a continued series for about sixty years,—and the low sums which are affixed to the works of all the greatest masters of the most renowned schools, amount to sufficient evidence of the classic rubbish that had been purchased for the true labours of the illustrious of old. But if these old English worthies, however ingenious they might be, had even had within their ken a stock of examples of genuine Italian pictures, still, by their mode of practice, they would have made no figure in art. They were at best mere imitators of the manner of others; and never studying from nature—as their great predecessors had done—they must have remained imitators, though they had lived and wrought thus erroneously for ages. We cannot look back to this period, however, without the indulgence of pleasing and interesting associations, as connected with the names of those early professors of our native school: nor can we forbear the expression of our regret that we have not the means of tracing the art of painting, through all its stages, with the same satisfactory evidence that has been furnished by the intelligent authors who have given to the world the history of the progress of our native literature. That most interesting department of art denominated topographical, however, for which the British school is pre-eminent, has proceeded so successively, yet so unexpectedly, to its present high state of excellence, that its history cannot be

roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure that their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still farther, in quest of new adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green, and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be the mere productions of Nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene as if for her own amusement. But we had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place; and were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide; which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, with a flambeau in his hand, ventured into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, carrying some beautiful pieces of white spar in his hand, which art could neither imitate nor equal. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him for about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice, which led into a spacious amphitheatre, if I may so call it, still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeaux, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening, and descending, one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern. Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene:—the roof all hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarce reach the lofty and noble ceiling: the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose

a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that in some measure resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this sacrament."

NATIONAL COSTUME. In 1380, the gown worn by men was, in some instances, without a collar, and buttoned before from the neck to the feet: openings, apparently extremely inconvenient, were made on the sides from the bottom as high as the middle of the thigh, and the sleeves were very wide and large; the girdle was embossed, the vest or doublet with small long sleeves appearing under the above garment. Some persons wore a large loose surcoat, without a collar, pressed close round the body by a girdle, the skirts or bottom of which turned inward, and was secured about the waist; the sleeves of this coat were as large as those of a modern morning gown. The gentleman's caps, subsequently introduced, rose in a cone on the head; part of the material fell behind, and the front formed the segment of a small circle on the forehead, the edges retiring towards the temples; this, when the party wore chain armour, or drapery from the breast and shoulders to the neck, had a most unpleasant effect, and must have been completely ridiculous when the latter was embroidered with grotesque figures of men and animals, as the fashion prescribed. The contemptible appearance of the males thus habited was in a slight degree countenanced by the stiffness, formality, and inelegance of the female *caput*, which had a cap fitted to the crown in 1386, with a broad border across the forehead, arched, and escallopped above, whence lappets fell quite to the waist. The bosom of the gown lay in a semicircle from the shoulders over the breast, a riband or band of silk formed a triangle from the front to the waist, and a short vest, with tight long sleeves, was added to a loose under-garment, the shoes sharp-toed. Ladies are shown besides, in illuminated manuscripts, with veils laid flat on the head, and descending to the shoulders, with collars to their gowns, and a band from them to the waist; in close sleeves, with two bands crossing the arm between the elbow and wrist, and five others uniting them perpendicularly. For the first time, in the course of our research, we find the sleeve set with buttons from the wrist to the elbow outside of the arm. It should be observed, that from the moment girdles were used down to this period, the waists were uniformly short.

STRATFORD ON AVON. * * * I was detained at Stratford nearly two hours, and endeavoured to see whatever I could, in so short a time, relative to Shakspeare. The clean, quiet, un-

commercial appearance of the town pleased me; but I was interested beyond expression on seeing the great poet's house. When I entered the untenanted room where he first drew the breath of this world, I took off my hat, with, I hope, an unaffected sentiment of homage. The walls and ceiling of this chamber are covered with names and votive inscriptions, among which I saw the signatures of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Washington Irving, and many others familiar to me, foreigners as well as English. I did not sign my name, for I felt that it had no right in such a place; but I brought away a minute relic, in the shape of a bit of rotten wood, pinched from the beam that supports the chimney. From the birth-place of the illustrious man, I found my way to his corpse-place; and never had I beheld so beautiful and venerable a church, or so tranquil and lovely a spot. The approach to the edifice, which is situated at some distance from the town, upon the banks of the fresh and murmuring Avon, is through an avenue of lime-trees, the branches of which are interlaced archwise, as Lord Bacon would say, so as to form a green canopy of some length. The scenery is not what is called romantic, but soft and quiet, and calculated, above all things, to surround the tomb of the genial poet. I was determined to get into the church, though it was so early; and, accordingly, after a little trouble, I found out the sexton, a fine old fellow with a Saxon name, who was munching his breakfast in a large old-fashioned room with latticed casements, half kitchen and half parlour. But he was too busy with his meal to be disturbed; and accordingly he sent his wife with me to open the church, and I believe our footsteps were the first which had, that morning, disturbed the holy silence of the place. The building is very fine, and even stately; but the interest connected with Shakspeare absorbs all other feelings, and monopolises one's admiration. I stood under his monument, on the very stone of his grave.

The moon beams on the peaceful lake;
How soothing is the light!
Morna, come hither for my sake,
Partake of my delight.

This solemn hour; the midnight breeze;
The stars of glowing heaven;
The death-like calm of all the leaves,
Are signs most wisely given.

They tell me in prophetic strain
How brief is human life;
They bid me turn to thee again,
And leave a world of strife.

On thy soft bosom I will rest,
And end my days in peace;
Oh Morna! put me to the test;
Say "Yes!" and I am blest! BRITISH MELODIES.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

THE arts are no less unfortunate than the sciences, in being retarded by the vagueness and laxity of their technical terms. In various branches of philosophy, a single word has imposed on the notions of an age, or constituted the distinctive badge of a school. It has paralyzed investigation, and held the minds of men as in a spell; and, even in more modern and in the present times, an observer will frequently be struck with the extended and unhappy influence of some conventional words and phrases, to which the example of an individual or long habituation has attached a factitious importance. Nor, as we have said, are the arts exempted from a like disadvantage. Different meanings are sometimes attached to the same terms; and, where this is not the case, there is an indeterminateness in their application, which is at once the source of much confusion and much controversy. Of this class may be specified such words as sublime, beautiful, picturesque, &c., the precise meaning of which, it would seem, can only be fixed by a reference to some acknowledged standard, of which we seem to be in want. Some authors, however, have laid down, both by definition and illustration, their views of the just application of these terms, and we propose to lay them before our readers in a selection from their writings. The distinction between sublime and beautiful objects is thus generally stated in Mr. Burke's treatise on that subject:—"Sublime objects," says he, "are vast in their dimensions; beautiful ones comparatively small: beauty should be smooth and polished; the great, rugged and negligent: beauty should shun the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly; the great, in many cases, loves the right line; and when it deviates, it often makes a strong deviation: beauty should not be obscure; the great ought to be dark and gloomy: beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid, and even massive. They are, indeed, ideas of a very different nature, one being founded on pain, the other on pleasure; and however they might vary afterwards from the direct nature of their causes, yet these causes keep up

an eternal distinction, never to be forgotten by any whose business it is to affect the passions." The distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful is stated in the same general manner, though with much interesting illustration, by Mr. Uredale Price, in his Essay on the Picturesque. "A temple or palace of Grecian architecture, in its perfect and entire state, and its surface and colour smooth and even, either in painting or reality, is beautiful; in ruin, it is picturesque. Observe the process by which time (the great author of such changes) converts a beautiful object into a picturesque one. First, by means of weather-stains, partial incrustations, mosses, &c.; it at the same time takes off from the uniformity of its surface and its colour; that is, gives it a degree of roughness and variety of tint. Next, the various accidents of weather loosen the stones themselves; they tumble in irregular masses upon what was perhaps smooth turf or pavement, or nicely-trimmed walks and shrubberies, now mixed and overgrown with wild plants and creepers, that crawl over and shoot among the fallen ruins. Sedums, wall-flowers, and other vegetables that bear drought, find nourishment in the decayed cement, from which the stones have been detached; birds convey their food into the chinks; and yew, elder, and other berried plants, project from the sides; while the ivy mantles over other parts, and crowns the top. The even, regular lines of the doors and windows are broken, and through their ivy-fringed openings is displayed the ruined interior of the edifice. In Gothic buildings, the outline of the summit presents such a variety of forms of turrets and pinnacles, some open, some fretted and variously enriched, that, even where there is an exact correspondence of parts, it is often disguised by an appearance of splendid confusion and irregularity. In the doors and windows of Gothic churches, the pointed arch has as much variety as any regular figure can well have: the eye is not too strongly conducted from the top of the one to that of the other, as by the parallel lines of the Grecian; and every person must be struck with the extreme richness and intricacy of some of the principal windows of our cathedrals and ruined abbeys. In these last is displayed the triumph of the picturesque; and its charms to a painter's eye are often so great as to rival those of beauty itself. So in mills, such is the extreme intricacy of the wheels and the wood-work; such is the singular variety of forms, and of lights and shadows, of mosses and weather-stains from the constant moisture—of plants springing from the rough joints of the stones; such the assemblage of every thing which most conduces to picturesqueness, that, even without the addition of water, an old mill has the greatest charm for a painter. It is owing to the same

causes, that a building with scaffolding has often a more picturesque appearance than the building itself when the scaffolding is taken away—that old, mossy, rough-hewn park pales of unequal heights are an ornament to landscapes, especially when they are partially concealed by thickets; while a neat post and rail, regularly continued round a field, and seen without any interruption, is one of the most unpicturesque, as being one of the most uniform, of all boundaries. Among trees, it is not the smooth young beech, or the fresh and tender ash, but the rugged old oak, or knotty wych elm, that are picturesque; nor is it necessary that they should be of great bulk; it is sufficient if they are rough, mossy, with a character of age, and with sudden variations in their forms. The limbs of huge trees, shattered by lightning or tempestuous winds, are in the highest degree picturesque; but whatever is caused by those dreaded powers of destruction, must always have a tincture of the sublime.

> " 'As when heaven's fire
> Has scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines;
> With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
> Stands on the blasted heath.'

" If we next take a view of those animals that are called picturesque, the same qualities are found to prevail. The ass is eminently so, much more than the horse; and, among horses, it is the wild forester, with his rough coat, his mane and tail ragged and uneven, or the worn-out cart-horse with his staring bones. Among savage animals, the lion with his shaggy mane is much more picturesque than the lioness, though she is equally an object of terror. The effects of roughness and smoothness in producing the beautiful or the picturesque is again clearly exemplified in the plumage of birds. Nothing more beautiful than feathers in their smooth state, when the hand or eye glides over them without interruption; nothing more picturesque, as detached ornaments, or when ruffled by any accidental circumstance, by any sudden passion in the animal, or when they appear so from their natural arrangement. As all the effects of passion and of strong emotion on the human figure and countenance are picturesque, such likewise are their effects on the plumage of birds; when inflamed with anger, the first symptoms appear in their ruffled plumage. The game-cock, when he attacks his rival, raises the feathers of the neck, and the purple pheasant his crest. Birds of prey have generally more of the picturesque, from the angular form of their beaks, the rough feathers on their legs, their crooked talons: all this counterbalances the general smoothness of the plumage on their backs and wings, which they have in common

with the rest of the feathered creation. Lastly, among our own species, beggars, gypsies, and all such rough tattered figures as are merely picturesque, bear a close analogy, in all the qualities that make them so, to old hovels and mills, to the wild forest horse, and other objects of the same kind. More dignified characters, such as a Belisarius, or a Marius in age and exile, have the same mixture of picturesqueness and decayed grandeur as the venerable remains of past ages. If we ascend to the highest order of created beings, as painted by the grandest of our poets, they, in their state of glory and happiness, raise chiefly ideas of beauty and sublimity; like earthly objects, they become picuresque when ruined—when shadows have obscured their original brightness, and that uniform though angelic expression of pure love and joy has been destroyed by a variety of warring passions:—

> " 'Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
> Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
> Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
> Signs of remorse and passion.' "

SCENERY IN ABYSSINIA, &c.

Whilst public curiosity has been directed to the less civilized portions of central Africa, we seem to have overlooked those parts in which a more humanized spirit has long prevailed,—not at one time exhibiting brilliancy, at another darkness, as in Egypt and Numidia,—but shining out meekly and steadily, and preserving the light of Christianity (dimly and darkly, if you please, but still preserving it) when almost all the other parts of the world had either quenched it for ever, or blended its pure radiance with the obscurity of heathenism. In Mr. Salt's Travels in Abyssinia—the most authentic information we have respecting that country and its inhabitants—are some traits of the primitive Christianity of Africa, so simple and characteristic that we shall detail them, with descriptions of the scenery, that we may bring together, in a brief article, as many circumstances of that little-explored country as can render a short narrative interesting. "On March 3, 1810, at ten minutes before six in the morning," says our traveller, "we commenced our journey up the mountain of Taranta. Our attendants, who were habituated from their youth to such expeditions, passed merrily on with their burdens, and some of the more light-hearted among

them amused themselves and companions by singing extempore verses, in a manner somewhat similar to that which I have been informed German soldiers frequently practise on a march. The person who composed each distich first sang it alone, when it was immediately taken up and repeated in chorus by the rest of the company. One of the songs, composed on the present occasion, was translated literally to me, as we proceeded, by Mr. Pearce, which I shall here insert as a characteristic specimen of the very rude poetry in which the Abyssinians delight:

Our fathers are soldiers of the Badinsáh,
Each of them has killed his foe.

We are young, and carry his burdens,
But shall in time fight as well as our fathers.

We now are journeying in a desert country,
Surrounded by wild beasts and savages;

But it is in the service of the Badinsáh,
And who would not die for him?

The sharp air of the morning, and the wild landscape through which we were passing, together with the shrill cries of partridges and guinea-fowl that rose up at every instant, startled by our approach, greatly contributed to enhance the effect of this novel and interesting scene. Shortly after, we reached a point where a road branches off on the left, leading to Halai. A little beyond, stands a high rock, or over-hanging pinnacle, called Gorézo, respecting which the Abyssinians entertain the tradition of a young maiden having leaped from it to avoid a marriage into which her father threatened to force her. The abyss below the rock is frightful to behold. Above this part of the mountain the vegetation begins to change its character; and, instead of kolqualls and kantuffa, clumps of trees are found called wàra, of a moderate height, bearing leaves resembling those of a willow, the branches of which were profusely covered with lichens. Further on, for a short distance, the road appeared to have been cut through a bed of chalkstone, and, wherever this prevailed, an extensive grove of a hardy kind of cedar, called túd, flourished in abundance. After having passed over another moderate ascent, we arrived at a lofty height called Sarar. On looking back from this spot, the view over the country we had passed became exceedingly grand; ranges of mountains, one below the other, the tops of which seemed to rise from what might be termed a sea of clouds, extending far into the horizon, where we fancied we could discern the line of the ocean bounding the distant prospect. From this point we had a considerable descent to make before we again mounted; when, in about half

an hour, we reached one of the summits of the mountain, near a station bordering on a small pool of water, called Turabo. By this time no more than two hours and a half had been occupied in the ascent since we left our station, in the morning, at Tak-kumta. To refresh ourselves after this exertion we encamped in the plain, enjoying one of the finest mornings that can be imagined, the thermometer standing at 61 degrees. The view that bursts upon the traveller as he begins to descend the southern side of Taranta, is one of the most magnificent that human imagination can conceive,—extending over the abrupt mountains of Tigri to the pinnacled and distant heights of Adowa, which, though singularly diversified with patches of vegetation, extensive forests of kolquall, and numberless intersecting valleys,—were so harmoniously blended together by a luminous atmosphere, as to form one vast and unbroken expanse. On my former journey we descended this mountain in the midst of a heavy and incessant storm: we were then entering upon an unknown country, with dubious steps, and no very certain assurance of the reception that we were likely to encounter; the recollection of our feelings on that occasion formed a pleasing contrast to our present sensations;—for now every thing promised success, the sun shone brightly on the landscape before us, and we were surrounded with tried and faithful followers. As the steepness of the path we had to descend rendered riding unsafe, we dismounted from our mules, threw the reins over their necks, and left them to make the best of their way down the mountain, as is customary with travellers in Abyssinia: an hour's walk carried us down the worst part of the road, and we then remounted, and proceeded forward through a wild and rocky district, along a winding pathway towards Dixan. The change of climate here began to be very apparent: the heat of the sun became intense and scorching, compared with what we had experienced on the other side of the Taranta; the vegetation looked parched, the brooks were dry, and the cattle had all been driven across the mountain in search of pasture. This remarkable and sudden change of the seasons is noticed in one of the earliest accounts respecting Abyssinia; for Nonnosus, an ambassador from the emperor Justinian to the ruling sovereign of the Axomites, remarks that from Ave to the court he experienced summer and harvest-time, while the winter prevailed from Ave to Axum, and *vicé versâ*.

TIVOLI.

MANY of our readers must have heard of Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients,—so famed for the loveliness of its scenery,—for its

beautiful groves, and its crumbling ruins,—its dark frowning caverns, and the wild cascades, which dashing down its rocky steeps, rush, with frightful speed and deafening roar, into deep, black, yawning gulfs beneath. Its picturesque charms attract the attention of all travellers who visit Rome; and the stranger's pilgrimage to the "Eternal City" would be incomplete indeed, without an "excursion to Tivoli." This enchanting spot stands to the north-eastward of Rome, at a distance of about nineteen miles. It is a bold eminence, rising out of the tract of country called the Campagna, and forming the termination of a projecting spur from the great chain of the Apennines, with which it is more immediately connected by the Sabine hills. The abruptness of its elevation produces a succession of rocky heights, which break the waters of the Teverone into those splendid cascades, that contribute so largely to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. This river, the Anio of antiquity, has its source among the Apennines, in a cluster of lakes; early in its course, it suffers frequent interruptions, but thence continues flowing placidly along between shady hills, until at Tivoli, where the high ground terminates, it falls headlong down into the plain below. Above, stands the town, its site occupying both banks of the river; beyond it, on the north and east, rise, afar off, the mountains of the Sabine country; to the south, appear the heights of Frascati, bounding the plain into which the hill of Tivoli on that side slopes in steep declivities; while to the west, the view is open, and extends along the winding stream of the Teverone, as far as the great city itself, whose loftier buildings rear their high heads, conspicuous in the distance. The first object that engages the attention of the traveller on his arrival, is the ruin of a beautiful little circular temple, which crowns the summit of the rocky precipice, suspended, as it were, above the great cascade. This exquisite remain, which is by some assigned to the goddess Vesta, by others to the Sibyl, who reigned in the neighbouring groves, stands in a yard at the back of the "Sibilla Inn:" it consists of ten Corinthian columns, above which rises the entablature, originally supported by eighteen. Its appearance is extremely picturesque, and harmonizes well with the scenery around. Not far from this ancient edifice, are the remains of a little square building, which is supposed, by those who regard its neighbour as that of Vesta, to be the real temple of the Sibyl. The back of the temple, with a portion of one flank, and some Ionic half columns, much decayed, are all that now exist. By its side, a winding pathway leads down the chasm into which the great cascade pours its rapid waters, and conducts to the grotto of Neptune,—a dark cavern, from which another fall, half subterranean, rushes forth, and

joins its foaming stream to that which rolls from above. The united mass dashes with frightful impetuosity into the deep and dark abyss below, and after tumbling a little among the rocks, is lost in a second cavern, called the grotto of the Siren. Crossing the stream on the top of this cavern, which forms the natural bridge of the Ponte di Lupo, the traveller descends on the opposite side, and entering its mouth, looks down into the channel through which the river rushes to its bed below. When he has reached the lower part of the stream, the view above him is enchanting. "Looking upwards," says Mr. Woods, "you see the temple, the city, the rocks, the falls, combined in the most magical manner. It is a scene, however, which it is difficult to characterize. It might be called sublime, if the objects of beauty were not so numerous; and if its sublimity and beauty were less impressive, you would pronounce it the most picturesque view that was ever beheld."

CONSOLATION FOR THE LONELY.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true-love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die!
Where is that land, oh where?
For I would hasten there!
Tell me,—I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe!
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my path are gone!
Oh guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burthened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it? tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness as he meekly bore
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe:
Think of his weariness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for him!
Think of the blood like sweat
With which his brow was wet,
Yet how he pray'd, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!

MRS. HOWITT.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

THE PLANETS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

In the whole range of astronomical investigations, none has so powerful, nay, I might say, such a magic charm for the imagination as the question concerning the physical constitution of the other planets of our solar system, their deviation from that of our earth, and the inferences thence deducible respecting the more or less modified condition of their inhabitants. All these planets are subject to the same mathematical laws of motion around one and the same centre—the sun—as our earth; in regard to this point, therefore, they differ from the latter only in the longer or shorter period which they require for the performance of their revolution, or, in other words, for the completion of their year. This similarity of mathematical relations necessarily leads to the conjecture of a physical similarity; but it is the investigation of the differences of these planetary formations that is the object of this paper. It is impossible to mark the course of these bright worlds through the expanse of the heavens, the regular recurrence of certain positions of the axes of rotation with regard to the sun, upon which depend light and heat, as conditions of living organization, the illumination of the nights of what are called the superior planets by a number of moons increasing with the distance from the sun; in short, to observe so many contrivances denoting a provident care for beings capable of enjoyment, without admitting this provident care for living beings as the ruling principle both of that general resemblance and of these individual differences. This idea is so in-

timately blended with our conceptions of the wisdom and beneficence of the Supreme Being, that it cannot be separated from them. According to these notions of the Deity, the very existence of worlds bespeaks their application to the highest objects of creation. Considered in this point of view, all that relates to the different constitution of the planets, with reference to the condition of their inhabitants, assumes infinitely greater importance; and the enquirer, taking analogy for his guide, transports himself immediately to the theatre of an existence attached to other planetary influences, to seek the modifications to which life is subject in distant worlds. I invite the reader to accompany me in this tour through the several planets of our system, and to admire with me that immense variety which the creation every where presents.

To begin with MERCURY:—This planet revolves round its axis in 24 hours and about one minute, so that the length of its day is within a mere trifle the same as that of ours. On the other hand, it completes its revolution round the sun, that is, its year, in 88 days; consequently its year is somewhat less than a quarter of a year with us. The seasons follow the same proportion; instead of a three months' spring, or summer, which the Earth enjoys, that of Mercury lasts only about three of our weeks. This seems to denote a more rapid lapse of life in Mercury: scarcely are the buds of spring unfolded when they are succeeded by the blossoms of summer, and these by the fruits of autumn, which, from the greater proximity of this planet to the sun, require less time for their maturity. The seasons in Mercury differ much in the same manner as ours, since the inclination of the plane of its equator to the plane of its orbit round the sun, which is termed the declination of the ecliptic, and on which, as it is well known, this difference depends, is only 3 degrees less than with us, or about 20 degrees. Mercury is but slightly flattened at the poles, in which particular it resembles, and indeed must resemble, the Earth, since this circumstance is an effect of the rotatory movement, which, as we have seen, is nearly alike in both planets. Mercury, though considerably smaller than the Earth, has mountains from fifty to sixty thousand feet high, or three times as high as our Chimborazo. Considering the proportion of the diameters of the two planets, the mountains in Mercury are eight times as lofty as ours, and they form vast ranges two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles broad and often twice as long. It is remarkable that most of these mountains, and the loftiest of them, are in the southern hemisphere, a circumstance which extends to the other planets, but the cause of which has not yet been investigated. From its proximity to the sun, Mercury is

flooded with light and heat: but the too strong effect of these mighty powers seems to be moderated by the shadows of its long and lofty chains of mountains; and, as Nature in her beneficent course does nothing by halves, we may fairly presume that, for the attainment of the end in question, the mountains of Mercury are covered with thick woods and forests.

A different but not less remarkable scene presents itself when we proceed to VENUS, which is as nearly equal as possible in magnitude to the earth. The time in which Venus performs its rotation differs but little from the length of our day; it is accomplished in 23 hours, 21 minutes, and 19 seconds. The year of Venus is equal to 224 of our days, and it is, therefore, as well as each of the seasons composing it, only about one-third shorter than ours. From the similarity of these particular circumstances there might be inferred a general resemblance between Venus and the Earth, if several arrangements peculiar to the former planet did not occasion a wide difference. In the first place, the declination of the ecliptic is, according to the latest observations, not less than 72 degrees. Hence the tropical zone, where the sun is always at the zenith, extends 72 degrees to the north and south of the equator; of course, on the solstitial days, the sun is only 18 degrees from the pole that is then turned towards him. Light and heat are therefore more generally diffused over the whole planet; but the change of the seasons is likewise much greater, since the same pole which at one time sees the sun only 18 degrees from its zenith, has him nearly half a year in nadir. Nature seems to have adopted this arrangement, that individual stripes of this planet might not be exposed to the full power of the sun which is so near to it: the means which have been employed in the small planet Mercury, for moderating the heat, were probably not practicable in the same degree in Venus, which is so much larger. This conjecture is supported by the constant clearness of the atmosphere of Venus, in which that assiduous observer of this planet, Schröter, of Lilienthal, has discovered for whole years together, no trace of fogs or clouds. Venus has many and lofty ranges of mountains: there are detached mountains, too, which rise to the height of more than thirty miles above the surface of this beautiful and brilliant planet. The greatest number and the loftiest occur here also in the southern hemisphere, where, like our Cordilleras, they form chains upwards of a thousand miles in length. From all these circumstances, we may figure Venus to ourselves as a resplendent planet, where, however, the great vicissitudes of the seasons produce a corresponding diminution of the atmospheric temperature, and where, moreover, the shadows of the lofty mountains afford a

local protection against the intensity of the solar rays. As the whole economy of civil life is necessarily affected by the duration of the year, we may presume that in Venus it is of a less stable character than upon the Earth: in consequence of the shorter duration of the year, the seasons, seed-time, and harvest, come round more rapidly in Venus, and the lives of its inhabitants are proportionably shorter. The proper theatre for enterprises of length and magnitude appears to be the superior planets, beginning with Jupiter, where life is reckoned by longer years, or, if I may be allowed the expression, is meted out by a longer measure. I must not omit to mention, as a very beautiful phenomenon, for which Venus is particularly distinguished, the soft radiance in which her nocturnal side appears enveloped, and the cause of which seems to be a peculiar phosphorescent light, emitted by the atmosphere of this planet. The nights of Venus must derive from this soft radiance which fills its atmosphere a peculiar splendour, so that it can well dispense with light from a moon, which, as every body knows, this planet does not receive. It will therefore not be carrying the analogy too far, if we figure to ourselves the nights of Venus thus illuminated, during which not a cloud obscures the deep azure sky, as eminently beautiful; and after perusing these observations, many of my readers may possibly view this brilliant planet, which is a chief ornament of our firmament, both morning and evening, with increased interest.

We find ourselves amidst a totally different planetary nature, when we enter MARS, which appears to us enveloped in a faint red light. Its day also is nearly of the same length as ours, which it exceeds only by about half an hour; but the year in Mars is almost twice the length of the Earth's year—a circumstance which cannot fail to affect the affairs of ordinary life. A father of a family there, for example, in order to provide the requisite stores for so much longer and perhaps so much more severe a winter, will, under similar circumstances, probably have to make proportionably greater exertions than an inhabitant of the Earth. This suggestion is designed to introduce the idea, which will be further developed as we proceed, of a certain increase of perfection in what are called the superior plants —an idea which, as far as I know, has never before been started, and which I nevertheless hope, by means of mere deductions from facts to place beyond all doubt. It is a remarkable circumstance that the four planets nearest to the sun, which we have thus far been considering, all revolve upon their axes in about the same time as the Earth, and that in other respects they exhibit a certain family resemblance; whereas the other three, Jupiter, Saturn, and Georgium Sidus, or Uranus—

I purposely omit the planetoids, which have been but recently discovered, and seem to be mere planetary masses—though of far greater magnitude, are subject to a much more rapid rotation. Nature seems thereby to have divided our planetary system into two large groups, and it is to be presumed that the more rapid rotation is favourable to atmospheric processes which compensate for the consequences arising from the increased distance from the sun, that source of light and heat. Mars is distinguished by the many changeable spots, the speedy formation, figure, and disappearance of which, plainly bespeak their cloud-like nature. Schröter, that indefatigable topographer of the heavens, found the velocity of some of these clouds to be as much as ninety feet in a second, so that the atmosphere of this planet seems to be subject to at least as violent agitations as that of the Earth. These revolutions in the atmosphere of Mars appear to be chiefly of a wintry nature; for, besides the above-mentioned spots, which are liable to rapid changes, there have been observed two more permanent spots, large, circular, and of a dazzling white, which embrace the polar zones of this planet, and appear alternately larger and more brilliant about that pole which is involved in the night of winter, that lasts nearly as long again in Mars as on the Earth. As each of these spots gradually decreases in proportion as the sun approaches the pole, it is not to be doubted, from such undeniable analogy, that this phenomenon is caused by the accumulation, during the polar winter, of snow and ice, or at least similar substances, on which the sun afterwards operates the more powerfully as the declination of the ecliptic in Mars exceeds ours by almost 6 degrees, and the sun of course approaches so much nearer to each of the poles. As the greater distance of Mars from the sun produces no alteration in this dissolution of its wintry substances by his beams, we may thence deduce another law of celestial physics, namely, that the atmosphere of the planets farthest from the sun is so constituted as to be operated upon by the fainter solar rays sufficiently for the production of light and heat. The reverse must be the case with Mercury and Venus, where probably a less susceptibility of the atmosphere for light and heat counterbalances, at least to a certain degree, the influence of the sun's proximity. In this manner nature may have contrived to produce every where a medium state, suited to the condition of the inhabitants of the respective planets.

With JUPITER the second planetary group of our solar system opens to the view. This magnificent orb is distinguished by so many peculiarities, that Schubert, the eminent astronomer of Petersburg, has proposed to draw, through

Jupiter, the boundary line between the two groups, formerly drawn through Mars. Jupiter is the largest of all the planets of our system; it surpasses the Earth in superficies more than 120 times, and we must tarry longer upon it, that we may be able to observe at leisure all the remarkable circumstances which it presents. This immense body revolves in the short period of not quite ten hours about its axis; and this rapid rotation, common to the three greater planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, seems, as I have already hinted, to be one of the means by which nature calls forth in their atmospheres, processes conducive to the generation of light and heat by the solar rays, operating with the less force owing to the increased distance. The day of these three planets is accordingly far shorter than our day; for instance, Jupiter's day is not half so long as ours; but the splendid illumination of Jupiter's nights by four moons, to which subject I shall advert presently, seems to do away to a certain degree with the difference between day and night. The plane of the equator of this planet forms with the plane of its orbit an angle which the most careful observations have determined to be only 3 degrees, and the tropics are nearly coincident with the equator. Hence it follows that the state of the atmosphere in Jupiter must constantly resemble that which takes place on the Earth at the time of the equinox, when the sun enters the equator. The climate therefore must be uniformly mild, as with us in spring or autumn. On our Earth the torrid zone extends 23 degrees on each side of the equator, and the two frigid zones occupy the like number of degrees; whereas, in Jupiter, according to the above data, the torrid zone comprehends altogether only 6 degrees, and the two frigid zones embrace between them but just the same space, so that nearly the whole of the surface of this remarkable planet belongs to the temperate zones. Its vegetation consequently enjoys uninterruptedly that equinoctial temperature which authorises us to attribute to it the equally uninterrupted production of flowers and fruit: in short, this planet must be covered with everlasting verdure, and enjoy a mild climate all the year round. This invariable state of the atmosphere, at least in an astronomical sense, combined with the almost constant equality of day and night, must impart a similar character of equality to the affairs of life, and it thus announces something more constant, more permanent, and more perfect. We must likewise take into account the length of Jupiter's year, which is nearly twelve times as long as ours, and from which circumstance Schubert draws the conclusion, that life in Jupiter must be very different from life upon the Earth. "There," says he, "a girl of sixteen has the experience of nearly two centuries, and

whoever has seen eighty revolutions of the sun has attained the age of Methuselah." If Jupiter appears to us, from what has already been stated, in a very agreeable light, the four moons attached to this planet contribute greatly to its further embellishment; and there are arrangements connected with them which leave no room for doubt respecting the beneficent intentions of Providence for the uninterrupted illumination of Jupiter's nights. By the most sublime analysis, Laplace has incontestably demonstrated that these moons can never be dark, or new, at one and the same time, and that consequently the inhabitants of Jupiter are always sure of the light of at least one of these luminaries. This provision of Supreme Intelligence furnishes an additional ground for our conjecture of an increased perfection of things in Jupiter; and, as far as we can form any conception of the physical constitution of this planet, and the economy of life resulting from it, we are forced to admit that at least many of its arrangements are on a larger and grander scale. Jupiter, as we have already intimated, forms the commencement of a totally different planetary existence; and science cannot forbear deploring those barriers which oppose its progress and confine it to conjecture, when, urged by awakened curiosity, it would fain penetrate with all its attributes of sense into the magic scenes, into the delicious plains, of this vast and beautiful planet, lighted by four moons, and shaded by a luxuriant and ever-flourishing vegetation.

This desire is excited in a still higher degree, if possible, by SATURN, which possesses in its ring a peculiarity that has no parallel in our whole solar system. It is besides surrounded by seven moons, which give their light to its nights. This increase in the number of the moons in proportion to the increased distance of the planets from the sun, seems to be so manifestly connected with the necessity of a compensation for the gradual decrease of the sun's influence, on account of the immense distance, that we must form a very different conception of the nights of Jupiter or Saturn from what we do of our own. There, probably, the contrast between the light of day and the darkness of night is much less harsh, and a milder and more uniform light incessantly illumines these distant regions. Another inference from this law of the increased number of moons is, that, as the Earth has its satellite, the more remote Mars must certainly be also provided with one, though it has not yet been discovered by astronomers. This conjecture, which may hereafter be verified, rests upon the same grounds as did the prediction of a planet between Mars and Jupiter, before the discovery of the planetoids. That remarkable ring of Saturn, to which I now return, is a solid body, dark of itself, en-

lightened only by the sun, which concentrically surrounds its planet like an immense bridge unsupported by pillars. Respecting the design of Providence in framing this extraordinary arch, conjectural astronomy leaves us in the dark; since it even periodically deprives the inhabitants of a considerable part of Saturn, on which it throws its shadow, of the sun's light, and thus seems to be only a disadvantage to them. But, in spite of the distance of 30,000 of our miles, which place is occupied by the atmosphere of Saturn, the inhabitants of that planet may possess means of overcoming the obstacles of this long journey through their probably denser atmosphere. The seven moons which accompany Saturn in its revolution of nearly 30 years round the sun, render the absolute dissimilarity between life in that planet and ours still more evident. As it revolves round its axis in about the same time as Jupiter, that is, in about 10½ hours, day and night there are not, perhaps, as with us, decided divisions of time marked by the presence or absence of the sun's light; but we may rather presume that the light of these seven moons, as I have already observed, affords a peculiar compensation in respect to the continuity of illumination. It is also more than probable, that the surfaces of the moons of this planet, as well as that of Jupiter and Uranus, have been so constituted by the hand of Providence, as to reflect with sufficient force the fainter solar rays which they receive. The declination of the ecliptic, in the sense in which we have used that term, amounts in Saturn to 30 degrees; each of its frigid zones consequently extends to the same distance from its respective pole. If we consider the magnitude of Saturn, which, though not quite equal to that of Jupiter, is nevertheless immense, for it is eighty times as large as the Earth, we shall perceive how considerable a space is embraced by its frigid zones. Now Saturn's year, as it has already been remarked, lasts nearly thirty of our years, and the polar night to which its frigid zones are more or less liable, continues almost fifteen whole years, instead of six months, as with us. It was expedient, therefore, that Providence should adopt measures for affording light to such extensive regions during so long a winter night, and for this purpose it placed the orbits of the first six of Saturn's moons in the prolonged plane of its equator, so that they are incessantly revolving in the horizon of its pole. Figure to yourself the magnificent scene which Saturn's winter night must consequently present! Fancy yourself upon a vast circular plane, the circumference of which is adorned by six brilliant moons, incessantly pouring over it a flood of magic light, and you will have some idea of that scene. It is impossible not to connect with the splendour of this scene, combined with its

duration, the idea we have thrown out, of a greater perfection of existence in Saturn, compared with that on the Earth. The less variation of day and night, and the long duration of the year, bespeak a certain stability of active life, which indeed seems to be requisite, since the longer duration of the seasons, together with the vast extent of the surface of Saturn, and consequently of each of its regions, must demand greater and more enduring vital powers. Consider only the probable intercourse between the inhabitants of Saturn itself, and those of its ring, to which I have already alluded. If, however, we allow 69 miles to a degree of Saturn's equator, we shall find that a mile of Saturn is equal to 46 of ours, and the distance between the ring and the body of Saturn, previously stated at 30,000 of our miles, is diminished, according to that standard, to 3000: and it is not difficult to believe that, between two points so near to each other, a constant intercourse may subsist. Besides a very considerable flattening, which is a necessary consequence of the speedy rotation of this vast body round its axis, the form of Saturn has something peculiar to itself, inasmuch as its diameter is not, as in the other planets, largest at the equator, but at the parallel of 75 degrees; hence its disk resembles a square with the corners rounded off. It has just been stated that Saturn's ring is situated in the plane of the equator, which is of course removed to that parallel; and it actually seems, from this circumstance, as if the hand of Providence had availed itself of part of the mass of Saturn's equator to construct from it the ring requisite for its purposes. How very different must be the state of the atmosphere, the illumination, &c. of this ring, forming as it were a prodigious and connected range of mountains, suspended over the body of the planet! Figure to yourself such a mountain-bridge girdling the Earth; take away the base of Chimborazo, for instance, and fancy its summit hovering over your head, and you will have an image of part of this ring. The productions of such a mountain-top must certainly be very different from those of the plains lying beneath it.

We are now near the limits of our planetary system, namely, the wonderful GEORGIUM SIDUS or URANUS, which probably forms the connecting link with another and more perfect system. This planet again is distinguished from all the rest by a peculiarity, namely, the position of its axis of rotation, for this axis falls in the very plane of its orbit. This is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable arrangements in the whole physical constitution of the planets, since, in consequence of it, the sun, during the revolution of Uranus, which lasts upwards of eighty years, turns in a spiral form

round the whole planet, so that even the two poles sometimes have that luminary in the zenith. Now conceive what must be the state of the temperature and illumination of this planet. On the day of its summer solstice, its inhabitants see the sun in their zenith; but that luminary immediately begins to descend, at first, in smaller, and afterwards in gradually increasing parallel circles to its horizon, till it touches the latter in the equator. This lasts above forty of our years, consequently, it forms an uninterrupted summer day of the same length to the pole of Uranus, and would afford an astronomer, stationed at that pole, abundant time for continued observation of the sun. As soon as the sun has passed the equator, and ascends towards the opposite pole, a winter night of the same length, that is to say, of above forty years, commences for the former pole, and, on the day of the winter solstice, it has the sun in nadir, and the converse of the temperature, as far as it depends on the position of the sun, is at the maximum. What a protracted night again at the pole of this planet for the observations of an astronomer! But, during this whole winter night, of more than forty years, the pole, where it prevails, sees all the moons belonging to its planet, of which six only have yet been discovered, but the number of which must, from analogy, be certainly greater, circling, uninterruptedly, in its horizon, since all their orbits, as is the case in regard to those of Saturn, fall in the prolonged plane of the equator. The scene presented by such a night, illumined by so many moons, cannot, therefore, be less splendid than the nights of Saturn, already adverted to, only that it surpasses the latter in duration, which bespeaks in the inhabitant a more decided adaptation for enduring enjoyment—a circumstance that again leads me back to my theme of the increase in perfection, on the outermost or frontier planets of our system. If the year of a planet furnishes the standard of the life of its inhabitants, as for many reasons is not improbable, how very different must be the length of life in Uranus, in comparison with the Earth, and what a difference this must make in the stability of all social institutions!

A general property of the three planets comprehended in the second group, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, is their less specific gravity, which, in the first and last, can only be estimated at somewhere about that of wood, but is inferior still in Saturn, whereas the gravity of the Earth is double that of granite; that is to say, two globes of granite of equal dimensions with the Earth would be required to balance our planet; whereas Jupiter would only require a globe of wood of its own dimensions. The substance of these three planets of the second group must consequently be, upon the whole,

softer, and this superior fineness of substance must manifest itself in the animal and vegetable formations. Were it possible, then, to pass at once from the Earth to one of those three planets, we should find ourselves surrounded by a comparatively much more ethereal nature; we should tread a softer soil, and see more beautiful waves of a specifically lighter water rolling along. In the magic brilliancy of a night in Jupiter, lighted by four moons, a more delicate vegetable kingdom would extort our admiration, and more exquisite fruits would refresh our lips. These assumptions are not mere creations of fancy: from the inferior density of the whole planetary mass, which is placed beyond doubt, with respect to the three planets in question, by the theory of attraction, there results, incontestably, a greater delicacy of substances in general. I will, nevertheless, by way of conclusion, endeavour to support the motion here developed by one more argument. In fact, our present senses would not be adapted to a more refined, more perfect planetary existence, with more delicate forms and more permanent enjoyments, such as Jupiter, for example, seems to promise; but what is more natural than to connect the futurity, the eternity, for which we feel ourselves destined, with the eternity of the worlds by which we see ourselves surrounded, and therefore to expect, from this futurity, the gift of organs of sense so refined as to be capable of grasping more ideal planetary forms? Here is the commencement of a new system of physics—a system which, without pretending here to develope it completely, I shall term the "Planetary Metempsychosis." The future derives it from a more solid, a more delightful foundation; and the other planets of our system, as well as the infinity of the other planetary systems, begin to have a very different kind of interest for us from the merely astronomical: the general shade, which covers the back-ground of life, resolves itself into individual planetary colours, and all this appears so natural, so necessary, so absolutely incontrovertible! The infant years of a new and more perfect planetary existence, for example, in the beautiful planet Jupiter, present themselves, in this system, as an immediate continuation of the earthly existence which has just terminated: the measure of the intellectual and moral cultivation confers a right of admittance to a new planetary existence, for which certain qualities are required. Thus the planetary metempsychosis teaches the co-existence of a moral attraction of spirits with the mechanical connection of the different orbs by attraction. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? Every star-lit night our senses are directed upward, and is not this intellectual longing to be gratified with something real? What an enchanting prospect is opened by this system to those

in particular who have made the investigation of Nature their sublime object, and who no longer see themselves confined to the narrow limits of our Earth, but discover the infinite variety of forms of innumerable planets presented to the eye of the astonished mind. Indeed, if any thing is capable of increasing respect for the pursuits of Astronomy, and attachment to that science, it is the sweetly soothing idea of the prospect of prosecuting them in more perfect forms, with more perfect senses and instruments, and of continuing them through a longer year, such as the superior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, enjoy. In these immense orbs, furnished with a proportionably increased number of species of animals and vegetables, a different measure of time must also be allotted to the inquiring mind. To open to our view these enchanting scenes, we need but transport ourselves through the ocean of ether in which they float before our eyes, and for this voyage, the system of the planetary metempsychosis, which I have here propounded, offers an appropriate vehicle.

NIGHT.

When o'er the bosom of the deep
The pale moon casts her silvery ray;
When through the grove the wild winds sweep,
Or balmy zephyrs gently play—
Oh! at that hour, when silent night
Through earth and air and ocean reigns,
When Philomel, with sad delight,
Warbles her sweetly plaintive strains;—

Oh! at that hour I love to stray,
Through scenes where gloomy horrors live,
Scenes which when comes the sickening day,
To me no joy, no pleasure give:
To seek the tower, where rustic fear,
Has pictured souls departed rove,
And nightly on that spot appear,
Their former scene of life and love!

As through the dark vaults howls the blast,
And in the sky red lightnings gleam,
While clouds the atmosphere o'ercast,
And the mild moon withdraws her beam;
When the dull screech-owl's dismal yell
Through the arched roofs resounds oftsoon,
And on the deep sonorous bell
The hammer's stroke proclaims night's noon,—

To muse within its mouldering walls,
On changes which time here has seen!
And, as I pace its lonesome halls,
Mark what they are, and erst have been!
Mid these sad scenes I solace find:
Here from the horriferous world I flee,
And picture to my anguished mind,
What now I am, and soon shall be * * *

To be assured of this, it is only necessary to think of the comparative temperatures of night and day, of climates, and of seasons, and to reflect that the sun is the sole cause of the differences. We need not wonder, then, that to many savage nations, seeking the source of their life and happiness, the sun has been the object, not only of admiration, but of worship. The heat comes from the sun with his light. If a sun-beam enter by a small opening an apartment otherwise close and dark, it illuminates intensely the spot or object on which it falls, and its light being then scattered around, all the objects in the room become feebly visible. Again, a cold thermometer, held to receive the direct ray, rises much, while in any other situation it is less affected, proving the heat to be like the light, widely diffused, and so to lose proportionately of intensity. Light passes from the sun to the earth in about eight minutes of time, and there is every reason to conclude that heat travels at the same rate. Human art can gather the sun-beams together, and by the intense heat produced in the focus of their meeting, furnishes another proof that the sun is the great source of heat. A pane of glass in a window, or a small mirror, will reflect the sun's ray so as to offend an eye receiving it at a distance of miles, as may be observed soon after the rising, or before the setting of the sun, when his ray is nearly horizontal, and the heat accompanies the ray, for by many such mirrors directed towards one point a combustible object placed there would be inflamed. Archimedes set fire to the Roman ships by sun-beams, returned from many points to one, his god-like genius thus rivalling, by natural means, the supposed feats of fabled Jupiter with his thunderbolts. Again, when the light of a broad sun-beam is made, by a convex glass or lens, to converge to one point or focus, the concentrated heat is there also; for a piece of metal held in the focus drops like melting wax; and if the glass be purposely moved, its focus will pierce through the most obdurate substances, as red hot wire pierces through paper or wood. A hunter on the hill, and travelling hordes on the plains, often conveniently light their fires at the sun himself, by directing his energies through a burning glass. The direct ray of the sun, simply received into a box, which is covered with glass to exclude the cold air, and is lined with charcoal or burnt cork to absorb heat, and to prevent the escape of heat once received, will raise a thermometer in the box to the temperature of 230 degrees of Fahrenheit, a temperature considerably above that of boiling water; and the experiment succeeds in any part of the earth where there is a clear atmosphere, and where the sun

attains considerable apparent altitude. Reflecting on such facts as now recorded, and on the globular form and the motions of our earth, we have a measure of the differences of climate and of season that should be found upon the earth. It is evident that the part of the globe turned directly to the sun, receives his rays as abundantly as if it were a perfect plane, similarly facing him, while on parts, which as viewed from the sun, would be called the sides of the globe, with the increasing obliquity of aspect, an equal breadth or quantity of rays is spread over a larger and a larger surface, and at the very edge the light passes level with the surface, and altogether without touching. The sunny side of many a steep hill in England, receives the sun's rays in summer as perpendicularly as the plains about the equator; and such hill-side is not heated like these plains, only because the air over it is colder, just as mountain tops, even at the equator, owing to the rarified, and therefore cold air around them, remain for ever hooded in snow. In England, at the time of the equinoxes, a level plain receives only about half as much of the sun's light and heat as an equal extent of level surface near the equator, and in the short days of winter it receives considerably less than a third of its summer allowance. With respect to the sun as a source of heat, there have been two opinions among philosophers; one class believing that the sun is an intensely heated mass, which radiates its heat and light around, like a mass of intensely heated iron; and another class holding that heat is merely an affection or state of an ethereal fluid, which occupies all space, as sound is an affection or motion of air, and that the sun may produce the phenomena of light and heat without waste of its temperature or substance, as a bell may without waste continue to produce sound: holding further, that the sun, below its luminous atmosphere, may be habitable even by such animals as live on this earth. Those who take the first view, are awakened to the dread contemplation of a universe carrying in itself, if its laws remain constant, the seeds of its certain decay, or, at least, of great periodical revolutions; the others may view the universe as destined to last nearly unchanged, until a new act of the will of its Creator shall again alter or destroy it.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THAT degree of power and facility, in conceiving of distance, which the mind acquires by its acquaintance with the surface of the earth, may, without any extreme effort, or, at least, such an effort as tortures and paralyzes the mental faculty, be extended

to the distances of the planets of our own system. Not, indeed, as if ever the shortest of these distances could be held before the mind, in its component parts, or correctly reckoned; for, if compelled to divide a hundred millions of miles into such portions as we can distinctly think of separately, and then to add part to part until all were numbered, still retaining hold of our starting point, we should find ourselves utterly exhausted and breathless long before one of those millions had been completed. Nevertheless, a mental traject from world to world may, in some sort, be accomplished. The glass brings, for example, the disk of Jupiter before us, so that we may fix the eye on this side, or on the other, of his cloud-belted surface. We clearly distinguish the forms of these wreaths of lurid vapour, or we catch the transit of one of his moons, follow the speck of shadow in its hasty course along the equator of the stupendous planet, very much in the same way in which we watch the shadow of a cloud as it moves across the bosom of a distant sunny hill. Although the road thither baffles us in the attempt to mete it out into portions, we can just imagine ourselves to have achieved the passage, and to set foot upon that vast rotund; and can faintly conceive of the scene that would there present itself, where, athwart prodigious valleys, (each capacious enough to receive an Atlantic, or through which the waves of all our oceans might quietly flow, as the Ganges glides in its bed,) the deep shadows of the overhanging mountains are flitting, with giddy haste, from side to side, while the sun rushes through the ample skies to accomplish his five hours of day, as we remain at our post of observation through the brief moments of night, and are dizzy while we gaze upon the shining multitude of moons and stars, that, bursting up from the horizon, chase each other, with visible celerity, from east to west, like a routed host closely followed by the foe. Thus, and with these aids which the telescope affords us, or which the imagination (authentically informed by facts) supplies, may we make a stage outward through the skies; nor are such efforts of the mind to be accounted vain and fantastic, like those waking dreams wherein we combine extravagant images of things no where existing, and in themselves preposterous; for we are now endeavouring to fix the faculty of conception upon objects that are palpable and real, and which (remote as they may be) are as truly cognisable by the sight as are the cliffs of an adjacent continent. There is no extravagance in this attempt, but a real utility, inasmuch as an important lesson is obtained from the vivid impression of the extent of God's visible dominion. The same force of conception which has carried the mind to the orbit of Jupiter, will transport it to that of Saturn, where is seen a sombre splendour

suffused on all sides, less, apparently, from the distant and diminished sun than from the broad surfaces of the adjacent rings, which almost blend night and day, by overshadowing the one and illuminating the other. On taking, once again, an adventurous flight, further than before, we reach the outermost limit of our system, and stand upon that vast and solitary planet which, as if guardian of the whole, slowly walks the rounds of the solar skies, while it fulfils its term of fourscore years, and more. The sun has now sunk almost to a comparison with the stars, or looks only like the chiefest and most resplendent of them, so that the mild twilight of that noon does not quite exclude their rival radiance. Here, indeed, the power of distinct conception of space and distance falters. But, if we remain awhile at the remote stage we have reached, and pass along the circuit of that farthest planet of the solar system, we may gain, obscurely, an idea of the solitariness of our system in the starry heavens. It is possible that the diameter of that orbit, which is scarcely traversed within the longest term of human life, affords just a sensible paralax for the measurement of the distances of the nearest stars, so that an intelligible means is afforded for computing the breadth of that fearful gulf which divides the sun and his planets from the coasts of other systems. Thus, instead of the ignorance or uncertain conjecture which here on earth obliges us to rest satisfied (or dissatisfied) with a vague conception of the distance of system from system, there, in that Georgian planet, perhaps, the astonishing reality is reduced to figures, and it is authentically shewn, that this outer circle of our system, vast as it is, circumscribes a space that would not be discernible otherwise than as a point from even the nearest of the neighbouring stars; so that, though our sun would be seen thence as those stars are seen by us, the apparent disk of his little sparkling light would include sun and planets together as one blended radiance. It is thus, where facts are greater far than imagination, that, in proportion as we ascertain those facts, or exchange imagination for knowledge, the mind is so much the more filled with amazement or awe. From the extreme boundary of the solar system, could we join that outpost of observation, we should look with more distinctness of perception into the abyss, in the centre of which the sun, with his planets, is suspended. And there, it is probable, a much brighter lustre may shed itself from the starry heavens, and, perhaps, (yes, it must be believed,) innumerable stars, which from earth are not at all perceptible or discerned, only by the highest powers of art are individually seen; and those luminous streams, too, and many nebulous splendours which hang, as wreaths or folded curtains of light, across our skies, show

themselves to be—what they are—crowded hosts of worlds, thick and numberless as the sparks that rush up from a fiercely-blown furnace. Perhaps, at the verge of our system, the hours of day may seem dull and sombre, where the night flames out with a radiance that darts from every span and interstice of the sky, like the fretted roof of a palace, which the ostentation of the artist has overloaded with sparkling ornaments of gold. Nay, sober truth and calculation oblige us to believe, that, if we could reach a spot nearer to the confines of the more densely occupied fields of space, and we exempt from all atmospheric observations, the entire surface of heaven would seem to be evenly and thickly studded with the stellar glory, in its many gradations of magnitude; for, though the nearer suns would appear distant one from the other, the spaces between would be filled up by those more remote, and these again by the still more distant, until nothing were discerned but a luminous ether; and yet this ether is luminous only by its innumerable suns! After the mind has lost itself, and become fatigued by the labour of attempting to traverse the distances of the visible universe, it may return (not for rest, but for change) to the still more astounding conception of the numbers of the heavenly bodies. The telescope has put these numbers quite beyond calculation, and then it fails to give any account of the many luminous clusters that bedeck the sky, much less of the spaces that may be not less replete with creation on all sides beyond the passage of light. And these numbers, could they be actually expressed, must be multiplied, who shall say how often, to include the bodies, not natively luminous, that are circulating around each sun. Our own system, it is conjectured, may comprise many planets, either too diminutive or too obscure (from the quality of their elements) to be discerned at all from the earth. The invisible material creation, therefore, it is probable, vastly outnumbers the visible; and it may justly be thought, that the worlds made known to us by their inherent splendour are to the unseen only in the proportion of the chiefs of an army to the thousands that fill rank and file: it is as if, from the summit of a tower, we were looking by night upon a boundless plain, filled with the array of war, and could discern nothing but the gemmed crests of the captains, gleaming amid the countless and unseen multitudes they are leading on.

NAPLES AND POMPEII.

Two English friends and myself made up our minds to pay a visit to the resuscitated city of Pompeii. We passed through

Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, which was buried under the lava issued from Mount Vesuvius in 1794. The provision which we had taken with us, consisting of fowls, bread, grapes, and wine, we left at a cottage close by the entrance gates, belonging to some soldiers who guard the ruins. Taking a guide with us, we came to what once was a magnificent gateway into a street paved with lava, on looking down which I shall never forget the sensations that arose in my mind. All was still as death. Superb marble columns and tombs, houses unroofed, walls partly crushed down, ruins of churches, arcades, shops, temples, with ivy twining around their once gilded ornaments. It was a melancholy but a most interesting sight. The guide conducted us into several of the houses, shops, &c. All was desolation. Giving credit to about one tenth part of what our cicerone told us, there was quite enough to excite our wonder and admiration. He pointed out what appeared to have been a very large house belonging to Diomedi, over which grass and ivy are grown; the cellars are very capacious, the ceilings and walls of which still retain the marks of the burning lava, and the ground is quite soft from the effect of the cinders having been finely pulverized by continual treading. It is said that when the dreadful eruption took place, about seventeen centuries ago, Diomedi and his family rushed into the cellars for safety; they were all flocked together in a corner, listening with agony to the screams of the people, the crashing of houses, and the appalling thunders of the mighty Vesuvius. The vivid burning lava forced the door of the cellar, and in an instant twenty-one human beings perished. Their skeletons were found when the ruins were excavated, and that of Diomedi had still a ring on the second finger of the left hand, with the letter D, and an impression of a serpent on it. The guide conducted us over a number of houses, among them Cicero's villa, which was very interesting to us. We saw several baths and theatres; one of the latter is built of stone; every seat is covered with grass, which gives it a very picturesque appearance. The ruins of Jupiter's temple are very magnificent; we entered the forum, which is surrounded by colossal works of art; the columns that support the porticoes resemble those of Covent Garden theatre, several of which have been dashed to pieces by the ponderous weight of the burning stones which showered down upon them during the dreadful eruption. We visited the great amphitheatre, in which it is recorded that about eighteen thousand souls were assembled at the time; it is 222 feet long and 114 wide. We saw the dens where the wild beasts were kept: they all opened into the arena, where the dreadful combats used to take place between human beings and the most savage of the

brute creation, for the amusement of the Neapolitan ! We quitted this scene of fallen grandeur and desolation, and went to the soldier's cottage, where we took some refreshment; then proceeded to a guide's house at Resina, with a determination of ascending to the top of Mount Vesuvius the next morning, which, after encountering the greatest difficulties, we accomplished.

There is a tradition that during one of the eruptions of Vesuvius or Etna, cinders were thrown as far as Constantinople. At all events, instances are known where the fine impalpable powder thrown up during an eruption of Vesuvius has fallen with rain on the decks of ships when between 300 and 400 miles from Naples.

It is a mistake of a very general nature that both Herculaneum and Pompeii were covered in the same manner. Herculaneum is buried in lava; and the work of excavating it was like digging in a quarry of very hard stone, and the descent is like into a quarry or mine. Pompeii was covered by loose mud, pumice-stone, and ashes, over which, in the course of centuries, there collected vegetable soil. Beneath this it is crumbly and easy to dig through; in few spots more difficult than our common gravel-pits.

The most curious circumstance connected with Pompeii is, that in the fifteenth century a subterranean canal was cut from the river Sarno, which traversed the concealed city and glided silently on under the temple of Isis. This was done for the supply of the contiguous town of the Torre dell' Annunziata, and yet the workmen never conjectured what they were cutting through.

HAILING THE MOON.

In the northern parts of Lancashire, there is an old custom much in vogue among the young maidens, during the time that the first moon from the commencement of the year is at the full, which they term "Hailing the Moon." The parties who thus woo the predictions of the silvery goddess, proceed to a stone, which is supposed to be of natural growth—or that has not been removed for upwards of fifty years. Upon this they stand with their hands stretched forth towards heaven, when a new silk handkerchief, that has neither been hemmed nor washed, is thrown loosely over the face. They then repeat the following lines:—

"New moon! new moon! I hail thee,
Hoping this night my true love to see,
Neither clad in rich apparel nor in gay array,
But in the dress he will wear every day."

After this most sublime invocation, as many moons as appear while they are breaking through the handkerchief, so many years will it be before they are married. The half and quarter moons, representing the half and quarter of a year, and the number of small balls of fire seen to shoot from these symbols, denote the number of children they are to have. Should, however, a cloud pass over "chaste Diana's face," a circumstance which sometimes happens, to the discomfiture of the anxious supplicants, it is considered as an unerring sign that they are devoted to a life of "single blessedness." The successful portion of the votaries of superstition then retire to bed, but before stepping upon their couch, they repeat the following elegant stanza:—

"New moon! new moon! now shining so bright,
In my dreams let my husband appear to my sight;
Be he rich, be he poor, or whatever he may,
Let him be as thou wilt—not an old man, I pray."

Their future lord and master appears to them, as they tell you, the next morning, during the hours of sleep, and by his manners and style of dress, his rank in life is denoted. It is proper to state to such of our fair readers as may be desirous of prying into futurity, by the aid of the process now made known to them by our deep research, that the charm is only operative during the New Year's Moon.

SUN RISE.

Look far away—into the farthest east,
And mark how like a vanquished discomfited foe
The clouds do roll their swift retiring legions off,
Before the face of the bright orb of day.
And see! where o'er yon hill, as though in triumph,
He doth fling about his brilliant banner
To the morning air.

Now from his sheltered nest up springs the lark,
Pouring his loud shrill song, as if to hail
The conqueror on his resplendent march.
Forth steps from out his lair the graceful stag,
Shakes from his side a shower of glittering dew,
And scours with bounding speed along the dell
To seek his antlered friends of yesterday.
The solitary heron, which hath stood
With eye intent, in patient watch upon
The border of yon sedgy stream, to seize
Some luckless wanderer of the finny race,
Stretches his dark broad wing and soars away,
To seek a safer, more sequestered haunt.

Oh! listen to the varied melody,
That rings from every bough in yonder wood;
The clear strong whistle of the early throstle
Hath roused up all its feathered throats to pour
Their warbled hymn, each from its leafy bower.

—Come, we will forth, ere yet the virgin primrose
Or blue-eyed violet hath surrendered up
Their treasur'd dew-drop to the ardent glance
Of the high risen sun.

Oh! would that all who press with fevered brow,
A pillow of unnatural, restless slumber,
Stood now with us upon the mountain's side,
And drank the breeze that on its freshening wing
Wafts us the perfume of a thousand flowers—
But we will not waste this lovely hour
In unavailing sorrow for the loss these sons of sloth
Look all regardless on.

Come, we will scale this hill's yet rising brow,
And homeward winding through yon woodland path,
Seat us beside our early board, and feast
With lightened breast and edged appetite
Upon the welcome meal that waits us there. PHAON.

ACCOUNT OF A SUBMARINE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

"APPROACHING the island of St. Michael's, on Sunday, the 12th of June, 1811, in his majesty's sloop Sabrina, under my command, we occasionally observed, rising in the horizon," says Captain Tillard, "two or three columns of smoke, such as would have been occasioned by an action between two ships, to which cause we universally attributed its origin. This opinion was, however, in a very short time changed, from the smoke increasing and ascending in much larger bodies than could possibly have been produced by such an event; and having heard an account prior to our sailing from Lisbon, that in the preceding January or February, a volcano had burst out within the sea near St. Michael's, we immediately concluded that the smoke we saw proceeded from this cause, and on our anchoring the next morning in the road of Ponte del Gada, we found this conjecture correct as to the cause, but not to the time; the eruption of January having totally subsided, and the present one having only burst forth two days prior to our approach, and about three miles distant from the one before alluded to. Desirous of examining as minutely as possible a contention so extraordinary between two such powerful elements, I set off from the city of Ponte del Gada on the morning of the 14th, in company with Mr. Read, the consul-general of the Azores, and two other gentlemen. After riding about twenty miles across the N. W. end of the island of St. Michael's, we came to the edge of a cliff, whence the volcano burst suddenly upon our view, in the most terrific and awful grandeur. It was

only a short mile from the base of the cliff, which was nearly perpendicular, and formed the margin of the sea; this cliff being, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four hundred feet high. To give you an adequate idea of the scene by description is far beyond my powers; but for your satisfaction I shall attempt it. Imagine an immense body of smoke rising from the sea, the surface of which was marked by the silvery rippling of the waves, occasioned by the light and steady breezes incidental to these climates in summer. In a quiescent state, it had the appearance of a circular cloud, revolving on the water like a horizontal wheel, in various and irregular involutions, expanding itself gradually on the lee side; when suddenly a column of the blackest cinders, ashes, and stones, would shoot up in the form of a spire, at an angle of from ten to twenty degrees from a perpendicular line, the angle of inclination being universally to windward: this was rapidly succeeded by a second, third, and fourth, each acquiring greater velocity, and overtopping the other, till they had attained an altitude as much above the level of our eye, as the sea was below it. As the impetus with which the columns were severally propelled, diminished, and their ascending motion had nearly ceased, they broke into various branches resembling a group of pines, these again forming themselves into festoons of white feathery smoke, in the most fanciful manner imaginable, intermixed with the finest particles of fallen ashes, which at one time assumed the appearance of innumerable plumes of black and white ostrich feathers, surmounting each other; at another, that of the light wavy branches of a weeping willow. During these bursts, the most vivid flashes of lightning continually issued from the densest part of the volcano; and the cloud of smoke now ascending to an altitude much above the highest point to which the ashes were projected, rolled off in large masses of fleecy clouds, gradually expanding themselves before the wind in a direction nearly horizontal, and drawing up to them a quantity of water-spouts, which formed a most beautiful and striking addition to the general appearance of the scene. That part of the sea where the volcano was situated, was upwards of thirty fathoms deep, and at the time of our viewing it, the volcano was only four days old. Soon after our arrival on the cliff, a peasant observed, that he could discern a peak above the water; we looked, but could not see it: however, in less than half an hour it was plainly visible, and before we quitted the place, which was about three hours from the time of our arrival, a complete crater was formed above the water, not less than twenty feet high, on the side where the greatest quantity of ashes fell; the diameter of the crater being apparently about

four or five hundred feet. The great eruptions were generally attended with a noise like the continued firing of cannon and musketry intermixed, as also with slight shocks of earthquakes, several of which having been felt by my companions, but none by myself, I had become half sceptical, and thought their opinion arose merely from the force of imagination; but while we were sitting within five or six yards of the edge of the cliff, partaking of a slight repast which had been brought with us, and were all busily engaged, one of the most magnificent bursts took place which we had yet witnessed, accompanied with a very severe shock of an earthquake. The instantaneous and involuntary movement of each was to spring upon his feet, and I said, 'This admits of no doubt.' The words had scarcely passed my lips, before we observed a large portion of the face of the cliff, about fifty yards on our left, falling, which it did with a violent crash. So soon as our first consternation had a little subsided, we removed about ten or a dozen yards farther from the edge of the cliff, and finished our dinner. On the succeeding day, June 15th, having the consul and some other friends on board, I weighed, and proceeded with the ship towards the volcano, with the intention of witnessing a night view; but in this expectation we were greatly disappointed, from the wind freshening, and the weather becoming thick and hazy, and also from the volcano itself being clearly more quiescent than it was on the preceding day. It seldom emitted any lightning, but occasionally as much flame as may be seen to issue from the top of a glass-house, or foundry chimney. On passing directly under the great cloud of smoke, about three or four miles distant from the volcano, the decks of the ship were covered with fine black ashes, which fell intermixed with small rain. We returned the next morning, and late on the evening of the same day, I took my leave of St. Michael's to complete my cruize. On opening the volcano, clear of the north-west part of the island, after dark on the 16th, we witnessed one or two eruptions, that, had the ship been near enough, would have been awfully grand. It appeared one continued blaze of lightning; but the distance at which it was from the ship, upwards of twenty miles, prevented our seeing it with effect. Returning again towards St. Michael's, on the 4th of July, I was obliged, by the state of the wind, to pass with the ship very close to the island, which was now completely formed by the volcano, being nearly the height of Matlock High Tor, about eighty yards above the sea. At this time it was perfectly tranquil, which circumstance determined me to land, and explore it more narrowly. I left the ship in one of the boats, accompanied by

some of the officers. As we approached, we perceived it was still smoking in many parts, and upon our reaching the island, found the surf on the beach very high. Rowing round to the lee side with some little difficulty, by the aid of an oar, as a pole, I jumped on shore, and was followed by the other officers. We found a narrow beach of black ashes, from which the side of the island rose in general too steep to admit of our ascending; and where we could have clambered up, the mass of matter was much too hot to allow our proceeding more than a few yards in the ascent. The declivity below the surface of the sea was equally steep, having seven fathoms water scarcely the boat's length from the shore, and at the distance of twenty or thirty yards we sounded five and twenty fathoms. From walking round it in about twelve minutes, I should judge that it was something less than a mile in circumference; but the most extraordinary part was the crater, the mouth of which, on the side facing St. Michael's, was nearly level with the sea. It was filled with water, at that time boiling, and was emptying itself into the sea, by a small stream about six yards over, and by which I should suppose it was filled again at high water. This stream, close to the edge of the sea, was so hot, as only to admit the finger to be dipped suddenly in, and taken out immediately. It appeared evident, by the formation of this part of the island, that the sea had, during the eruptions, broken into the crater in two places, as the east side of the small stream was bounded by a precipice, a cliff between twenty and thirty feet high, forming a peninsula of about the same dimensions in width, and from fifty to sixty feet long, connected with the other part of the island by a narrow ridge of cinders and lava, as an isthmus of from forty to fifty feet in length, from which the crater rose in the form of an amphitheatre. This cliff, at two or three miles distance from the island, had the appearance of a work of art resembling a small fort or block house. The top of this we were determined, if possible, to attain; but the difficulty which we had to encounter in doing so was considerable; the only way to attempt it was up the side of the isthmus, which was so steep that the only mode by which we could effect it, was by fixing the end of an oar at the base, with the assistance of which we forced ourselves up in nearly a backward direction. Having reached the summit of the isthmus, we found another difficulty, for it was impossible to walk upon it, as the descent on the other side was immediate, and as steep as the one we had ascended; but by throwing our legs across it, as would be done on the ridge of a house, and moving ourselves forwards by our hands, we at length reached that part of it where it gradually widened itself, and formed the summit of

the cliff, which we found to have a perfectly flat surface of the dimensions before stated. Judging this to be the most conspicuous situation, we here planted the union, and left a bottle sealed up, containing a small account of the origin of the island, and of our landing upon it, and named it Sabrina Island. Within the crater I found the complete skeleton of a guard fish, the bones of which, being perfectly burnt, fell to pieces upon attempting to take them up; and by the account of the inhabitants of the coast of St. Michael's, great numbers of fish had been destroyed during the early part of the eruption, as large quantities, probably suffocated or poisoned, were accordingly found drifted into the small inlets or bays. The island, like other volcanic productions, is composed principally of porous substances, and generally burnt to complete cinders, with occasional masses of a stone, which I should suppose to be a mixture of iron and lime-stone.

THE GREENLAND LAND-ICE.

THE land-ice (Fisbræc) in Greenland, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature, and in extent far exceeds any other hitherto known, running from one end of the country to the other, and covering it with an eternal ice, leaving only some tops of mountains, which rise black and naked above it. When you ascend any of the highest mountains, free from ice on the sea-coast, a dreadful view is presented. As far as the eye can reach, in every direction, nothing is seen but a glittering surface, which merits the appellation of an icy ocean. This ice is extending every year, increasing in height as well as breadth, and has already occupied the greatest part of the country. When it meets with high mountains it is checked in its progress till it has reached an equal height, and then proceeds farther without obstruction. An experiment has been made of placing a pole in the earth at a considerable distance from the line of ice, and that place has been found occupied by the ice the following year. Its progress is indeed so rapid, that Greenlanders, who are still living, remember their fathers hunting rein-deer among naked mountains, which are now completely covered with ice. I have myself seen foot-paths leading to the inland parts of the country, which are now obstructed by glaciers. It is chiefly in the valleys that the ice is accumulating, and where these reach the sea, and the inner parts of the bay, the ice projects in large blocks over the water. Part of the ice appears to be even and smooth, particularly in the middle, but a part of it

very uneven, especially at the extremities, towards the naked land, and in those places where small hillocks have been covered. But if you proceed farther on the ice, that which seemed to be even, consists of valleys with several strata. There are also a number of rents of different widths, and so deep that the eye seeks the bottom in vain. That part of the ice which appeared to be uneven is nothing but projecting hillocks with deep ravines, where it is impossible to proceed, and which bear the appearance of the sea in most violent motion, instantly congealed. If you look down into the rents, or observe the ice at the extremities, you find the lower stratum of a blue colour, which is darker towards the bottom, but towards the surface the colour is lighter, the uppermost stratum having its natural whiteness. The noise of water-falls is heard in some of the rents, and a thundering sound frequently heard under your feet when a new rent is made. On inspecting the extremity of the ice, when it is forming in low places, you will find it undermining the ground and pushing it aside as if it were by a plough. This detritus lies collected in heaps all along the sides of the ice, like walls, and at the first breaking up of the ice is sunk into it for ever. In many places entire lakes are filled, and rivers stopped up; the ice spares nothing. The blocks of ice that form a continuation of the land-ice, and project over the water in the inner parts of the bays, are yearly increasing. The sea below throws its waves over them, and makes such excavations, that in many places large poles of ice are hanging down at the sides, having the appearance of pipes of organs, and in other places it forms immense arches. In proportion as these blocks increase above, and become heavier, the immense masses are precipitated into the water. Many bays are really deep enough to receive such ice mountains. As one mass falls down, that which is behind is carried along with it, and thus one follows the other with a tremendous cracking noise, like a heavy cannonade. The sea, as is easily imagined, is thereby put into a violent motion, and overflows the land to a great height, and this inundation is felt at the distance of several miles. It has even happened that tents, pitched at a considerable distance from the sea, have been carried away and the people have perished. Boats are also in great danger. Such masses of ice are at first precipitated deep in the water, and returning to the surface, continue for a long time in motion. Sometimes they are united to the flat ice in the bays by congelation, and thus remain surrounded by it for a time; or they break in their fall the ice which is already formed there. Another circumstance which increases these mountains is, that in some places there are large lakes above the ice-blocks, discharging their

water through openings under them. Round the edges of the lakes are hanging pieces of ice, which in the manner above described, are precipitated into them. They are then driven to the mouth of the opening, through which the smaller pieces are carried down into the sea, but the larger ones block up the opening, by which not only the water is stopped, but also the other masses of ice. The water rising higher detaches still more of those pieces, and the lake is at last so full of them, that they break a new channel. Thus the masses that were heaped one upon the other are hurled into the sea, accompanied by a continued thundering noise. The sea is put into terrible commotion, and the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, when they hear this roaring, expect to see the whole bay blocked up with ice. If the ice-mountains remain for some time under the projecting blocks of ice (which depends on the state of the wind and the current), their size is then increased, and they rise to a terrible height, assuming the most curious shapes. At last they are driven from one bay to another, or they advance into the sea, and float about in Davis's Streights, till, by moving southwards, they are dissolved in more temperate latitudes. I do not mean to say that all ice-mountains in Davis's Streights have their origin in Greenland, for some of them probably come from more distant regions; but I think it most probable that the greatest part of this sort of ice has been detached from the western coast, and from the eastern coast of Greenland, which they call Old Greenland.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

This vast collection of basaltic pillars is in the county of Antrim, on the north coast of Ireland. The principal or grand causeway consists of a most regular arrangement of many hundred thousands of columns of a black kind of rock, very hard: almost all of them are of a pentagonal figure, but so closely and compactly situated at their sides, though perfectly distinct from top to bottom, that scarcely any thing can be introduced between them. The columns are of an unequal height and breadth; some of the highest, visible above the surface of the strand, and at the foot of the impending angular precipice, may be about twenty feet; they do not exceed this height, at least none of the principal arrangement. How deep they are fixed in the strand, was never yet discovered. This grand arrangement extends nearly two hundred yards, visible at low water, how far beyond is uncertain: from its declining appearance at low water, how-

ever, it is probable it does not extend under water to a distance any thing equal to what is seen above. The breadth of the principal causeway, which runs out in one continued range of columns, is in general, from twenty to thirty feet; at one place or two it may be nearly forty for a few yards. In this account are excluded the broken and scattered pieces of the same kind of construction, that are detached from the sides of the grand causeway, as they do not appear to have ever been contiguous to the principal arrangement, though they have frequently been taken into the width; which has been the cause of such wild and dissimilar representations of this causeway, which different accounts have exhibited. The highest part of this causeway is the narrowest, at the very foot of the impending cliff from whence the whole projects, where, for four or five yards, it is not above ten or fifteen feet wide. The columns of this narrow part incline from a perpendicular a little to the westward, and from a slope on their tops, by the very unequal height of the columns on the two sides, by which an ascent is made at the foot of the cliff, from the head of one column to the next above, *gradatim*, to the top of the great causeway, which, at the distance of half a dozen yards from the cliff, obtains a perpendicular position, and lowering in its general height, widens to about twenty, or between twenty and thirty feet, and for a hundred yards nearly is always above water. The top of the columns for this length being nearly of an equal height, they form a grand and singular parade that may be easily walked on, rather inclining to the water's edge. But from high water mark, as it is perpetually washed by the beating surges on every return of the tide, the platform lowers considerably, and becomes more and more uneven, so as not to be walked on but with the greatest care. At the distance of a hundred and fifty yards from the cliff, it turns a little to the east for twenty or thirty yards, and then sinks into the sea. The figure of these columns is almost unexceptionably pentagonal, or composed of five sides; there are but very few of any other figure introduced: some few there are of three, four, and six sides, but the generality of them are five sides, and the spectator must look very nicely to find any of a different construction; yet what is very extraordinary, and particularly curious, there are not two columns in ten thousand to be found, that either have their sides equal among themselves, or whose figures are alike. Nor is the composition of these columns or pillars less deserving the attention of the curious spectator. They are not of one solid stone in an upright position; but composed of several short lengths, curiously joined, not with flat surfaces, but articulated into each other like ball and socket, or like the joints in the vertebræ of some of the

larger kinds of fish, the one end at the joint having a cavity, into which the convex end of the opposite side is exactly fitted. This is not visible, but by disjoining the two stones. The depth of the concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches. And what is still further remarkable of the joint, the convexity, and the correspondent concavity, are not conformed to the external angular figure of the column, but exactly round, and as large as the size or diameter of the column will admit; and consequently as the angles of these columns are in general extremely unequal, the circular edges of the joint are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagon, and from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles, they are quite plain. It is still farther very remarkable, likewise, that the articulations of those joints are frequently inverted; in some of them the concavity is upwards, in others the reverse. This occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns, which is observable throughout the platform of this causeway, yet without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either. The length also of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various: in general, they are from eighteen to twenty-four inches long; and, for the most part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, and the articulation of the joints something deeper. The size or diameter of the columns, likewise, is as different as their length and figure; in general, they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. There are really no traces of uniformity or design discovered throughout the whole combination except in the form of the joint, which is invariably by an articulation of the convex into the concave of the piece next above or below it; nor are there any traces of a finishing in any part, either in length, breadth, or height, of this curious causeway. If there is here and there a smooth top to any of the columns above water, there are others just by of equal height, that are more or less convex or concave, which show them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed, or by other means taken off. And undoubtedly those parts that are always above water have, from time to time, been made as even as might be, and the remaining surfaces of the joints must naturally have been worn smoother by the constant friction of weather and walking, than where the sea, at every tide, is beating upon it, and continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. And farther, as these columns preserve their diameter from top to bottom, in all the exterior ones, which have two or three sides exposed to view, the same may with reason be inferred of

the interior columns, whose tops only are visible. Yet what is very extraordinary, and equally curious in this phenomenon, is, that notwithstanding the universal dissimilitude of the columns, both as to their figure and diameter, and though perfectly distinct from top to bottom, yet is the whole arrangement so closely combined at all points, that hardly a knife can be introduced between them either on the sides or angles. The cliffs at a great distance from the causeway, especially in the bay to the eastward, exhibit at many places the same kind of columns, figured and jointed in all respects like those of the grand causeway: some of them are seen near to the top of the cliff, which, in general in these bays to the east and west of the causeway, is near three hundred feet in height; others again are seen about midway, and at different elevations from the strand. A very considerable exposure of them is seen in the very bottom of the bay to the eastward, near a hundred roods from the causeway, where the earth has evidently fallen away from them upon the strand, and exhibits a most curious arrangement of many of these pentagonal columns, in a perpendicular position, supporting, in appearance, a cliff of different strata of earth, clay, rock, &c. to the height of a hundred and thirty feet or more, above. Some of these columns are between thirty and forty feet high, from the top of the sloping bank below them; and being longest in the middle of the arrangement, shortening on either hand in view, they have obtained the appellation of organs, from a rude likeness in this particular to the exterior or frontal tubes of that instrument; and as there are few broken pieces on the strand near it, it is probable that the outside range of columns, that now appears, is really the original exterior line, to the seaward, of this collection. But how far they extend internally, into the bowels of the incumbent cliff, is unknown. The very substance, indeed, of that part of the cliff which projects to a point, between the two bays on the east and west of the causeway, seems composed of this kind of materials; for besides the many pieces that are seen on the sides of the cliff that circulate to the bottom of the bays, particularly to the eastern side, there is, at the very point of the cliff, and just above the narrow and highest part of the causeway, a long collection of them seen, whose heads or tops just appearing without the sloping bank, plainly show them to be in an oblique position, and about half way between the perpendicular and horizontal. The heads of these, likewise, are of mixed surfaces, convex and concave, and the columns evidently appear to have been removed from their original upright, to their present inclining or oblique position, by the sinking or falling of the cliff.

STANZAS ADDRESSED "TO EVENING."

Yes, "all are gone!" for sable night
Hath veiled the rosy charms of light;
And eve hath wept her tears of dew
O'er nature fading from our view.

But will the light appear no more?
Are day's sweet charms for ever o'er?
Is the bright sun for ever fled—
For ever number'd with the dead?

O, no! behold yon eastern sky,
Where the fair morn doth sleeping lie;
A few short hours will see her rise
To spread fresh glories through the skies.

And thus, although we've wept the fall
Of pleasures wrapp'd in death's dark pall;
Yet thus again our eyes shall view
Fresh, pleasant scenes, all bright and new.

A few brief years of time, at most,
Poor human life may fondly boast,
When man no longer *man* shall be
On earth—nor in eternity!

The teacher Death may gravely steal
Upon the "stricken deer" with zeal;
But what avails his barbed spear
With that "big heart" which knows no fear?

Away the spirit flees—away!
To fairer climes and brighter day;—
In glory's rays, it basks awhile
Beneath the radiance and the smile

Of nature's all-creating God,
Whose mighty hand and sov'reign rod
Is all in all. Father of Light!
Thou art all glorious in thy might.

Editor.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

This phenomenon is seen in its most brilliant state in high northern and southern latitudes. Dr. Barry thus describes the appearance of it on the coast of Orkney:—"Here," says he, "the northern lights happily appear, both more frequently, and with greater splendour than in most other regions; for during the harvest, winter, and spring months, they arise almost every unclouded night, and often shine with the most magnificent brilliancy. The light of the moon at her quadratures, sometimes, on such occasions, scarcely equals them, in illuminating

the friths and the islands. Between the setting of the sun and the close of the twilight, they commonly make their first appearance in the north, issuing, for the most part, from behind the clouds, like a fountain of pale light, the form of which is undefined, and continue in this state a little above the horizon, sometimes only for a short period, and at other times for the space of several hours, without any motion that can be discovered. They form themselves one while into an arch, the height of which is about thirty degrees, and its breadth about sixty, and the pillars on which it is supported several times broader than the rainbow; and so long as they retain this shape, they are without any sensible motion. At another time they extend further over the heavens, rise much higher, assume a greater variety of shapes, and discover a dusky hue, with a motion that is slow, but perceptible. Very often they exhibit an appearance quite different, and spread themselves over the whole heavens, diffusing every where a surprising degree of light, and exhibiting the most beautiful phenomena. Their motion, in this case, is in various directions, extremely swift, and, as it were, in separate columns, resembling somewhat the evolutions of a great army. Their lowest extremities are distinctly defined, and deeply tinged with the colours of the rainbow; but their upper ones are tapering, but fainter. In several places at once they kindle into a blaze, dart along in almost all directions, for some seconds of time, and then, as if by the strength of their exertions they had spent their force, they are extinguished in a moment, leaving a brown track in the sky behind them. Near the place where they disappeared, in a short time, they flash out anew, and with equal rapidity trace the same path in similar motions, and again expire in the same manner. This they often continue for several hours together, to the great satisfaction and amusement of the spectators on land, and the advantage of the mariner, when they gradually die away, and leave through the whole heavens a colour resembling that of brass. If the night be uncommonly still, and their motion very rapid, a whizzing noise has been thought to have been distinctly heard from them at various intervals. This beautiful coruscation, which has never yet been satisfactorily explained, is said to have been much seldomer eighty or ninety years ago than it is at present. It appears now, however, very often, and seems to occupy that space in the heavens which is between the region of the clouds and the summit of the atmosphere, as the clouds in motion never fail to eclipse it; and as it cannot be seen from two places greatly distant from one another at once, nor yet in conjunction with the same fixed stars, it evidently has no great degree of elevation.

THE OESTRUS EQUI.

THE mode pursued by the parent fly to obtain for its young a situation in the stomach of the horse, is truly singular, and is effected in the following manner:—When the female has been impregnated, and the eggs are sufficiently matured, she seeks among the horses a subject for her purpose, and approaching it on the wing, she holds her body nearly upright in the air, and her tail, which is lengthened for the purpose, curved inwards and upwards. In this way she approaches the part where she designs to deposit the egg; and suspending herself for a few seconds before it, suddenly darts upon it, and leaves the egg adhering to the hair. She hardly appears to settle, but merely touches the hair with the egg held out on the projected point of the abdomen. The egg is made to adhere by means of a glutinous liquor secreted with it. She then leaves the horse at a small distance, and prepares a second egg, and, poising herself before the part, deposits it in the same way. The liquor dries, and the egg becomes firmly glued to the hair. This is repeated by various flies, till four or five hundred eggs are sometimes placed on one horse. The horses, when they become used to this fly, and find it does them no injury, as the Tabani and Conopes, by sucking their blood, hardly regard it, and do not appear at all aware of its insidious object. The skin of the horse is always thrown into a tremulous motion on the touch of this insect, which merely arises from the very great irritability of the skin and cutaneous muscles at this season of the year, occasioned by the continual teasing of the flies, till at length these muscles act involuntarily on the slightest touch of any body whatever. The inside of the knee is the part on which these flies are most fond of depositing their eggs, and next to this on the side and back part of the shoulder, and less frequently on the extreme ends of the hairs of the mane. But it is a fact worthy of attention, that the fly does not place them promiscuously about the body, but constantly on those parts which are most liable to be licked with the tongue; and the ova, therefore, are always scrupulously placed within its reach. Whether this be an act of reason or instinct, it is certainly a very remarkable one. I should suspect, with Dr. Darwin, it cannot be the latter, as that ought to direct the performance of any act in one way only. Whichever of these it may be, it is, without doubt, one of the strongest examples of instinct, or of the most circuitous reasoning, any insect is capable of. The eggs thus deposited, I at first supposed were loosened from the hairs by the moisture of the tongue, aided by its roughness, and were conveyed to the stomach, where they were hatched; but,

on more minute search, I do not find this to be the case, or at least only by accident, for when they have remained on the hairs four or five days, they become ripe, after which time the slightest application of warmth and moisture is sufficient to bring forth in an instant the latent larva. At this time, if the tongue of the horse touches the egg, its operculum is thrown open, and a small active worm is produced, which readily adheres to the moist surface of the tongue, and is from thence conveyed with the food to the stomach. If the egg itself be taken up by accident, it may pass on to the intestinal canal before it hatches; in which case its existence to the full growth is extremely precarious, and certainly not so agreeable, as it is exposed to the bitterness of the bile. I have often, with a pair of scissars, clipped off some hairs with the eggs on them, from the horse, and on placing them in the hand, moistened with saliva, they have hatched in a few seconds. At other times, when not perfectly ripe, the larva would not appear, though held in the hand under the same circumstances for several hours; a sufficient proof that the eggs themselves are not conveyed to the stomach. It is fortunate for the animals infested by these insects, that their numbers are limited by the hazards they are exposed to. I should suspect near a hundred are lost, for one that arrives at the perfect state of a fly. The eggs, in the first place, when ripe, often hatch of themselves, and the larva, without a nidus, crawls about till it dies; others are washed off by the water, or are hatched by the sun and moisture thus applied together. When in the mouth of the animal, they have the dreadful ordeal of the teeth and mastication to pass through. On their arrival at the stomach, they may pass, mixed with the mass of food, into the intestines; and, when full grown, on dropping to the ground, a dirty road or water may receive them. If on the commons, they are in danger of being crushed to death, or of being picked up by the birds who so constantly attend the footsteps of the cattle for food. Such are the contingencies by which nature has wisely prevented the too great increase of their numbers, and the total destruction of the animals they feed on.

CHANGE IN THE COMPLEXION OF A NEGRO.

In July, 1796, Henry Moss came to Philadelphia, and returned to Virginia in November following. He produced a certificate, of which the following is a copy:—"I do hereby certify, that I have been well acquainted with Henry Moss, who is the bearer hereof, upwards of thirty years; the whole of which time, he

has supported an honest character. In the late war, he enlisted with me in the continental army, as a soldier, and behaved himself very well as such. From the first of my acquaintance with him, till within two or three years past, he was of as dark a complexion as any African; and, without any known cause, it has changed to what it is at present. He was free-born, and served his time with major John Brint, late of Charlotte county. Given under my hand, the 2nd of September, 1794. JOSEPH HOLT, Bedford county."

He was also personally known to several of the other officers of the regiment in which he served, who asserted that he was then black, and that there was no reason to question his veracity. When at Philadelphia, the president (Washington) saw him, as well as many others, whose notice of him was attracted by the singularity of the case. He appeared to be a modest, well-behaved man, and the clear, pertinent manner in which he answered their various questions, left them in no doubt of the truth of such parts of his story as rested on his own credit. Being asked a great many, tending to discover whether the change had been effected by any alteration in his mode of life or diet, of his health, of cutaneous disorders, or remedies used for their removal, or any other physical cause, nothing appeared to account for it. He had all the features common to the African, though not so strongly marked. His stature was about five feet six inches; his age forty-two years. On his face, from the roots of his hair, on the sinciput, about one inch in breadth, extending by his right ear, with increase of breadth under his chin, and upwards, to within two inches of the left ear, was perfectly fair as an European. From the eye-lids, above both eyes, the African complexion had entirely disappeared. For nearly one inch in latitude, under the right eye, there was a small white streak; and under the left eye, a broader one. Around his mouth was a streak of white, shaded by another remaining streak of black, reaching nearly to the chin, under which, all round his neck, he had a very fair European complexion. The lines dividing the black from the white were not regularly defined, but indented and insulated, the borders appearing as islands and peninsulas, as they are represented on the chart of a sea-coast. The whole of his breast, arms, and legs, so far as it was decent to expose them to a mixed company, were of a clear European complexion, interspersed with small specks of his original colour, as freckles on the skin of a fair woman appear in summer. The backs and palms of his hands were also perfectly fair; but on their sides, from the wrists to the ends of his thumbs and fingers, there were stripes of black; and on the outsides of his thumbs and fingers, there were spots of it. But, generally be-

tween the limbs, and wherever skin meets skin and is covered by clothing, the change is perfect from the colour of an African, to that of a fair European; and it was believed, that the whole of the former, then remaining, if accurately measured, would not amount to one square foot. His hair was undergoing a similar change, from the black crispy wool of the African, to the soft curly hair of an European, wherever the colour of the skin was altered; and in the white parts, it was become soft and long, instead of harsh and short. Upon pressing his skin with a finger, the part pressed appeared white; and on removal of the pressure, the displaced blood rushed back, suffusing the part with red, exactly as in the case of an European, in like circumstances; and his veins, and their ramifications, had the same appearance. In the borders of the two colours, there appeared no discontinuity, or fissure, in the external surface of the skin; and it seemed evident, that the change was not occasioned by the casting off the epidermis, but by the dissolution of the rete mucosum, between the dermis and epidermis: so that he was not sensible of the least obstruction, on the passage of a razor from the black to the white, or from the white to the black parts of his face. He said that his paternal grandfather was born in Africa, and his grandmother an Indian native of America; that his father (the issue of their marriage) married a mulatto woman, born of an African father, and an Irish mother; and that his maternal grandfather was a native of Africa. That about February, 1792, he first perceived a change in his skin, about the roots of his finger-nails, which extended to the length of the first joints; that about two months afterwards, the back of his neck began to change, gradually extended downward, and round his body, to most parts covered by his clothes; that the alteration was greater in the second, than the first year; and that he had not perceived much, if any, progress in the winter, or cold weather. In the latter part of the summer of 1796, it was so rapid on his face and hands, that several who revisited him, after an absence of twelve or fourteen days, discovered a very obvious alteration; and they had no doubt, if he should live over another summer or two, the change would be completed throughout. He remarked, that since it began, he had been much more sensible of the heat of the sun on his shoulders, than formerly; and that blisters and freckles had been raised on every part which holes in his clothes had exposed to its action; and also, that he had felt the cold much more sensibly than before. Such is the history, so far as it goes, of the change of a negro to a white man—a change which, had Henry Moss happened to have been a slave, would have furnished an irrefragable argument for annihilating his owner's

claim. Now as, on the present prevailing system of morality, a black colour so clearly authorizes the extreme degradation of a considerable portion of the human race; and as the change from white to black must be admitted as equally possible with the reverse above stated, it may be well for the white slave dealers, and their fair abettors, whether legislators or others, to consider how far they may be personally interested in perpetuating such a criterion: as by it, they may ultimately be doomed to the wretchedness to which they are now devoting millions, unimpeached of any crime more atrocious than that of differing from themselves in complexion.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN.

"In the course of my repeated tours through the Harz,"* says M. Jordan, "I ascended the Broken twelve different times; but I had the good fortune only twice (both times about Whitsuntide) to see that atmospheric phenomenon, called the Spectre of the Broken, which appears to me worthy of particular attention; as it must, no doubt, be observed on other high mountains which have a situation favourable for producing it. The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Broken, very early in the morning, in order to wait there for the inexpressibly beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already streaked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country, when the other Harz mountains in the south-west, towards the Worm mountains, &c. lying under the Broken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks, called the Tensfelkanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, towards the Worm mountains and the Achtermanshohe, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal. But scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily, and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more. The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, and near the Heinrichshohe, as I was looking at the sun rising about four o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Harz mountains had attracted

* The Harz mountains are situated in Hanover.

several thick clouds, which had been hovering around them, and which, beginning to settle on the Broken, confined the prospect. In these clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself for a couple of seconds exactly as I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared. It is impossible to see this phenomenon, except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in an horizontal direction; for, if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it. In the month of September last year, as I was making a tour through the Harz with a very agreeable party, and ascended the Broken, I found an excellent account and explanation of this phenomenon, as seen by M. Haue, on the 23d of May, 1797, and narrated in his diary of an excursion to that mountain. I shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing it. 'After having been here for the thirtieth time,' says M. Haue, 'and, besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above-mentioned atmospheric phenomenon, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing it; and perhaps my description may afford satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshohe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermanshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west; when I observed, at a very great distance towards Achtermanshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described, for I had already walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more; but my colossus had vanished: I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermanshohe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position, which I had taken alone, we looked towards the

Achtermanshohe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed upon the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and, according to analogy, the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds, floating around or hovering past him, he need only fix his eyes stedfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany."

A MUD VOLCANO.

On the 27th of February, 1794, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, the following extraordinary events took place at the hill situated on the northern isthmus of the peninsula of Kertsh, in the Black Sea, which, across the bay, is only twelve versts distant from Taman, but sixty versts by the circuitous road over land. First, a rustling in the air was perceived, with a very violent gust of wind, that did not continue above a minute; and then a noise, resembling thunder, was heard from the hill: soon after, a column of thick black smoke burst out from its summit, and was succeeded in about another minute by another of violent flame, which at that distance appeared to be at least fifty fathoms high, and thirty in circumference. This flame continued from a little after half-past eight till within ten minutes of ten o'clock. An express was despatched, as soon as the flame, the vapour, and the noise, had apparently subsided; but he returned with an account that the hill had rent, and presented an opening, the extent of which could not be ascertained, as every access to it was rendered

impassable by the sudden and successive streams of hot mud that overflowed it in every direction, and were sometimes accompanied with flames and smoke. The eruption, however, was not attended with any shocks of an earthquake. According to the collected testimonies of persons who witnessed the awful scene from Taman and Yenikalé, and who visited the mountain immediately after the eruption, it commenced with a noise resembling a peal of thunder, both in its strength and direction. Prior to, and for some time after the report, the inhabitants perceived a whistling and rustling in the air. A white vapour ascended during the explosion, and was succeeded by a black sooty smoke, through which appeared a column of red and pale yellow flame, rising in a perpendicular line to double the height of the mountain, and spreading on the top not unlike a sheaf of corn, though a considerable wind agitated the atmosphere. The column of fire was visible for about twenty-five minutes, when it gradually vanished; but the smoke continued from four to five hours, dispersing itself in thick heavy clouds, which also subsided on the following day. During the first explosion, the hill threw up quantities of mud into the air, and scattered it about in every direction to the distance of a verst. The great mass of mud proceeded from the gulph, or crater, by taking and removing the argillaceous earth from the surface, which at that time was frozen to the depth of seven feet. At first it flowed rapidly, then gradually slower, on all sides of the hill; and, according to the information of credible witnesses who, a few hours after the eruption, rode thither from the farm, it was not perceptibly warm, though a thick vapour arose from it, owing to the cold state of the atmosphere. Some Kozaks, dispatched to the place, assert, on the contrary, that the mud, when first disgorged, was hot. The confused whistling and bubbling noise was heard till a late hour of the night; and the mud was forced out sometimes to the height of twelve feet, even on the third day. It was of a deep blue colour and viscous consistence, containing in many places brilliant cubic crystals of pyrites. The crater was found in the next summer to be upwards of twelve feet in diameter, and a noise of boiling was heard at the bottom.

TO THE NIGHT STAR.

On thee, far distant star of night,
I fix my raptured gaze,
And with a blissful, calm delight
Chaunt my Creator's praise.

While fancy bids her visions rise,
And soar above the shade,
Imagination swiftly flies
To lend her magic aid.

Yon small and twinkling orb appears,
When viewed by mortal eye,
A little speck—that brightly steers
Its course amid the sky.

Yet when through fancy's glass 'tis seen
How altered is the sight!
For numerous objects there, I ween,
Excite the soul's delight.

Methinks, I view blest virtue reign
In thee, all free from fear;
Nor dread the pangs and heartfelt pain
Which tend her sojourn here.

For, in gradation's ample range,
Above this world thou art,
Their lot the good will soon exchange,
To thy blest clime depart.

Star of the night! from earliest time
What various scenes of woe,
Of grief and misery, vice and crime,
Thou'st looked on here below!

Tranquil thou hast beheld them all—
Græcia's decline—Italia's shame!—
And were this world itself to fall,
Thou still wouldst smile the same.

Smile on, fair Star—adorn the sky,
Thou harbinger of God!
The time will come—the time is nigh,
Thou'lt smile upon my sod. * * *

THE MOON-GAPER.

——Pretulurim delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, et ringi. HORACE.

As it is no part of my present purpose to gratify that indolent and unreasonable curiosity, the object of which is to be lifted at once to the pinnacle of knowledge, without the fatigue of research or progressive investigation; but on the contrary, being wholly intent on pleasing and informing the patient and industrious class of readers who are content to wade through thick and thin, until they arrive at the wished-for goal, I shall not commence my narrative by exposing to the sons of earth, what miraculous circumstances combined to attain for me a promotion in the scale of existence, from the sphere of my nativity in

the satellite, to a regeneration in their planet. But until time with expanding finger shall unfold my leaves, and from the matured blossom bring forth the latent fruit in which I hope there may be no unpalatable acidity discoverable, let it suffice that I am one of the yearnings of the moon, commonly designated moon-gapers, and on her bosom I whirled round this globe full four hundred and fifty-five journeys; occupying of time, just as many lunations, as I was then accustomed to calculate, or thirty-five years, according to mundane reckoning; at the conclusion of which period I was translated in the manner which may hereafter appear. I would here, by anticipation, blunt the sting in the objection of such cavillers as may have the temerity to attempt to throw unworthy suspicion on my veracity, on account of the foregoing sentence, by insinuating that my knowledge of the motion of the moon round the earth must have been an *ex post* acquisition: as presuming that your theories of the planets could not by any means be exported to so distant a station, and to realms with which so little communication is kept up from hence. But let such wise acres learn, that we have amongst us lunarians an astonishing conflux of astronomers, who can tell, within a fractional division of a second, when all within the extent of their vision, and all beyond it, all they have been able to trace out in fancy, and all they have not, set out on their travels; what course they take; where they put up on the route, and when they are expected to return again. And as to the sublimity of their theories, and the congruity of their hypotheses, it may lead to some faint conception of them to say, that they closely approximate, and nearly assimilate, some of the most exquisite and unintelligible of those broached by the learned here. But, as I am inclined to believe it may be the most entertaining and instructive mode to intersperse as I go along, and as occasion may seem to elicit them, the peculiarities of manners and customs, whereby that division of the universe in which I was born first (not first-born) is contradistinguished from this terraqueous globe, it would be superfluous to engross more space on them in this prolegomena, than merely what is sufficient for a brief notice of the ruling principle, or Lunar Vital Agitator. It will be novel to the children of ambition and avarice, who have never been indulged, even in idea, with an excursion beyond the limits of Tellus, that in Luna, love alone holds undisputed sway over every mind. It is the main spring of every action. There, every soul, great and small, is moved by its powerful influence. There the estimation of every person's virtue, wisdom, fortitude, genius, learning, and knowledge, is in exact proportion to his ardour, profundity, pertinacity, sublimity, and experience, in

that truly divine passion. There it is the received creed, that pleasure is the natural, and indeed, the sole pursuit of every living creature; some seeking it in one direction, and through one medium, some in another, according as their taste happens to be more refined, or more gross, more pure, or more depraved; their constitution more vigorous, or more feeble; their blood more warm, or more frigid; their disposition more cheerful, or more gloomy, &c. &c. Wherefore love is most especially worthy to occupy the heart and head of a philosopher; inasmuch as it is capable of yielding a delicious pleasure, infinitely surpassing all others to which we can soar in this our probationary condition, and until our spirits are emancipated from our outward man, and from all encumbrances which are subject to the laws of gravity; love, being in fact, a foretaste of heaven, and inclining us to the only immortal works of mortals. A moon-gaper adores like a man of sense, acted on by an inflamed soul, that is, with the wildness and frenzy of madness; but he cannot worship like an idiot in whining and drivelling. He entirely accords with Zeno, in the opinion that love is no disparagement to a philosopher, who replied to those who maintained the reverse, "How lamentable would be the fate of the fair sex, if they were to be loved only by fools!" With him, "*Amor omnia vincit.*" It is not improbable that nature hath preserved a family resemblance, whilst pencilling the exterior aspect or superficies of each of the planets, at least throughout all those which are comprised in the solar system; although, doubtless, there must be considerable difference in the temperament, at least, of the component materials, and in the perceptible climate of Mercury and Saturn. But of that let those inform who have tasted both. I vouch only that which I know (as they call it in the law-courts) of my own knowledge, viz. that from the *tout ensemble* of the moon's countenance, and from various other particulars, she might be taken for the daughter of this earth, being similarly divided and subdivided, into continents, islands, peninsulas, promontories, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, &c., in such a manner as to form the earth in miniature. It would be useless to waste time on a close explanation of the particulars wherein the soil and produce, animal and vegetable, vary from what is to be found here; they being only such as may be conceived by every common understanding. But it may be proper to state, that the circumvironing atmosphere is there prodigiously less dense than what is inhaled in this planet (taking for granted that accurate calculations have resulted from the experiments of your ærologists), though this circumstance may be accounted for very fully on scientific principles. But to this is allowedly attributable a

phenomenon, unexampled elsewhere, as far as I have been able to learn, though of frequent occurrence there. That a person of so inconsiderable dimensions as to be scarcely perceptible by the tall dandies who stalk past, shall, in the course of a few seconds, by a certain volatile process of the mind, perceive himself suddenly to shoot up to such a colossal altitude, that his head is involved "inter nubibus"—"Evehit Dominos Lunarum ad Deos,"—where he is often detained like a culprit in a pillory, incapable of looking down, until he has, in ideal architecture, erected a magnificent castle, with walls of alabaster, and pillars of ivory, thickly bestudded with rubies, diamonds, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, pearls, &c.; to furnish it in the most superb and costly manner imaginable; to supply it with officers and domestics, and to allot to each of those, respectively, a duty and suitable salary; to regale his friends and kindred with Asiatic profusion; to distribute rewards, donations, and benevolences, with royal munificence; and to complete arrangements which would occupy half a score of lives and some thousands of heads and hands on *terra firma*. The most facile and efficient method to emancipate a moon-gaping architect of this description from his thraldom, and to withdraw him from his important avocation, is to inject through his ears and eyes that deadly nightshade of intelligence, which is compounded of the arrogant clamour of duns, the desertion of friends, and the contemptuous rejection of his mistress, all germinating from one prolific and ragged stalk, to wit, that of his neglected temporalities. This potent medicine, operating like the touch of a torpedo, seldom fails to paralyze the wing of his fancy, to recal him from his labour (as the crowing of chanticleer at the first of the morning, doth a ghost who has got a night-rule from the tomb to revisit his friends), and to shrivel up his ephemeral importance to the puny standard of his original insignificance. He then perceives that the shadowy foundation on which he had reared his gaudy and phantasmal structure has vanished, as by the touch of a conjuror's wand! True it is, that some very extraordinary dreamers are to be met with here, but not by any means comparable to those inexplicables. That extremely vivid degree of mental elasticity could never exist under the pressure of an atmosphere, which as it were, hoops us in here, even in the utmost degree ever experienced of its rarification. For it must both occasion and require a stub-born rigidity of muscle, to sustain two hundred and eighty hundred weight (or twelve tons and a half) of air, bearing on the exterior of a man six feet in height. It must, I say, keep him down, even supposing him to have no other burden on his shoulders, which, I apprehend, is the happy lot of but very

few of the elect. Nay, it is absolutely an unspeakable mercy that such an antidote to the evil is furnished by provident nature in the infinite resistance of the internal air; and I have no hesitation to aver, that it is culpably inconsiderate not to attach more importance to this resource than is usually done! We ought really to ponder well within ourselves, ere we let a blast of it escape us, which we have any power to restrain. Yet not only unthinking youth, but even mumping age, when scarcely able to trail a crutch, presumes to be guilty of this lavish and imprudent expenditure of strength, as if it were merely *Vox et pretera nihil.*

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR STORM.

"On Sunday, the 26th of April, 1818," says colonel Beaufoy, "about half past 12 o'clock, the neighbourhood of Stanmore was visited by a tremendous storm of hail, wind, and rain, accompanied by some unusual phenomena. The elevated situation of Bushey Heath afforded me peculiar facilities for viewing its progress and effects, which occupied in space about five miles in a direct line, and in time about twenty minutes. The morning had been close and sultry, the heavens sufficiently clear to enable me to observe the transit of the sun over the meridian, the wind variable, the barometer 29,000 inches, the thermometer 61 degrees, the hygrometer 52 degrees, and the variation of the needle 24 degrees, 41 minutes, 46 seconds west. I shortly observed the heavens in the south-east quarter much overcast, and some dense black clouds forming in that direction, which immediately discharged rain in torrents, followed by tremendous hail, lightning, and thunder. In about half an hour the fury of the storm had somewhat abated, when my attention was attracted to the south-east, by an amazing commotion among the clouds, which appeared to roll over and into each other with considerable rapidity. Beneath these dark clouds there appeared a small white one, moving with surprising velocity towards the north-west, at the same time whirling round in a horizontal direction with prodigious quickness, accompanied with a horrid noise, which I can only compare to a stunning and most discordant whistle. The form of this white cloud was in the first instance that of a very obtuse cone with its apex downwards, which, during its rotatory motion, occasionally approached and retired from the earth; the tail of the cone elongating continually as it receded, but on approaching the surface of the ground expanding like the lower part of an hour-

glass; when it appeared to collect all the surrounding air into its immediate vortex, as it rebounded with such violence as to root up trees, unroof houses and hay-ricks, throw down walls, and, in short, every thing that impeded its progress. The effects were, however, exceedingly partial and irregular, depending apparently on the distance of the mouth of the funnel from such objects as chanced to come in the course of direction; as also on the area included within the vortex, at the times it exerted its powers of destruction. This whirlwind appears to have commenced near Mrs. Dickson's farm, situated about one mile to the west of the village of Kenton in Middlesex; and from thence proceeded in a north by west direction by the compass, over Bellemont, through the orchard adjoining the widow Woodbridge's cottage, over Mr. Roberts's field, Mr. Riddock's nursery, Mr. Martin's pleasure grounds, Mr. Utterson's plantations, and the marquis of Abercorn's gardens, to Mr. Blackwell's premises, where it changed its direction from north by west, to north by east, passing over Bushey village, through Mr. Bellas's farm and orchard, and finally exhausting its fury about a mile and a half further. At Mr. Dickson's farm it removed some ridge tiles, and part of the thatch of out-houses and ricks; and on reaching the widow Woodbridge's orchard, it had obtained much greater force, as it levelled the fruit trees, and tore away a greater part of the tiling of the cottage, against which it carried a wooden building several feet with great violence. In passing through Mr. Roberts's field, it blew down eleven large elms, the breadth of the tornado at this place not exceeding one hundred yards, as was evident from the trifling injury sustained by the other trees to the right and left. Crossing the road leading to Stanmore, it entered Mr. Riddock's nursery, where it did considerable injury to the young trees, and almost entirely stripped one side of the house, carrying away the thatch of the hay-ricks, and unroofing some of the out-houses. In the adjoining premises of Mr. Martin, ten trees were torn up, and his house and buildings much injured. A large may-bush, that stood not twenty yards in front of the green-house, was rooted up, but neither the building nor glass received the smallest injury; while a shed at the back, and likewise the cow-house, which almost adjoined, had many tiles carried away. It next entered Mr. Utterson's plantations, and destroyed fifty trees, appearing to have selected particular ones on which to wreak its fury; for while one was torn up by the roots, those immediately around it were untouched, and some were broken in two places, as though they had been twice subjected to the action of the vortex. On approaching Mr. Utterson's beautiful cottage, the storm divided

into two parts; one proceeded to the right, the other to the left, as was shewn by the thatch remaining perfectly undisturbed, while trees standing both in front and behind the house were thrown down. At the extremity of the house the storm seems to have again united, as it tore away some wooden paling, though completely sheltered by the building, stripping the tiles off lower out-houses, and throwing down a considerable portion of the garden wall. At the marquis of Abercorn's, it passed close by an elm, one of whose branches it carried away, the remainder being untouched; and it then threw down about seventy-five yards of garden-wall, and leaving an interval of the same extent uninjured, destroyed thirty more; this seems to imply that the storm had here a second time divided. Near this spot one of the marquis's workmen was thrown down by the violence of the wind, and after being rolled over repeatedly, was at length compelled to hold by the grass to prevent his being carried further. In passing over the dove-house, the pigeons were whirled to the ground, and a quantity of paling was torn up, and blown to a great distance. The current of wind now proceeded across the road to Mr. Blackwell's brick-kiln, tearing from its hinges, and tumbling into a ditch a field gate, levelling sixty-five feet of the garden wall in one direction, and also the upper part of another wall running in right angles, in the opposite. The out-houses at this place were much damaged, but the dwelling-house was not touched. A fir, which stood among several trees, was torn up, while others received no injury. After leaving the garden it assailed a large beech, which measured at the base eighteen feet in circumference. My eye happened to be fixed on this tree at the moment; the wind commenced by giving its large head a considerable twist, and instantly afterwards tore it up by the roots. After passing over the gravel-pits at Harrow Weald, and a part of the village of Bushey, where it nearly unroofed a house, it continued its course without doing any further mischief until it reached Mr. Bellas's farm. At this place its effects were very destructive among the fruit trees and large elms, besides tearing away the tiles and thatch of the house, buildings, and ricks, for here the storm appears to have contracted itself to a width of sixty yards, and its impetuosity to have increased in proportion as its breadth became diminished. After passing in a north by east direction about a mile and a half beyond Mr. Bellas's farm, its fury most probably subsided, as the only further mishief I have been able to trace was the destruction of two small elms in a hedge row, and whose support had been weakened by digging away the earth from their roots. I observed when the cloud or vapour, from which all this storm proceeded, enveloped

the upper part of the cone in which Mr. Blackwell burns his tiles or bricks, the cone appeared to be surrounded with a thick mist, and most violently agitated. I also observed that in its passage over the gravel pits it tore up the earth and gravel, not in an uniform manner, but, as it were, by jumps, leaving intervals between the various points of contact, of sometimes a hundred yards and upwards; and the dreadful whistling noise continued unabated until the cessation of the storm. This phenomenon was at one time within less than a quarter of a mile of my house; but the trees in the garden were not much affected by it, though I have reason to believe, from the testimony of several persons, on whose veracity I can rely, that the violence of the storm was such as to force them to lay hold of hedges to prevent their being thrown down. Mr. Blackwell, in particular, mentioned, that in returning from church with one of his children, he was obliged to hold by a stake, in order to secure himself and boy from being carried away. It is further stated, on the most respectable authority, that cattle were seen lifted, or rather irresistibly driven, from one end of the field to the other. There is reason to believe that one or more meteoric stones fell during the storm; for one of the late marquis of Abercorn's gardener's told me, he had observed 'a large stone, about the size of his fist, descend in a perpendicular direction, after a very dazzling flash of lightning not followed by thunder.' At my request he readily showed the spot on which it apparently fell; but the place being full of holes, the search was unsuccessful; or it might have fallen into a pond situated close to the place. I as well as others, after one flash of lightning, heard a noise similar to the firing of a large rocket, or resembling a number of hard substances shot out of a cart."

ERUPTION OF THE SKAPTAR VOLCANO IN ICELAND.

"About a month previous to the commencement of the eruption, a submarine volcano burst forth at the distance of nearly seventy miles, in a south-west direction, from Cape Reykianess, in Guldbridge Syssel, and ejected such an immense quantity of pumice, that the surface of the ocean was covered with it to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and the spring ships were considerably impeded in their course. The Skaptar volcano, so called from the river of the same name, down which the greater part of the lava was poured, is situated close to the

eastern boundary of West Skaftafells Syssel, about thirty-two British miles due north of Kyrkiubæ Abbey, and near the contiguous sources of the river Tûnâ, Skaptâ, and Hverfisfliot. It lies principally in the valley called Varmârdal, and consists of about twenty red conical hills, stretching in nearly a direct line, from east north-west, to east south-west, which have served as so many furnaces, from which the melted matter has been discharged into the valley. From these craters the lava has flowed, which inundated the low countries through the channel of the Skaptâ. What flowed down the Hverfisfliot, has its source from some other craters situated further to the north-east, but which are evidently connected with the former hills, and would, in all probability, have poured their contents down Varmârdal, had it not been completely filled with the lava which had already been emptied into it. From the 1st to the 8th of June, 1783, the inhabitants of West Skaftafells Syssel were alarmed by repeated shocks of an earthquake, which, as they daily increased in violence, left no reason to doubt that some volcanic explosion was about to take place. Pitching tents in the open fields, they deserted their houses, and awaited, in awful suspense, the issue of these terrifying prognostics. On the morning of the 8th, a prodigious cloud of dense smoke darkened the atmosphere, and was observed to be continually augmented by fresh columns arising from behind the low hills, along the southern base of which, the farms, constituting the parish of Sida, are situated. A strong south wind prevented the cloud from advancing over the farms; but the heath, or common, lying between them and the volcano, was completely covered with ashes, pumice, and brimstone. The extreme degree to which the earth in the vicinity of the volcano was heated, melted an immense quantity of ice, and caused a great overflow in all the rivers originating in that quarter. Upon the 10th, the flames first became visible. Vast fire-spouts were seen rushing up amid the volumes of smoke, and the torrent of lava that was thrown up, flowing in a south-west direction, through the valley called Ulfarsdal, till it reached the river Skaptâ, when a violent contention between the two opposite elements ensued, attended with the escape of an amazing quantity of steam; but the fiery current ultimately prevailed, and forcing itself across the channel of the river, completely dried it up in less than twenty-four hours; so that on the 11th, the Skaptâ could be crossed in the low country on foot, at those places where it was only possible before to pass in boats. The cause of its desiccation soon became apparent; for the lava, having collected in the channel which lies between high rocks, and is in many places from four hundred to six hundred feet in depth, and two

hundred in breadth, not only filled it up to the brink, but overflowed the adjacent fields to a considerable extent; and pursuing the course of the river with great velocity, the dreadful torrent of red-hot melted matter approached and laid waste the farms on both sides. In the mean time the thunder, lightning, and subterraneous concussions, were continued with little or no intermission; and besides the crackling of the rocks and earth which the lava burned in its progress, the ears of the inhabitants were stunned by the tremendous roar of the volcano, which resembled that of a large caldron in the most violent state of ebullition, or the noise of a number of massy bellows, blowing with full power in the same furnace. The torrents that continued to be poured down proceeded slowly over the tract of ancient lava, to the south and south-west of Skâl, which underwent a fresh fusion, and was heaved up to a considerable elevation. It also rushed into the subterraneous caverns; and during its progress under ground, it threw up the crust, either to the side, or to a great height in the air. In such places as it proceeded below a thick indurated crust, where there was no vent for the steam, the surface was burst in pieces, and thrown up with the utmost violence and noise to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. On the 18th another dreadful ejection of liquid and red-hot lava proceeded from the volcano, which now entirely covered the rocks that had towered above the former floods, during their progress through the channel of the Skaptâ, and flowed down with amazing velocity and force over the masses that were cooling, so that the one stream was literally heaped above the other. Masses of flaming rock were seen swimming in the lava. The water that had been dammed up on both sides of its course was thrown into a violent state of ebullition, and overflowing its boundaries, it did great damage to the grounds of Svinadal and Hvammur, which farms had already been attached by the edge of the lava, as also to the underwood of Skaptârdâl on the east. Continuing its progress the following day, the lava divided into two streams, one of which flowed, with the same velocity as the day before, due south, along the river Melquise into Medalland; while the other took an easterly direction over the parish of Sida, burning the tract about Skalarstapa, and running with inconceivable force from thence to Skalarfial, by which it was prevented from spreading further north. But rising on the hill, it rolled up the soil before it, and approached within one hundred and twenty feet of the church and houses of Skâl, and over-ran the whole tract between that place and Hollt. As Skâl had now escaped the fury of two successive floods of lava, sanguine hopes were entertained of its safety; but a great quantity of rain having

fallen on the 21st, and swelled the water already dammed up in the valley, the church, the parsonage, and out-houses were completely overflowed; and the whole tract was observed the following morning to be covered with water in a state of violent ebullition. While these awful devastations were going forward in the divisions of Skaptârtunga, Medalland, Landbrot, and Sida, the only inconveniences felt by the inhabitants of Fliotshverfi were the destruction of vegetation by the showers of red-hot stones and ashes which fell upon it, and impregnation of the atmosphere and water with mephitic substances. They had, indeed, twice been enveloped in almost total darkness, especially on the 28th of June, when it was so thick, that it was scarcely possible at noon to distinguish a sheet of white paper, held up at the window, from the blackness of the wall on either side; but they flattered themselves in the hope that the lava would soon all be ejected, and at all events that it would continue to flow in the direction it had originally taken. However, on the 3rd of August, they were alarmed by a quantity of smoke, which they observed rising out of the river Hverfisfliot; and as the heat, which was also found to be in the water, daily increased, till at last the river was totally dried up, they concluded that the same destruction was about to be poured down upon them which had overwhelmed the parishes to the west. Nor were their apprehensions without foundation; for the floods of lava having entirely choked up the Skaptâ, and all the low channels to the west and north of the volcano, it was forced to assume a new course, and running in a south-east direction between Mount Blængur and Hverfisfliot, it was discharged at length into that river, which occasioned vast volumes of steam and smoke to arise in that quarter, attended with dreadful noises and lightnings. The burning flood now ran down the empty channel, and, filling it to the brink, overflowed the low grounds on both sides; and by the evening of the 9th, it had not only reached the outlet into the open and level country, but in the course of a few hours had spread itself to the distance of nearly six miles across the plain, and stopped up the road between Fliotshverfi and Sida. The volcano still continuing to send forth fresh supplies of lava, the red-hot flood spread itself wider and wider, and in its progress destroyed the farms of Eystradal and Thverâdal, the houses, meadows, and neighbouring grounds of which were so completely covered, that the spot where they lay is no longer visible. It also did considerable injury to the farms Selieland and Thverâ, and obliged their inhabitants, as well as the whole parish of Kâlfafell, to flee for their safety; yet the above-mentioned were the only houses it burned. Though this branch ceased to extend over the low country after

the end of August, quantities of fresh lava continued still to be thrown up out of the volcano, and a new eruption is said to have taken place so late as the month of February, 1784, during the greater part of which year columns of smoke were observed to ascend from many parts in the lava; and it had not quite cooled for nearly two years after the eruptions were over. With respect to the dimensions of the lava, its utmost length from the volcano, along the channel of the Skaptâ down to Hnausar, in Medalland, is about fifty miles, and its greatest breadth in the low country between twelve and fifteen miles; the Hverfisfliot branch may be about forty miles in length, and seven at its utmost breadth. Its height in the level country does not exceed 100 feet; but in some parts of the Skaptâ channel it is not less than 600 feet high."

VOLCANOES.

THE opinion of the philosophical part of the world respecting the cause of these awful phenomena could never be reconciled, yet it is generally acknowledged that, though their effects may be prejudicial to some parts of the world, they tend to the well-being, if not the preservation, of the whole. Were it not for these vent-holes of the earth, as we may justly call them, the accumulation of the internal fire, and consequent dilatation of subterranean bodies, would certainly produce earthquakes very frequently, which all must allow are (to the world in general) of much worse consequences than volcanoes. Thus, were it possible to fill up Etna, Vesuvius, and all mountains of the like nature, we should undoubtedly subject ourselves to earthquakes, which would in time break up the shell of our world, and destroy it, at least as a habitable globe. Some have endeavoured to account for the immensity of flame and heat which are given out during an eruption, by the decomposition of water and consequent production of inflammable air. There undoubtedly is in the interior of the earth, a large space filled with fire and water, the former of which, by the assistance of iron, charcoal, &c. resolves the latter into its constituent elements, viz. oxygen or vital air, and hydrogen or inflammable air; whenever this decomposition takes place it must be in large quantities, and a considerable volume of both these gases must be disengaged: oxygen is absorbed by all bodies during combustion, but hydrogen is itself a combustible body; the oxygen is consequently absorbed as soon as it is produced, and the hydrogen is united with the subterranean fire, but from its natural lightness and being now combined with a considerable quantity of heat, it has

a strong tendency to ascend, and at the first vent rushes out in the state of flame, with an inconceivable force, bearing with it stones, earth, and whatever oppose its passage, which it sometimes melts, forming lava. This theory, however, is liable to some objections, for the force which is manifested at Etna and Vesuvius in throwing stones forty and sixty miles, cannot well be engendered in the mere tendency of the air to ascend; and as we are not to suppose a partition between the fire and the water, why does not this admixture oftener take place? It has been the opinion of others, that eruptions and all the phenomena attendant thereon, are caused by the expansive force of steam, aided by fire; but from what has been before said respecting the decomposition of water, steam can have little or no power, as the water, instead of being converted into vapour, is reduced into air, therefore steam can have little agency in these cases. A more modern, and perhaps a more reasonable theory, supposes that eruptions are caused by the central fire coming in contact with large quantities of sulphur, nitre, and other substances, which have the property of detonating when mixed. That these exist in the earth, combined with other bodies, none can doubt; and it is clear from the examples which gunpowder, &c. give us, that the combination of these bodies with heat, is fully sufficient to produce the effects recorded of the eruptions of Etna. In answer to this explanation, however, it may be asked, why do not eruptions happen more frequently, for we may suppose the fire, and sulphureous and bituminous rocks to be stationary, and why do not the eruptions continue until the whole inflammable matter is spent? From this short view of the theories which have been raised to explain these wonders of nature, we see that none of them are satisfactory; they are all liable to objection, and probably will be so until our knowledge of electricity (which is yet in its infancy) advances; for, let the true cause be what it may, electricity seems to bear a considerable part, as in a late eruption of Vesuvius the air was so strongly electrified that it would charge a Leyden phial when held out of the window. Thus as the science of electricity becomes better understood, we shall be more able to judge of the agent which keeps these extraordinary and awful phenomena in a state of activity during so many centuries; until then we can only exercise our imaginations in forming theories, which must, like their predecessors in every science, sink into nothing, as experiment and observation establish more certain grounds on which we may reason.

LIGHT.

Look at that glassy wave, the light of which dazzles our eyes as if it came from a silvered mirror; where does that light originate? Oh, you will say, it is only the sunbeams. To be sure: you admit, then, that the light from the wave does not originate in the wave itself, but that it comes from the sun? Well, as it comes from the sun, let me ask what distance has it travelled? How far is the earth from the sun? Ninety-five millions one hundred and seventy-three thousand miles. A pretty long journey, you will confess; but is the light tardy in accomplishing it? No; it travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, and, consequently, arrives at the earth from the sun in about eight minutes. Does it travel farther than the earth? For what we know, it may travel on for ever, till intercepted by some opaque or ponderable object; but we know for certain, that it reaches Herschell, the most distant planet of our system, which is no less than eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun. Now, is light material? I have no knowledge of it but what is obtained through the medium of sight: no other sense recognizes it; we cannot taste it; we cannot smell it; and it makes no impression on the nerves of touch. But I can learn, that it is not only compounded of three primary coloured rays, but also of others not connected with colour at all; of calorific and of oxidising and deoxidising rays. I can see, that it is necessary to vegetation; that plants, deprived of its presence, lose their green colour; that it effects various chemical decompositions; and that it is subjected to certain fixed laws, which form the basis of the science of optics. From these circumstances I infer that it is matter, that it is a substance; but how subtle must be the nature of a substance whose particles can move in every direction without interfering with each other; which can travel about ninety-five millions of miles in about eight minutes, and yet not exert the least perceptible force of collision; which will pass through the hardest crystal, or the purest diamond, with as much ease as through air or water! It is imponderable, and wants various properties which philosophers have thought to be essential to matter; but, in fact, we can seldom tell what is essential to any thing. We see objects and light by the eyes: that you will admit; and you will admit, also, that, without organs of vision, we could have no knowledge of light and colours. But is it the eye that sees? Consider now. You say, Yes. I say, No. When you take up a telescope and look at the moons of Jupiter, you see those moons, which, without the telescope, you could not see. But does the tele-

scope see them? You laugh, perhaps; you think the question childish. It is not so. Suppose a card were slipped in between your eye and the eye-glass, you would then neither perceive the planets nor his satellites. Now, the eye is to vision what the telescope is: it is an optical instrument; it serves to form an image; but the eye itself does not see: it is the organ of communication with light, and is necessary to vision; but the sensation lies in the brain, or rather, I should say, in the mind which inhabits it. Cut off the communication between the eye and the brain, and the same result follows as when a card is placed between the eye and the telescope: all is dark. The optic nerve is the cord through which the brain communicates with the eye; and when, by disease or other means, that nerve, or its expansion, the retina, on which the images of external objects are painted, loses its function, or if, as has been often proved by experiment, the optic nerves be cut across, then the animal sees no longer, though the eyes themselves remain as perfect as before.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

When we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean, in the course of every naval war, from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty-two of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the course of twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon, constructed of iron or brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufacture inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials, such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages, when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of the sea-water. But the reader must not imagine, that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From an examination of Lloyd's lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of

1829, it appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn, from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about twenty-thousand, having, one with another, a mean burden of one hundred and twenty tons. Out of five hundred and fifty-one ships of the royal navy, lost to the country during the period above-mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or have been burnt by accident; a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep. Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on these, when they happen to be enveloped in a matrix, capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed, and endure for periods as indefinite as have the delicate markings of zoophytes or lapidified plants in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament, composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which letters and various images are carved; engravings which they may retain, when included in subaqueous strata, as long as crystal preserves its natural form. It was a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry, at Agincourt, made Henry's chronicle

> ——————— "As rich with praise
> As is the ooze and bottom of the deep,
> With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries."

TIME'S SONG.

O'ER the level plain where mountains greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste where fountains at my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day, on the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away! Who will chain my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping;—I have crush'd his spear—
Grief within her bower was weeping;—I have dried her tear—
Pleasure caught a minute's hold;—then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold, and her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory;—where is now his fame?
Genius said,—"I live in story;"—who hath heard his name?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough, whisper'd,—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow whiten'd as I past.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the wide wave's bed;
I have seen the billow flowing where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?—Memory will not stay!
Where will rest my weary wings?—Science turns away! * * *

WALKING.

I HAVE ever held walking to be a principal pleasure. It is one, however, which, like health, is usually enjoyed with a most thankless indifference. We hold it cheap, because it costs nothing, while there are many things we prize, merely because we pay for them. Privation appears to be a necessary process, to give a man a just sense of the goods of existence. The original gift is never valued as the restored boon. Ask the convalescent what they feel in the renewed power of locomotion. Let such a one look back, and contrast past and present feeling on the point. Did he not once go forth with the free limb, the erect carriage, nerves braced, and spirits exhilarated; and did he pause to say to himself, This is pleasure—renovation to my physical and mental constitution—an assertion of one of the proud privileges that proclaim me lord of the animal world? See him now with his slow step, and faint brow, looking up with complacent gratification for the restored good, though it be in comparison to the original good what the far echo is to the original sound. I knew a lady who rarely walked without repining at fortune for depriving her of a carriage; but she never thought of rejoicing that nature had exempted her from crutches. If walking were taxed, how would the rich walk, and the poor envy them the privilege! How would people then repine at a restriction, which they now voluntarily impose upon themselves! What petitions would be presented to Parliament to remove the duty from this panacea

—this source of health and good spirits, this right of humanity, as it would then be contended for! Thus it is that the fruit for which we have but to put forth our hands, remains unplucked, while we risk every thing for the purchased enjoyments, popularly termed pleasures.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

NOTHING can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing; the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters—while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion. These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture. The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the

window, the holly providently planted about the house, to cheat the winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fire-side: all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant. The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the man of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable, as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned. In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and

horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country, and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege. To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from "the flower and the leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her,—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts,—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning; but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain. DR. JOHNSON.

WE hail with rapturous and unmingled sensations of delight the return of genial spring, and listen with renewed satisfaction to that vocal choir which adorn our fields, animate our groves, and gratify every sense in succession, with their melody. In our early morning walks, we are saluted by the songs of our sweet little friends, the warblers, whether we love to trace the expansion of opening buds, or gaze with admiration on the bloom of blushing flowers. Those warblings which had been dumb during the period of dreary winter, now animate every hedge; and those songsters, who had been mute during the roar of wintry storms, vocalise every spray; every bush resounds with cheerful sounds of melody and loud tones of joy. The wild whistlings of the blackbird—the measured lays of the thrush—the "thick-warbled notes" of the skylark—the gentle, mellow, and dulcet tones of the friendly red-breast, that "ever

on the haunch of winter sings"—and the mingled and capricious twittering of others of the tuneful throng—all this "concert of sweet sounds" is grateful to our ears: we welcome their soothing melodies, as we welcome the voice of a beloved friend, whom we congratulate, after a long and painful absence, on his return to our social circle. The nightingale's song has been compared to the violin; but the red-breast's voice has all the softness and mellifluence of the flute. We are apt to be selfish in our gratifications, and perhaps ready enough to imagine that all this admired vocality of our groves, on the return of spring, is a tribute paid to our pleasure. When we analyse even the best of our social virtues, it is melancholy to observe how much selfishness goes to their composition. The trilling lark, soaring on the morning cloud, or the tuneful thrush, perched on a lofty tree-top, chaunts a matin song; pleased with the music, we appropriate its carols, as a homage due to the gratification of the lords of the creation; but when a goose gabbles in his pond, and his gabble is responded from mouth to mouth through the whole gabbling flock, we execrate the horrid sound, and turn aside with disgust. We ought, however, to reflect that all this delightful concert of the feathered songsters is no way performed for our pleasure. It is usually the call of courtship in the male to the female, or it is to solace the female in the interesting moments of incubation, and of rearing her nestlings; or it may be sometimes a desire by efforts of song to secure the affections of a common favourite. Such is the great ardour of this contention, that the bird overcome has been known to discontinue its song with its life. Of singing birds, the nightingale is the most renowned. It is found in some parts of the south of England; in the northern parts of this kingdom it is totally unknown. Its song begins in a summer's evening, and generally continues in a soft-flowing stream of melody during the whole night. On this account the nightingale has been almost universally esteemed the most excellent of all our singing birds; its warbling is heard in that still and solemn hour of midnight, when the rest are all hushed in the silence of repose.

> —— "Soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

This bird's superiority chiefly consists in the sweetness of its tone, which is much more mellow than that of any other of the warbling genus; and yet, by an exertion of its vast powers, it excels also in brilliancy of modulation. Another point of superiority is its continuance of song without a pause, which is often lengthened to the space of fifteen or twenty minutes. People who are uninstructed in a knowledge of musical science,

or who have not given minute attention to the song of birds, erroneously suppose that all birds of the same genus sing exactly an identity of notes and passages; but this supposition vanishes before the test of research. Though the opinion is, in reality, unfounded, yet this is true—that in their song, although not exactly alike, there is a general and striking resemblance perceived, and which may be exemplified in the song of canary-birds confined in cages. Here, then, we hazard no preposterous hypothesis in affirming that the notes in birds of song are no more innate than language in man. The identical song of birds of the same class I maintain to depend on the master under whom they are bred, as far as their organical powers will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing; and they learn their song as they are hatched. In the nest, while yet blind, the infant brood acquire the parental song. Nature works in them by the laws of instinct or intelligence, and has instructed the nestlings even in a wild state, to adhere stedfastly, and to listen heedfully to the instructions of the parent bird alone, whilst they disregard the notes of an harmonic throng, then quavering around, perhaps in every vocal hedge. A common house-sparrow has been taught the song of other birds; and numerous instances may be produced of many species of birds that have been taught not only to sing common instrumental tunes, but even also some kinds of birds possess, in an admirable degree, the imitative faculty of talking. Were I called upon to define the song of birds, I would say, that it is a succession of three or four tones, or notes in our common diatonic scale of music, prolonged through the same intervals without interruption, in a bar of four crotchets, adagio, that is, while a pendulum swings four seconds. Masters of music have noticed, that certain passages in the song of a few kinds of the vocal class of birds correspond with the intervals of our scale of music. We have a well-known and pleasing instance of the truth of this remark in the welcome salutation of the cuckoo-song, which falls one-third from its key-note—an instance distinguishable by the most untutored ear. But this circumstance is not easily to be ascertained in much the greater part of the melodious class of feathered vocalists, for three reasons; partly because their song, which rolls in a volubility so amazing, and generally terminates in an uncertainty so capricious, that we cannot reduce the passages to any fixed form of musical notation or bar whatsoever; partly also, because the notes of most singing birds soar to a pitch of scale considerably higher than can be reached by the shrillest of our highest musical instruments, numerous and ingeniously contrived as they are; and principally, because the intervals used by birds

are so minute, so irregular, and, consequently, so different from the gross and artificial intervals into which musicians divide the octave, that we are neither capable of forming a just opinion of them, nor of marking them with a precision sufficiently accurate. Father Kircher has set the voices of birds to music, but with no flattering degree of success. He has, indeed, under happier auspices, given us all the tones of the owl-note, which presents a melody most hideous, most disgustful, and most tremendous. These remarks on the song of birds may be concluded by observing, that there is no instance, perhaps, of any singing bird which exceeds in magnitude that of our blackbird; and this, I suppose, arises from the difficulty it would undergo of concealing itself, did it, by its bulk, attract the voracity of birds of the rapacious kinds, or by the proportionable loudness of its notes, allure the means of its own destruction. I may also further add, that the female of no species of birds is ever at all known to sing.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

THERE is an hour, whose gentle reign
Repays the day of care and pain,
When the gay sun, retired to rest,
Deserts the grove he lately dress'd,
And leaves the night's chaste goddess free
To sit enthroned, "o'er tower and tree:"
I pity those who have not known
That happy evening hour alone.
To soften'd recollections given,
To musings that aspire to heaven!
The book, the pen, the praise, the prayer,
Each claim, of that loved hour, their share;
Alas, for those who have not known
The precious evening hour, alone!
When busy hands and restless feet
Are passive in their night's retreat,
The warning lip, the watchful ear,
Forget alike to guide, to hear;
And not a sound approaches nigh
Save when the night-bird flutters by,
Or soft wind rustles through the trees,
And falling leaf floats on the breeze.
O blessed hour of thought! assign'd
To calm the tumults of the mind,
Each harrowing hour to soothe, to still,
And bend to peace the stubborn will,
Let social joys surround my hearth,
The voice of friendship, song of mirth,
The laugh—how dear! of youthful glee,
That tells of brief felicity;
Welcome all these, so I possess
One unshared hour of happiness,
Claim'd by reflection as her own,
The tranquil evening hour alone.

MRS. TONGE.

ON THE RURAL SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

PERHAPS there is no country in the world which so much abounds in pleasant touches of home-scenery, both as it regards the appearance of the country, and the dispositions, customs, feelings, and associations of its more rustic inhabitants, as England; especially in those remoter and more retired districts of the country, far away from the bustle of our large cities, the dust, and heat, and unhealthiness, as well as all the other inconveniences of our manufacturing towns, and the filth, and noisomeness, and vice, of the maritime parts of the kingdom. Remote from the busy and noisy world, and shut out from all its intrusiveness, they remind one of Virgil's fine description of the bay, in the retired and unruffled waters of which the wearied exiles of Troy found safety and rest, after their toilsome and perilous voyage, and after their many buffetings in the storms of the open ocean:—

> ——————"omnis ab alto
> Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos—
> Æquora tuta silent."

As you whirl along on the top of a stage-coach through different parts of the interior of the country, you are constantly coming to these little spots; lying off the main road at some little distance, may be frequently seen the church-spire of some village rising up amidst deep and rich wood, while round its sacred walls, where

> "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

are ranged the cottages of the villagers, where they follow the employments and imitate the customs and simple manners of their ancestors. There is nothing more delightful than visiting, about sun-set, as the old village clock strikes the hour for the weary labourer's return, one of these simple retreats. The whole scene is calculated to soothe the mind, though the feelings it excites are not unmixed with melancholy; but it is a pleasing melancholy, such as one would wish more frequently to feel. The setting sun, throwing his farewell beams upon the dark wood which skirts and environs the village; the labourer just emerging from between the green hedges of some lane, which leads from the fields in which he has been employed to the village green; the last faint sounds of the woodman's axe; the noise and glee of the assembled children of the village, playing their innocent games in the dusk of the evening, while some of the patriarchs of the little society sit down, with calm

and tranquil faces, and watch, with a half-melancholy, half-merry smile, the sports and simple enjoyments of the young. At some distance, beside some retired hedge-row, may be seen the lass with her rustic beau, plucking the wild but ever beautiful productions of uncultivated nature. This is not altogether a sketch from imagination. I have at this moment such a village before my mental eye; there I passed some time of my boyhood, and I never pay it a visit without thinking, that if happiness is to be any where felt on earth, it is surely there. I have seen the scenes and heard the sounds I have now described many a time, and almost wished that I had been brought up a rustic villager, that I might have been contented with the little enjoyments, at any rate for the most part innocent, which that class of people possess, and felt no longings, no cravings, after a wider sphere of society, or the empty pleasures, but substantial cares, of a hollow and heartless world; that I might have been content with the seclusion and humility of some little nook, some little Arcadia of my own rearing. I know, however, that these are in some measure the day-dreams of imagination, and that as every spot of earth is, as man, and the globe which he inhabits, are at present constituted, devoted to misery, so even these retired villages, sheltered as they are from the world, have their storms and their tempests. If they were in reality so many miniature Elysiums, one would think that all our villages would soon become towns, from a sudden influx of inhabitants. But whether they are really more happy or not, they certainly appear so. There seems more innocence, more peace in them; and as our miseries spring from our wants, and half our wants are artificial, the simple children of the soil may perhaps be more truly happy than others. But at any rate, they and their hamlets and villages look very delightful, and appear to possess as much happiness as earth can afford. But to a superficial observer even, the whole appearance of our country —I speak not partially as an Englishman—must appear beautiful. It is neither flat, like the fens of Holland; nor mountainous, like the regions of the Alps; nor too woody, like some of the forest-districts of Germany and North America; nor waterless or streamless, like the greater part of unhappy Africa. But its soil is rich and fertile, with enough of hill and valley to give its surface a sufficiently diversified aspect; sufficient wood to prevent any thing like a bare or barren appearance; and, as to water, it is so intersected, so completely permeated, and fertilized with streams, that the terms which Homer applies to Mount Ida might well be used in reference to our whole country—"abounding with springs." Scarcely a meadow but pours out its tributary rivulet to water its own small district,

and then to bestow its trickling contribution to a larger stream. As you journey along, a constant succession of hill and dale, rich wood, bubbling streams, fertile fields, and happy villages, meet the eye. Our own is, indeed, a favoured country; and woe be to us if we be not grateful for the ten thousand mercies by which it is distinguished. Happy England! mayest thou but know and acknowledge the Being who showers down, in the opulence of his bounty, all thy blessings and thy prosperity so permanent and so unfluctuating!

NATURAL SCENERY FAVOURABLE TO DEVOTION.

WHATEVER leads our minds habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of Him, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favourable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, peculiarly allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature. When our Saviour prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshippers of former times. To all, indeed, the same objects appear, the same sun shines, the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things; to see his Spirit "move in the breeze and blossom in the spring;" and to read in the changes which occur in the material world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity, accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the "Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep," that order and beauty were seen in the world. It is, accordingly, well worthy of observation, that the beauty of nature, as felt in modern times, appears to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described,

occasionally, the scenes in which they dwelt; but, if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the gospel, never with any deep feeling of their beauty. Then, as now, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam, but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægean sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight? The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them, yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps themselves,

> "The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow"—

even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which, to the Christian, gives the sublimity of these scenes. There is something, therefore, in religious reflections on the objects or the changes of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better; without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence which revelation has afforded. "Behold the lilies of the field," says our Saviour, "they toil not, neither do they spin: yet, verily I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In these words, we perceive the deep sense which he entertained of the beauty even of the minutest of the works of nature. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his precepts, it is not, on that account, the less allied to the spirit of religion; it springs from the revelation which he has made, and grows with the spirit which he inculcates. The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose, is purposely left to the human mind, that man may be induced to follow it from the charms which novelty confers; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined, that they may be enjoyed as the spontaneous growth of our own imagina-

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GLEANINGS ALONG SHORE.

When people go to Margate, they go there, one would presume, with firm intent to

> "———— frame their minds to mirth and merriment—
> Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life;"

and, in the main, it is a pretty good place for the purpose; but if a man be at all given to the *penseroso* temperament, let him not think to get rid of it at Margate. It is true, that the "proper authorities," with a laudable anxiety to keep people as merry as possible, have locked up the church-yard; so that no man can mope there, without special permission from the sexton; but what signifies locking up the church-yard, when a *memento mori* stares you in the face at every turning? In one street, an undertaker, having a bed-room to let, and being desirous to make the announcement thereof as conspicuous as may be, sticks it upon the lid of a coffin, in his shop-window, and there the coffin stands, bolt upright, and as large as life, ticketed—"An apartment for a single gentleman!" In another street, a dipper of second-hand silks writes up over his door,—"Dying on the shortest notice!" and another—"A. B. begs the ladies of Margate to take notice that he dyes for them upon easy terms!" Indeed there is scarcely a street, lane, or alley, in which one or more of these dying dippers is not to be found; and however easy the terms may be upon which they die, the thing has a very dismal look. Then, in the main thoroughfare, there is the *memento mori* miniature-painter, reminding you that you must die, and therefore urging you to give him your last shilling, or, as he says, your "odd shilling," in exchange for "your family likeness (in dead black) to be left as a memento when death has taken you from your future progeny!" But all these are but minor motives to melancholy compared with being doomed to see "some fellow of infinite jest," whose "songs and flashes of merriment were wont to set, not the table only, but crowded theatres, in a roar," wandering about in gloomy abstraction, among the careless herd. Such men are always to be met with in Margate. There was Michael Kelly, who, though perhaps he never succeeded in exciting any great degree of merriment in others, was himself as merry as the day was long; and when he could be merry no longer, he came to Margate to pass the remnant of his days, stretched in his couch upon the wild sea beach, gazing upon the wave as it came dancing towards him with its white crest glittering in the sun, and sighing as it sunk away at his feet to make room for its successor.

LOCALITIES OF THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON. Nell Gwynne and the duchess of Mazarine both resided at Cheyne Walk, near Old Winchester Palace. Edward Gibbon, the historian, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely, were all born at Putney. Granville Sharp, the philanthropist, lived at Stourton House, Fulham, in 1813. Bonner, the celebrated "bishop," resided some time at the Golden Lion Inn, Fulham. Tonson, the bookseller, lived at an ancient mansion in Barn Elms, called Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and it was there the Kit Kat Club meetings were held. Oldham, the poet, was some years usher of the public school at Croydon. Thomson frequented, and wrote part of his "Winter" in, the Dane Coffeehouse, between the Upper and Lower Malls, Hammersmith. Richard Baxter, the nonconformist divine, resided for a considerable time in a house near Acton church, in which he sometimes preached on certain conditions: Sir Matthew Hale resided in Acton at the same time, and was his intimate companion. Sir Francis Walsingham entertained Queen Elizabeth in the manor house at Barn Elms, in 1589; there also the Earl of Essex, who married his daughter, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, frequently resided. Cowley, the poet, dwelt at Barn Elms before he went to Chertsey. Heidigger, master of revels to George II, resided some time in Barn Elms house, and was visited there by his royal master, who came on purpose from Richmond. Bolingbroke was born at and died in the old manor house at Battersea, on the spot where the air mill stood; one of the parlours left standing fronting the Thames in Mr. Hodgson's house, was much frequented by Pope. Camden owned Bexley manor, and bequeathed it for the endowment of a professorship of history at Oxford. Brandenburgh House, in Fulham parish, the site of which is all that now remains, was the residence of Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis, also of the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach, and of the late Queen Caroline. Cromwell resided at Hale House, sometimes called also Cromwell House, in Brompton; it belonged lately to the Earl of Harrington. Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, lived, while an English prisoner, at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. Sir Hugh Middleton, the projector of the New River, resided at Bush Hill, Edmonton. Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, resided five years at Camden House, Kensington, and her son, the Duke of Gloucester, formed a regiment of boys there. Sir Robert Walpole lived in a house in the Stable-yard, Chelsea; and Dr. Hoadley had also a residence there, near Lord Cremorne's villa. Sir Thomas More had a mansion at the north end of Beaufort Row, Chelsea, and in the church stands a monument

to his memory, and one also to Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Edward Chamberlayne. Saltero's Coffee-house, in Cheyne Walk, was frequented by Sir Hans Sloane, Admiral Munden, and other celebrated characters of the day (see the "Tatler," 34, and other numbers). In Little Chelsea, Lord Shaftesbury had a house where he resided during the sittings of Parliament; it has since become an additional workhouse. In Chiswick House, and it is said in the same room, Fox and Canning died; the widows of both are now living—Mrs. Fox and Lady Canning. The ancient manor-house of Deptford, called Say's Court, on the site of which now stands the workhouse of St. Nicholas, was the residence of John Evelyn, and there Peter the Great lived, while he worked as a common shipwright in the dock-yard. Queen Elizabeth was born at Greenwich, and used to visit Eltham while young. Queen Katherine Parr, who married Thomas Lord Seymour, of Sudley, lived at Chelsea: some of her letters in the Burghley papers are so dated; they are signed "Kateryn the Quene." Grose, the antiquary, was born at Richmond. Byron and R. B. Sheridan were educated at Harrow school; in the church-yard a tomb is shown called Byron's seat. The same poet, writing to his friend Moore on his proposed biography of Sheridan, says, "Don't forget that he was at school at Harrow, where in my time we used to show his name, R. B. Sheridan, 1765, as an honour to the walls." Dr. Coakley Lettsom dwelt some time in Grove-house, Camberwell. Garrow, the judge, was born at Barnet, where his father was a schoolmaster. Sir W. Jones resided in 1767, at Wimbledon, as tutor to the present Earl Spencer, when he was only 19. Fielding lived at Barnes, in a house occupied in 1802 by the widow of Admiral Stanton. Dr. Radcliffe resided for some time at Carshalton. It was at a parliament held in Merton, Surrey, that the barons, when an attempt was made by the clergy to introduce the imperial and canon law, made the celebrated declaration—"Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari." Raleigh lived at Mitcham, in a house occupied in 1810 by Mrs. Bond. Mitcham Grove was bought by Lord Clive, and presented by him to Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough, for defending him in the House of Commons. Pitt died at his residence, the Bowling Green House, Putney. Swift's "Stella," Hester Johnson, was born in Richmond, where also resided Thomson, the poet; his house has been lately occupied by Mrs. Boscawen and the Hon. Mr. Cooper; Sir Joshua Reynolds also lived on Richmond Hill. Kennington once contained a royal palace, in which Henry III. assembled a parliament, and where Edward III. kept Christmas in 1342; Henry V. also resided here; on the site was

afterwards erected a mansion house, occupied by Charles I., when Prince of Wales; the only remains of it, the long barn, was an asylum, in 1709, for the distressed Palatine Protestants. At Stockwell, between Kennington and Clapham, a singular deception was practised at the house of Mrs. Golding, in 1772, much noticed in the periodicals of the day, where it is said that all the furniture literally used to dance about the house. On a hill behind the old Green Man public-house in Dulwich, is a tree called "the oak of honour," from a tradition that Queen Elizabeth used to repose under it; there is a magnificent view from the spot. The late Lord Thurlow's house, called Knight's Hill, between Dulwich and Norwood, was the first completely finished with the cone flooring. At the north-east corner of Blackheath, almost joining Maize-hill, are Vanbrugh Fields, so called from Sir John Vaubrugh's whimsical house, resembling a fortification, with turrets, battlements, &c.

MAY DAY

ANCIENTLY all ranks of people went out a-maying early on the first of this month. "The juvenile part of both sexes in the north are wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing around a tall pole, which is called a May pole; which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered it in the whole circle of the year." One of our own poets thus mentions the May-pole ceremonies:—

> Your May-pole deck with flowery coronal;
> Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;
> And in the nimble-footed galliard all,
> Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively join.
> Hither from village sweet, and hamlet fair,
> From bordering cot and distant glen, repair:
> Let youth indulge its sport, to eld bequeath its care.
> With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,
> To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;
> Or foot it to the reed.

Old John Stow tells us, that on May-day, in the morning, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet

meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." Henry VIII. rode a-maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, with his Queen Katherine, accompanied by many lords and ladies. Herrick has given us some idea of the manner in which this day was once kept, in his beautiful little poem of "Corinna's going a-maying."

Get up, get up, for shame; the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn:
  See how Aurora throws her fair
  Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
  Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
  The dew bespangling herb and tree:
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
  Nay, not so much as out of bed,
  When all the birds have matins said,
  And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
  Nay profanation, to keep in;
When, as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and green;
  And sweet as Flora. Take no care
  For jewels for your gown or hair:
  Fear not, the leaves will strew
  Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
  Come, and receive them, while the light
  Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
  And Titan on the eastern hill
  Retires himself, or else stands still,
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying!

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
  Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
  Devotion gives each house a bough,
  Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
  An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorne, neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
  Can such delights be in the street,
  And open fields, and we not see't?
  Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
  The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May:
  A deal of youth, ere this, is come
  Back, and with whitethorne laden home,
  Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
  Before that we have left to dream;

And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you, or I, are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night. HERRICK.

AN EXCURSION TO BRIGHTON.

PASSING over London Bridge, and through the Borough of Southwark, we soon reach Kennington. This village of late has been much enlarged, and undergone many improvements. Its common, now more usually appropriated to the game of cricket, was, in former days, devoted to the execution of criminals of the county of Surrey. Leaving the Clapham road, we bend our course towards Brixton, a pleasing village. Here gentlemen's houses abound in every direction. We now push along through Streatham to Croydon (ten miles and a half from the standard, Cornhill), one of the most pleasant towns of Surrey. The church, with its stately tower, is an ancient and venerable structure, enriched by several monuments of the archbishops of Canterbury. Those of Grindall, Whitgift, and Sheldon, are entitled to special attention. Here are to be seen the grave-stones of the conciliatory Wake, the learned Potter, and the amiable Herring, of patriotic memory. Here also lies interred Alexander Barclay, an English writer of the sixteenth century, so famous, that the claim to his birth has been disputed by England and Scotland. He was master both of the ancient and modern languages. As an improver of English literature, it is said, that his industry in enriching the language with many translations, written in a style more pure and fluent than that of his contemporaries, entitles him to grateful commemoration. His "Ship of Fools," a satirical work in verse

and prose, with wood-cuts, was the most popular of all his works. It spared neither laity nor clergy. The archbishops of Canterbury had once a palace here, but it has disappeared, and the grounds have become a calico manufactory. It was no mean edifice in former days. In July, 1573, Archbishop Parker entertained here Queen Elizabeth and her court several days; and Whitgift more than once received a visit from the same princess on this spot. During the civil wars it was seized by Parliament, and leased to Sir William Brereton, of whom it is humourously said, "A notable man at a thanksgiving dinner, having terrible long teeth, and a prodigious stomach to turn the archbishop's chapel into a kitchen, and to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel." The palace was fitted up after the restoration by Archbishop Juxon, who attended on the scaffold Charles the First, of unhappy memory. The town of Croydon is well built, and agreeably situated on the edge of Banstead Downs. Here is a navigable canal, connected with the Grand Surrey Canal at Rotherhithe, and an iron railway from Wandsworth hither extended to Ryegate. Leaving that cheerful town, we pass through the village of Merstham, and arrive at Ryegate (eleven miles and a half from Croydon), a market town. It lies in a pleasant valley called Holmsdale, the name being derived from a Saxon word, signifying the course of a river. There are some remains of Holms Castle, in which the barons met during the contest with King John, of infamous memory. Indeed a cavern is still shown, where it is said Magna Charta was drawn up, previously to its being signed at Runnymede. Holms Castle was forfeited in the civil wars; which, raging between Charles the First and his Parliament, devastated the kingdom from one end to the other. Happily such times are now gone by, and I trust for ever. On the site of an ancient priory here is built a beautiful mansion, called the Priory. The haunts of superstition are well metamorphosed into the abodes of honest cheerfulness and generous hospitality. It is curious that the market-house was formerly dedicated to Thomas à Becket, a turbulent saint of the twelfth century. The town gives the title of baron to the Peterborough family. Fullers' earth and medicinal springs abound in the vicinity. The church is a fine Gothic fabric, distinguished by modern improvements. Monuments adorn the interior of the edifice, some of which may be pronounced costly memorials of mortality. This is particularly the case as to the monument of the Ladbroke family. A more ancient memorial is that consecrated to the memory of Sir Thomas Bludder, Knt. and his lady. The Latin inscription tells us, that this fortunate couple, having had ten children, lived "lovingly, faithfully, and

prosperously, in wedlock together, for sixty-seven years!" Having gone by Dover's Farm and Hookwood Common, we reach Crawley (ten miles and a half from Ryegate), a picturesque little place, with a genteel hotel. It is singular as to the houses, that being built on both sides of the road, those on the west are in the parish of Ifield—those on the east in the parish of Crawley. Here was formerly a monastery; but time has consigned even its ruins to destruction. Just before we enter this place, there is an immense oak by the side of the road, with a door opening into its trunk—so large is the dimension of this monarch of the forest! Its arms fling themselves aloft in the air, and with its foliage richly overshadow the ground. Such objects are no inconsiderable ornaments to the surrounding scenery. We now start off through Tilgate Forest, Staplefield Common, Slough, and Whiteman's Green, for Cuckfield (nine miles from Crawley), a small market town. It is situated healthily on a rising ground, and can boast of a few good buildings. It has a valuable free grammar-school—an institution, which (when properly conducted) renders no mean service to the rising generation. Here is a handsome and spacious church, which has undergone several improvements. It is a vicarage in the gift of the Bishop of Chichester. We now prosecute our final stage through St. John's Common, Clayton, Piecombe, Pangdean, Patcham, Whiteing, and Preston, to Brighton (fourteen miles from Cuckfield, and fifty-five miles and a half from Cornhill, London). Brighton is a market-town. It boasts of antiquity, deriving its name from Brighthelm, a bishop who flourished during the Saxon heptarchy. The Pavilion, from its central situation, is entitled to our first attention. It was erected for His Royal Highness the Prince Regent in 1784, having a front of near 200 feet, commanding a view of the Steyne, and a prospect of the ocean. The centre is circular, with a dome supported by pillars, and corresponding wings at the northern and southern extremities. The interior is more roomy than may be generally imagined, whilst the apartments are characterised by magnificence. The embellishments, wholly Chinese, remind the spectator of oriental splendour. Mirrors, of the largest dimensions, multiply the images around you. The eye is feasted with those decorations which appertain to royalty! Such was the interior of the Pavilion; these are giving way to superior embellishments. And, besides the kind of pagoda spires, at both ends of the edifice, there are being added intermediate ornaments of a circular form. It is said to be in imitation of the Kremlin at Moscow, the ancient capital of the Russian empire. The Steyne, a charming lawn, stretching along the valley, forms a promenade. The south is open

to the sea, whilst the north presents a view of the Downs. The edges of it are paved with brick, and a rail incloses it from the road. It is thronged towards the close of the day with company, and on a Sunday evening exhibits Vanity-fair in perfection. Hogarth would have gazed at the motley assemblage; and by the exercise of his pencil grouped them together with inimitable fidelity. From the Steyne lying in the valley, the town of Brighton ascends east and west to some extent; the eastern portion embracing most of the modern improvements. Here is the Marine Parade, and other rows of houses reaching up for half a mile on the edge of lofty cliffs, terminating with the Royal Crescent. A statue of the Prince Regent is here seen mounted on a pedestal, with arm uplifted, as in the act of defying the menaces issuing from the opposite shores of an enemy! About half-way up this road is the New Steyne, opposite the rocks, not used as a promenade, but surrounded with genteel habitations. All along the east cliff is a superb view of the ocean, with an occasional but delightful glance at the Isle of Wight. Ascending the western acclivity of the Steyne, we view the old town. Here are some excellent houses as well as shops. The parish church is a very ancient structure, with a low tower, having a glittering vane, whence the British flag often waves in graceful folds to the wide spreading ocean. There is a curious font of great antiquity, and an excellent peal of eight bells, which ring merrily upon all public occasions. The cemetery is crowded with tomb-stones of every description. The principal tomb (besides that of the beautiful public singer, Mrs. Crouch, who died 2nd October, 1805) is that of Tattersall, the deliverer of Charles II. It is old and weather-beaten, with an inscription thus, recording his merit:—"P. M. S. Captain Nicholas Tattersall, through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, Charles the Second, King of England, after he had escaped the swords of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept. 3rd, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France: departed this life the 26th day of July, 1674." For this service, however, Tattersall had a pension, said to be procured in a singular way at the Restoration, by taking his vessel up the Thames, and mooring it against Whitehall, to jog the royal memory! Whether this be fact, or merely the invention of some wicked republican wag, I cannot say; the report has prevailed. It may be remarked, that the pension has ceased; and the tomb alone tells its solitary tale to posterity. An immense gilt dolphin, appropriately ornamental, used to form the vane of the church tower; it is now displaced by a large gilt arrow, such as is seen in marine charts to mark the direction of the tide in the agitated

ocean. The dolphin (for what offence I know not) having lost its exalted station, which it had occupied for years, has been transferred down to the heart of Brighton. This piscatory emblem of a marine watering-place, must, in its present depressed condition, be speedily consigned to oblivion. Peace be to its memory! The prospect from this church-yard, on the side of a steep hill, baffles all description. To the west, as far as Little Hampton and the Isle of Wight, with the intermediate views of Worthing and Shoreham; to the east, as far as Beachy Head; beyond which are East-bourn and Hastings, with the intermediate views of the stations of Seaford and New Haven; having in front the broad ocean, with the objects on its surface gliding to and fro in constant succession. Brighton is governed by a constable and eight headboroughs, chosen annually at the leet of Lord Abergavenny. It is situated opposite the coast of France (ninety miles distant). Packets sail most evenings to Dieppe, and return with equal regularity. Hence it was that, at the commencement of the French Revolution, emigrants landed here with an overwhelming profusion. It has a good market on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, abounding with provisions; whilst fish may be had in tolerable plenty. Fishermen have lately ascertained, that immense beds of oysters lie off Brighton; and oyster-beds may be laid down in Shoreham Harbour. Some say that this body of shell-fish extends seventy miles south-east and south-west, the shortest breadth being seven miles. These are almost incredible dimensions. This discovery is an excellent thing for the poor; as the sale of the delicious oyster affords means of livelihood to a large portion of the lower classes of the community. The bathing here in the sea is commodious, though some complain of the abruptness of the shore. Warm baths are to be had in every part of the town. Coaches to and from London are in the greatest abundance. The public prints have stated that between thirty and forty pass in a single day to and fro, during the season. Some of them are renowned for their rapidity, conveying passengers in the short space of six hours. In the reign of Elizabeth, Brighton had to boast of four gates and suitable fortifications. It was then and long after, even down to the year 1750, a poor fishing town. Of latter years it has arisen, as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, to its present extent and popularity. Buildings have increased without end; 300 houses have shot up during the course of the last twelve months! Hence the place is always a scene of bustle and animation.

The Rustic. Rusticity is an unconsciousness of things indecorous. The rustic, after having taken an offensive drug, forthwith goes into company. Smelling some exquisite per-

fume, he exclaims, "'Tis not a whit sweeter than a sprig of thyme." The shoes he wears are too large for his feet. He talks in a bawling tone; and his posture as he sits is indecent. Distrusting his friends and his nearest relatives, he converses on the most important concerns with his servants; or, returning from the city, he reports all that has passed in council to his labourers on his farm. In travelling he admires nothing that is beautiful, he is affected by nothing that is sublime; but if he encounters an ox, or an ass, or a goat, he makes a halt, and stares at it. He will filch a morsel from the pantry; devour it voraciously; then swallow a dram; and withal seek to conceal the theft from his own cookmaid: at another time he will grind with her at the mill; and himself measure out the day's provisions for the family. During dinner he throws morsels to the domestic animals that are suffered to range through the house; or he runs to the door when any one knocks. Instead of noticing his visiter, he calls the house-dog from his kennel, and, holding him by the muzzle, exclaims, "Here is he that takes care of house, and farm, and family!" When he receives money, he affirms it to be bad, and demands that it may be changed. If he has lent a plough, or a basket, or a sickle, or a sack, to a neighbour, he wakes perhaps in the middle of the night, and remembering the loan, will go and ask for it. On his way to the city he accosts any one he may meet with abrupt questions,—"How are hides selling now? and what is bacon in the market? Tell me, do the games to-day bring us a new moon?" and then he adds, "As soon as I get to town I mean to be shaved." This man sings aloud in the bath: he drives nails into his shoes; and you may meet him with a ham on his shoulders, which he has bought as he chanced to pass through the market.

TO-MORROW.

"Whate'er the grief that dims the eye
Whate'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us to the weeping sky,
And say, 'We'll smile to-morrow.'
And when from those we love we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
We'll meet again to-morrow.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our heavy eye-lids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that morrow too is past—
(A yesterday of sorrow)—
Hope smiling cheats us to the last,
With visions of to-morrow!" HON. MRS. NORTON.

English Compliments. The day I paid my visit to the Tower, I was accompanied by a young French nobleman, the son of the Comte d'H——, and he was highly amused at the pompous gravity of the men who exhibited the curiosities. Every time that a thumb-screw, toe-screw, leg-screw, nose-screw, or any other article, was pointed out to our inspection, with the unavoidable comment, the Frenchman turned to me, and exclaimed—"Eh voila encore les Espagnols!" This was repeated a great number of times, and I was really put to the blush when I considered how very flagitious my countrymen had been. At last we came to a room where something taken from the French was descanted upon, and I of course turned to my companion and returned the compliment, by—"A votre tour maintenant." We had already given several shillings, and were coming away, when I perceived a board stuck up at the door, on which some words were written, to the following purpose, or something like it: "It is expected that visiters will compliment the warden." This was the cause of a very ludicrous mistake. My French companion was not very conversant with the English language at the time, and having read the above inscription, most innocently took the thing in a literal sense. Accordingly, while the plump and grave warden was, in becoming silence, expecting the compliment, the Frenchman, remarkable for politeness, could not be neglectful of complying with what he conceived was enjoined by the inscription. He made, therefore, a graceful bow to the formal warden, and in broken English began to express his obligations to him for his kindness, &c. The man addressed in this novel way, stared for some time in astonishment. Stanley burst out into laughter—I did little less, and this tended to heighten the effect of the scene. The warden conceiving that it was a joke, and probably not being partial to such things, put on a most demure aspect; indeed, he so far increased his natural stock of dull gravity, that he looked formidable. The Frenchman perceiving that his most elegant and well-bred compliments were received not merely with indifference, but had evidently offended, began to stare in turn, and ended, no doubt, by attributing the affair to his inexperience of the English tongue. But his understanding was soon enlightened. I slipped half-a-crown into the hand of the warden, which made him unbend from his rigidity, whilst a few words from Stanley set our companion to rights concerning his strange mistake. "Diable!" cried the young nobleman, smiling, "Voila donc ce que les Anglais appellent des compliments—c'est bon! c'est bon!" As we retraced our steps, this scene afforded ample matter for comment and mirth. The Frenchman now and then brought out—"ces

compliments à l'Anglaise,"—as he called them; and I make no doubt that, upon his return to Paris, he informed his countrymen, that the greatest proof of politeness one can possibly show an Englishman is to give him money.

EVENING AT CARACCAS. The vigil of Juevos Santo, at Caraccas, was one of those charming evenings peculiar to tropical climates, in which the hour of sun-set is hailed with delight by all classes of animated beings, as a refreshing and invigorating relief from the scorching heat felt during the day. Although the twilight was so short as to be almost imperceptible, the peculiar lustre of the moon and brilliancy of the stars amply supplied the sun's place on his sinking out of sight behind the mountains of Maraccay, with that mild, placid light, which cannot weary. The whole population of Caraccas began to pour out of the crowded city through the different avenues leading to the open country, and the public walks were rapidly filled with groups of laughing Creoles, who appeared to have reserved their gaiety until this hour.

THE KERRY COAST. At length it began to grow dark just as I reached a part of the coast which assuredly it would be difficult to parallel. Foreign travellers have probably never been thrown into this desolate corner of the earth, which belongs rather to owls and sea-mews than to men, and of whose awful wildness it is difficult to give an idea. Torn, jagged, coal-black rocks, with deep caverns, into which the sea breaks with a ceaseless thunder, and then again dashes its white foam over the top of the tower-like crags; which, drying, is borne by the wind in compact masses, like locks of wool, over the highest points of the mountains; the wailing cry of the restless, fluttering sea-fowl piercing through the storm with its shrill, monotonous sound; the incessant howl and roar of the undermining waves, which sometimes suddenly dashed over my horse's hoofs, and then ran hissing back again; the comfortless removal from all human help; the ceaseless pattering rain, and the coming on of night on an uncertain and entirely unknown road, all combined to produce an effect on my mind which I shall never forget.

MAYENCE. How rich in historical and poetical associations is Mayence! How lovely, how martial, the aspect of this Queen of the Rhine! From the days of Drusus to the hour when the gigantic host of Napoleon poured through her gates to find a grave amid the snows of Russia, her fate has been invariably the same: a frontier fortress, beneath whose walls a thousand battles have been fought, and fought in vain; for when the peal of war shall again awaken from its peaceful slumber the European world, on Mayence will the iron tempest

pour its fiery wrath; from her lofty battlements again will her blue-eyed maidens hear the wild hurrah of the Tartar host, or behold the red bivouac-fires of the chivalry of France. My first pilgrimage was to the residence of Faust; it is a mean-looking little house, now converted into a tavern. Was there no hand to save it from such profanation? The fields of blood and slaughter are marked by trophied monuments; while the walls within which mind of man conceived the most powerful engine the world has yet beheld—the moral *point d'appui* of Archimedes—the art of printing (an art, the operation of which upon the future destinies of the human race eludes the grasp of philosophical conjecture, are now defiled by the mean and sordid avocations of trade. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, says the celebrated novelist, is like Cranbourne Alley carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dulness below misery; Hastings a row of houses in a fives-court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith.

AN EVENING WALK AT CROMER.

HAIL, scene sublime! along the eastern hills
Night draws her veil, and lo! the circling lamp
That guides the vessel through the ambush'd rocks,
Hangs in bright contrast on her dusky prow,
And smiles away its gloom. See from the west,
A branching stream of silver radiance flows
On Ocean's bosom, till it emulates
The trembling lustre of the milky way;
While the dark cliffs projecting o'er the waves,
And frowning (fancy whispers), envious seem
Of the soft light they share not. In the south,
The star of evening sheds her pallid rays;
While from the humble cottages that skirt
Yon hill's uneven side, lights redly shine,
Contrasting art with nature, and fill up
The chain of objects that leads captive sight,
And to the shrine of meditation draws
The wanderer's soul. But hark! the awaken'd owl
Majestic, slow, on sounding wing sails by,
And, roused to active life, enjoys the hour
That gives his twinkling eyelids leave to rest,
While his bright eye, dim in day's dazzling light,
Now into distance shoots its beams, and guides
The unwieldy spoiler to his creeping prey,
Which having seized, again on murmuring wing
He cleaves the tranquil air, and to his nest
Proudly bears home the feast he toil'd to gain;
Then from the bosom of some thick-wove tree
Breathes in dull note his votive strain to Night,
Friend of his daring, season of his joy. MRS. OPIE.

THE SHRUBBERY.

ON A TASTE FOR CULTIVATING FLOWERS, AND BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS AND TREES.

Beauty of every kind is formed to captivate; and there is this peculiar advantage in contemplating the beauties of vegetable nature, that we may permit our hearts to be ensnared by them, without apprehension of a dangerous or a dishonourable servitude. A taste for the beauties of vegetation is the mark of a pure and innocent mind, and, at the same time, one of the best preservatives of purity and innocence. It diverts the attention from the turbulent scenes of folly, and superinduces a placid tranquillity, highly favourable to the gentler virtues, and to the permanency of our most refined enjoyments. I have often been surprised to find those, who possessed a very acute susceptibility of artificial or literary grace, and were powerfully affected by the beauties of a poem, a piece of sculpture, or a painting, not at all more sensible of the charms of a tree or a floweret, than a common and inelegant spectator. They have dwelt with rapture on a fine description of the Vale of Tempé, they have entered into all the delight which a Shakspeare or a Milton meant to communicate in their enchanting pictures of flowery and sylvan scenes, and yet can walk through a wood, or tread on a bed of violets and primroses, without appearing to be affected with any peculiar pleasure. This is certainly the effect of a superficial judgment; for there is no truth of which philosophers have been longer convinced, than that the realities of nature infinitely exceed the most perfect productions of imitation.

The beauty of colour, though justly esteemed subordinate to that of shape, is yet found to delight the eye more immediately and more universally. When colour and shape are united in perfection, he who can view them with insensibility, must resign all pretensions to delicacy of perception. Such an union has been usually effected by nature in the formation of a flower. There is scarcely a single object in all the vegetable world, in which so many agreeable qualities are combined, as in the queen of flowers, the rose. Nature certainly meant to regale the senses of her favourite with an object which presents to him at once freshness, fragrancy, colour, and shape. The very soul seems to be refreshed on the bare recollection of the pleasure which the senses receive in contemplating, in a fine vernal morning, the charms of the pink, the violet, the honeysuckle, the hyacinth, the narcissus, the jonquil, the rocket, the tulip, and a thousand others, in every variety of figure, scent, and hue; for nature is no less remarkable for the accuracy and beauty of her works, than for variety and profusion. Defects are always discovered in the works of art when they are examined with a microscope; but a close examination of a leaf of a flower, is like taking off a veil from the face of beauty. The finest needle ever polished, and pointed by the most ingenious artist, appears, when it is viewed by the solar microscope, quite obtuse; while the sting of a bee, however magnified, still retains all its original acuteness of termination. The serrated border in the petal of a flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, display an accuracy of delineation which no pencil ever yet could rival. The taste of the florist has not, indeed, been much admired, or generally aspired at; while that of the connoisseur in painting is considered as a mark of elegance of character, and an honourable distinction. Yet surely it is an inconsistency to be transported with the workmanship of a poor mortal, and to feel no raptures in surveying those highly finished pictures, in which it is easy to trace the finger of the Deity. The poets have given us most luxuriant descriptions of gardens and of rural scenery; and though they are thought by some to have exceeded reality, they have indeed scarcely equalled it. Enter a modern shrubbery, formed of a selection of the most agreeable flowering shrubs, and consider, whether there is any thing in the garden of Alcinous, in the fields of Elysium, in Milton's Paradise, to be compared with the intermixture of the lilac, the syringa, the laburnum, the double-blossomed cherry, peach, and almond; with the rubinia, the jessamine, the moss-rose, the magnolia, and a great number of others, less common, but not of greater, though perhaps of equal beauty. As we walk under clusters of flowers, white as snow, tinged with gold, purple as the grape, blue as

the expanse of heaven, and blushing like the cheek of youth, we are led to imagine ourselves in a fairy land, or in another and better world; where every delicate sense is delighted, and all around breathes fragrance, and expands beauty; while the heart seems to participate in the joy of laughing nature. Groves and gardens have, indeed, been always supposed to soothe the mind into a placid temper, peculiarly favourable to the indulgence of contemplation. The excellent taste which now prevails in gardening, usually combines the shrubbery and the grove. The tall trees of the forest constitute the back-ground in the living landscape, and the shrubs, beneath and before them, form the underwood, in a delightful resemblance to the natural coppice, and the uncultivated forest. The plane tree is one of the first beauties among those which are now most frequently planted in our gardens. Its large leaf, and permanent verdure, render it peculiarly fitted to afford a shade. I always consider it as a classical tree, for the ancient writers often mention it; and some of the finest philosophical dialogues of antiquity, passed under the cool retreat of its broad and vivid foliage. Socrates sought no other theatre than the turf that grew under the plane tree, on the banks of the Ilissus. The weeping willow, that droops over the babbling stream, constitutes one of those fine beauties which partake of the melancholy and romantic. Such, indeed, are the charms of its luxuriant branches, that, when properly situated it is of itself an enchanting image. Beautiful as are all the features of the modern garden, I should not hesitate to allot the first place in an estimate of horticultural graces to the weeping-willow. The weeping-birch is at all times pleasing, and a most delightful object in winter. Observe yonder tall stem, rising from the interstices of a craggy rock, covered with a rind white and glossy like silver, and drooping with ten thousand fine twigs, so attenuated as to appear almost capillary. View it when sprinkled with hoar frost, or with snow, and if you have a soul capable of being charmed with natural beauty, you will be sensibly affected at the sight with a sweet complacency. An old oak is not often found in our gardens, because of its tardy vegetation; but whenever it appears in them, it produces all the effect of graceful majesty, and one may contemplate it for hours with still new delight. The delicate acacia, the conical poplar of Lombardy, the flowery chesnut, the soft lime, the elegant mountain ash, the aspiring fir, the glossy laurel, these all form so various and delightful pictures, that while I am permitted to expatiate over the lawn, and penetrate the mazes of the wood and garden, I shall not repine that it is not my lot to saunter in the picture galleries of a palace. The taste for plantation prevails greatly in this country, and it ought to be encouraged, as

it is a never-failing source of pleasure to the planter, and of improvement to the community. But it is to be hoped, that while we plant the tree for ornament, we shall not forget to drop the acorn, and raise that heart of oak, which bears an analogy to the bravery of the people; and has ever been to this land, both a bulwark and a beauty.

OH SPARE MY FLOWER!

WRITTEN ON BEING STOPPED BY A LADY, WHEN STOOPING TO PLUCK A FLOWER.

Oh spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnoticed, overthrown.
Oh, hasten not its destiny—
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone:
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.
Oh spare! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower! Thou know'st not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear;
A thousand charms thou notest not
Lie treasured there.
Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like Nature's simplest child;
Nor could the world combined create
One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill;
And let it at His shrine present
Its homage still.
He made it who makes nought in vain;
He watches it who watches thee;
And He can best its date ordain
Who bade it be. * * *

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

THE garden, at first intended merely for producing esculent vegetables, fruits, and flowers, began to assume another character, as soon as the increase of civilization tempted the feudal baron to step a little way out of the limits of his fortifications,

and permitted his high dame to come down from her seat upon the castle walls, so regularly assigned her by ancient minstrels, and tread the neighbouring precincts which art had garnished for her reception. These gardens were defended with walls, as well for safety as for shelter; they were often surrounded with fosses, had the command of water, and gave the disposer of the ground an opportunity to display his taste, by introducing canals, basins, and fountains, the margins of which admitted of the highest architectural ornament. As art enlarged its range, and the nobles were satisfied with a display of magnificence, to atone for the abridgment of their power, new ornaments were successively introduced; banqueting houses were built; terraces were extended and connected by staircases and balustrades, of the richest forms. The result was, indeed, in the highest degree, artificial; but it was a sight beautiful in itself—a triumph of human art over the elements; and, connected as these ornamental gardens were with splendid mansions of the same character, there was a symmetry and harmony between the baronial palace itself and these its natural appendages, which recommended them to the judgment as well as the eye. The shrubs themselves were artificial, inasmuch as they were either exotic, or, if indigenous, were treated in a manner and presented an appearance which was altogether the work of cultivation. The examination of such objects furnished amusement to the merely curious, information to the scientific, and pleasure at least to those who only looked at them, and passed on. Where there was little extent of ground, especially, what could be fitter for the amusement of "learned leisure, than those trim gardens," which Milton has represented as the chosen scene of the easy and unoccupied man of letters? He had there around him the most delightful subjects of contemplation, in the fruits and flowers, the shrubs and trees, many of them interesting from their novelty and peculiar appearance and habits, inviting him to such studies as lead from created things up to the Almighty Creator. This sublime author, indeed, has been quoted, as bearing a testimony against the artificial taste of gardening in the times when he lived, in those well-known verses,—

> "Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious knots, but nature's boon
> Poured out profuse on hill and dale and plain,
> Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
> The open field, and where the unpierced shade
> Embrowned the noon-tide bowers. Then was this place
> A happy rural seat of various view."

This passage expresses exquisitely what park scenery ought to be, and what it has in some cases actually become; but we

think the quotation has been used to authorise conclusions which the author never intended. Eden was created by the almighty fiat which called heaven and earth into existence; and poets of genius much inferior, and falling far short of Milton in the power of expressing their meaning, would have avoided the solecism of representing Paradise as decorated with beds and curious knots of flowers, with which the idea of human labour and human care is inevitably connected—an impropriety, indeed, which can only be equalled by that of the French painter, who gave the skin dress of our first father the cut of a court suit. Milton nobly conceived that Eden, emanating directly from the Creator, must possess that majestic freedom which characterizes even the less perfect works of nature; and, in doing so, he has anticipated the schemes of later improvers. But, we think it extremely dubious, that he either meant to recommend landscape gardening on an extensive scale, or to censure those "trim gardens," which he has elsewhere mentioned so affectionately.

GARDENS AND GARDENERS.

I HAVE a love for every thing in the shape of a garden. Even that little square plot at the back of my house, which from the narrowness of its superficies, and the height of its walls, looks not unlike a draw-well, and where a few straggling blades of grass find with difficulty air and sunshine enough to keep them alive, has a corner in my affections. This love I am inclined to regard as in some sort an elementary feeling—an innate attachment, born with me, and wanting but the presence of a suitable object to call it into full activity. From the first moment I knew what a garden was, I felt a longing for some patch of earth, however small, where I might turn up the mould, and plant and water. It was long before I had an opportunity of indulging my inclination. Window-boxes were recommended; but they proved sorry substitutes. I could not stand in them. There was a cellar in my mother's house in which the potatoes were kept. One or two of them had rolled into a corner, and having lain there unnoticed for a length of time, they shot out, at last, some long white runners. These could scarcely be called vegetation—they were colourless and leafless—but they were something growing, and upon the ground, and I watched them as a florist would do his rarest flower. Our housemaid was one of those unfortunate persons who are troubled with a propensity to tidiness, and one day when I was at school, she swept away my subterraneous garden bodily. I wept, and re-

fused to be comforted; till one day I observed a green leaf protruding through a chink between the two steps by which we ascended from the street to the door of our dwelling. A bean had dropped into it by accident, and finding a small portion of earth at the bottom, had struck out roots and leaves. This was a treasure, but one day some heavy-footed monster trampled upon it—it withered. Not Jack himself, had he seen his miraculous bean-stalk cut down as he was about to attempt his voyage of discovery to its summit, could have suffered more than I did. When about ten years of age, it was judged expedient to send me to a school at some distance from home; and there I at last attained what I had so long ardently coveted. Each boy had a border allotted to him in the master's large garden, which he was allowed to manage according to his own fancy. Was I not happy? I felt, as I stood in my little territory, the first dawnings of the pride and pleasure of ownership. I watched with unwearying interest the progress of every plant from its appearance above the soil, till I collected its ripe seed. I changed continually the arrangement of my flowers. My leisure moments, my little pocket money, all were devoted to my garden. There was a tall tree in the centre of it. During summer, I used to con my tasks, or read Robinson Crusoe, seated up among the branches. My favourite passages were those that described Robinson's horticultural attempts. Old fool that I am! What has carried me back just now to the days of my boyhood; and set me to describe childish trifles with an eager and accurate gravity, as strongly contrasted with the trifling objects of description, as the wonderful wealth of art lavished by some Flemish painters upon their pictures of still life, with the meanness of the pots and pans which compose them? Strange how trifles will at times assume a burlesque importance in our estimation! I have experienced many crosses of life, but at this moment none touches me so nearly as that it has never been in my power to indulge my passion for gardening. That little spot of ground—my first, my only garden—stands out with a brightness among the recollections of my life, akin to that which, in the mind of our first father, must have attached itself to the only spot where he tasted unalloyed happiness. I have, however, in the course of my life, managed to derive much enjoyment from the conversation of gardeners, and from lounging about in the gardens of others. Bartoline Saddletree was never happy but when he was in the Parliament House, seeing causes managed, if he had none to manage himself. I have known people to whom the monthly perusal of the "Sporting Magazine" was a sufficient succedaneum for their inability to join in the sports of the field. Every

body has at times met with younkers who wear spurs on Sunday, and who,

> "When the circling glass warms their vain heads,
> Can talk of horses which they never cross'd,
> And fancy fox-hunts which they ne'er shall ride."

I acknowledge myself to be free of the corporation of "Would-be's,"—one of those who long for what they can never have, and seek at times to cheat themselves, by dint of conversing with the more fortunate, into a half belief that their wishes are attained. A more innocent self-delusion than mine can scarcely well be. They are a pleasant set of fellows, your gardeners—both the professional gentlemen and the amateurs. The former in particular are less known than they deserve to be. They belong, in virtue of their breeding and employment, to the labouring classes; but there is something in the scenes by which they are surrounded, and in the objects upon which their labour is expended, calculated to awaken the sentiments of romance, and the aspirings after knowledge, which are in general trodden down and stifled by the dull routine of mechanical exertion. When was a grocer ever known to have his love of learning excited by a curiosity to know the natural history of the articles he deals in? But where shall we find a gardener who has not a smattering of botany?—ay, and a comfortable assortment of Latin remnants to deck the fag-ends of his sentences? Lawyers, it is true, have something of the same, but their Latin wants the natural grace of the gardener's; they speak according to a cold, formal system—and a proverbially bad system; but with the gardener, it is as if some handsfull of Latin words had been scattered in his mind, and had there struck root, and sprung up in a thousand agreeable varieties, and original groups. But it may be said, that these advantages of the gardener are common to all agricultural labourers. By no means. There is something too wholesale in the ploughman and the mower's style of working. They do not care for a single plant, but for a whole harvest; and we never find a mind thus prematurely accustomed to the contemplation of vague generalities, susceptible of the charms of knowledge. It is in the minute attention to individuals required at the hand of the gardener, that we are to look for the cause of that fine discriminating tact that leads him unavoidably on the way to learning. If Adam had been any other trade than a gardener, I wonder if the tree of knowledge would have been so irresistibly tempting. Then his sentiment! From the days of Shakspeare, the gardener has been noted for his sentimentality. The only one of Richard the Second's dependents who sympathises gracefully with the

miseries of the unfortunate queen, is the gardener. What man, in his rank of life, but a gardener, could have thought of planting a bank of rue on the spot where the queen dropped a tear, in sad memorial of her woes? Then, (not to overwhelm the reader with examples,) is there not in later times the inimitable Andrew Fairservice? There are, we confess it with the deepest regret, some parts of Andrew's conduct which do not easily admit of a defence. He showed, in some instances, signs of a cold and selfish spirit; even his honesty was of a dubious kind; and his courage far from unquestionable. But the worse we make Andrew's character to be, the better for our theory. What other habits and pursuits could have rendered such a man capable of the fine burst of feeling with which he describes to Frank Osbaldistone the beauties of a bed of coleworts by moonlight? A gardener's sentiment, we confess, is rather peculiar. It is not allied to love—it does not affect the brotherhood of kindred creatures whose pulse beats back to ours. It is rarely that you hear of a gardener in love. They inherit a portion of that mysterious dower which rested upon those who in old times studied the habits and properties of plants. Penetrating into the hidden secrets of nature, and approaching more nearly to converse with the spiritual world, they feel the mantle of its unimpassioned nature cast around them, and walk among men with less of their frail and feverish passions. It is but seldom that you see a wife and children viewed as welcome inhabitants of a garden. The amateur differs little from the professional gardener, except in his being sometimes a man of more education, and, in general, free from the cares and anxieties of mercantile speculation. He, too, is, for the most part, a bachelor. Now I know there is a prejudice, in general but too well founded, against this class of society; but the gardener ought to be made an exception. He is not like other Benedicts, selfish and engrossing; he has an active and benevolent spirit, and would fain see all people happy. It is true that he loves his flowers better than any thing else—except, perhaps, his cat and his old housekeeper; but then he likes people to come and see his garden, and he is always ready to impart a share of his rarest treasures to those who can appreciate and enjoy them. He is hale and happy, for he is a nursling of the free air as much as any of his flowers and shrubs. He is the friend and particular acquaintance of every bird that builds its nest in his leafy corners. He cannot abide any thing that is harsh or ill-natured. Politics are his aversion: a newspaper enters not his door. From the gardener I turn to his territory. Gardens are as various as the characters and circumstances of their proprietors; and although, like them, they

have all something in common, each has, at the same time, something of its own. How different the garden of the cottager, with its single bush of southernwood, its two carnations, and solitary rose, from the extensive piece of ground walled in from the northern and eastern blasts, with its numerous fruit-trees (standard or trained upon the wall and espaliers),—its thousand flowers of the gayest dyes and richest perfumes,—its hot-houses and green-houses, where the fruits and flowers of other regions flourish in other climates! And how different from both the royal garden, where we wander, now through forest glades, and anon among trim parterres, surrounded by artificial terraces and gay alcoves, where the very water has yielded to the power of the artist, and assumes unwonted form and motion at his bidding! All of these have their peculiar charms; but, as it would fill half-a-dozen journals at the least, to expatiate on them all, I must confine myself to the enquiry, what it is that gives the garden its chief and characteristic delightfulness? An idea has gone abroad in our days, that gardens ought to be imitations of nature—a most absurd notion, and indicative of a want of feeling for the true charm of the garden. Our picturesque gardeners profess to create beautiful landscapes. The truth is, that they create poor and paltry attempts at something very fine. Natural scenery is a creation on too large a scale to be aped by the handywork of man. But not only has this false direction of gardening talent spoiled our larger gardens, it has exercised a detrimental influence on the smallest. Since it has been laid down as a first principle, that artificial gardening shows a false and vitiated taste, and since the fashion of laying out gardens in what is called the natural style can only be practised on a large scale, such persons as have only a rood or two of land, have for some time contented themselves with rearing fruits and herbs, and an occasional flower, esteeming it in vain to attempt any thing ornamental on so small a scale. A square plot of ground is measured off and surrounded with walls. From the centre, four straight gravel walks are drawn perpendicular to each of the walls. At a distance of a couple of yards from each wall, a walk is laid out parallel to it, these four walks forming a lesser square enclosure within the greater one. All the walks are bordered on either side with their edgings of box-wood, two inches in height. Fruit-trees and gooseberry bushes are planted at regular intervals, and in formal rows. Flowers are also planted at regular distances, so as not to incommode each other. This may be a good nursery, but it is not a garden. Its effect is stiff, bare, and unsatisfactory. The true garden is a place which a man has set apart for himself, and filled with all the rarest plants. These cannot be

arranged or distributed in a natural way, for their very assemblage in such quantities shows that man's hand has been busy upon them. But still there is room for ornamental arrangement, although it must be in consonance with the artificial character of the whole collection. A little quaintness is rather an advantage than a drawback. The first requisite in a perfect garden is, that we should feel, when we are in it, shut in from the external world. This is best effected by circling its utmost limits with the tallest shrubs, which serve to screen the garden from the prying eyes of neighbours, and afford, in the summer time, a pleasing and umbrageous canopy. The next requisite is, that there should be plenty of plants. They ought to be rather crowded than otherwise, so as to convey an impression of a rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the arrangement of the walks, formality neither can nor ought to be entirely avoided. The feeling inseparable from a garden, we have said above, is, that it is a storehouse of vegetable wealth; and our walks ought to be arranged less with an eye to picturesque effect, than to the commodious approach they afford to our flowers and shrubs. The exact manner of laying them out must depend upon the character of the ground; which is all the better of having an unequal surface, both as that affords more variety, and is advantageous to some kinds of plants. In placing hothouses, which are a great addition to every garden, we must choose their locality at first with a view solely to utility. They must stand on the spot which affords the best exposure. This first great object being attained, we must next consider how we can render them ornamental. It will generally be found, that by disregarding show in the first instance, we have obtained an opportunity of introducing a wider and more varied beauty into our garden, than we could have planned beforehand. It is the analogy of nature—in sacrificing our immediate pleasure to the principles of honour and justice, we are invariably preparing for ourselves a more noble and lasting happiness. There are some ornaments which, although not necessary to a garden, may, in certain situations, be introduced with advantage. Where there is a great inequality of ground, terraces laid out, and decorated with some architectural pretensions, are a valuable addition. When the enduring growth of the plants has subdued them to the character of the scene, they much enhance the charms of the garden. In more genial climates than ours, an occasional bust or statue, peeping from among the green leaves, pleases the eye, and afford hints for meditation. Our variable weather causes them to moulder too quickly away; and in winter, they gleam coldly and uncomfortably through the leafless trees. In Italy, there is something exquisitely

refreshing in the play of fountains, and marble ornaments add both to their apparent coolness and to their beauty. With us they are unnecessary. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia." A small piece of water is, however, always an improvement to a garden. It is in keeping, for a supply of this element is required in summer for the drooping flowers; and although it cannot be made to rival the beauties of a lake, there is yet something exquisitely pleasing in its transparency, and its reflections of tree and sky. A summer-house is indispensable; but it ought to be of good stone and lime. Leafy bowers are fine things to read of, but they are plagued with insects. In general, too, they are stiff, and ought to be abrogated, with all the bare and stunted productions of what has been called the topiarian art. It is true, that our brief and uncertain summer affords us but a short space for the enjoyment of the garden; but this is the very reason why we ought to make the most of it. In its embowered shades we can best concentrate our affections and thoughts, scattered and dissipated among the multitudinous cares of the world. There we can assemble our friends around us, or we may bask alone in the sun, until we seem to ripen with the fruits overhead, or sit in the breathless hush of midnight, looking at the pale moon, and the few intensely bright stars around her. It is not every one who can reach the solitudes of nature, there to commune with his own heart; but almost every one may have a garden, where he can lock out the dense crowd that jostles him in the streets. And if at times his thoughts be interrupted by the laugh from some neighbouring garden, or by the small happy voices of children, this will but give a heartier and more human turn to his musings, teaching him how many thousands are unconsciously sympathising with his happiness.

IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
  The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
  Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
  The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sounds again
  Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
  Whose voice of song could cheer thee;
Still, still he may be won
  From the skies to warble near thee:

But if upon the troubled sea
  Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded;
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
  The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
  The summer's breath is healing;
And its clusters yet may glow,
  Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
  With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
  To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
  If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
  Which the deep will not restore thee:
And like that strain of harp or lute,
  Whence the sweet sound is scattered;—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
  So soon for ever silent. FELICIA HEMANS.

ACCOUNT OF THE BOTANIC FLOWER GARDEN AT TRELOWARREN, FOR THE CULTURE OF HARDY PLANTS. The object of this garden connects itself not only with the study of the vegetable world, but with an endeavour to infuse a scientific knowledge of plants into the empirical agriculture of the community amongst which it is situated. It is intended to become a nursery for the developement of all those plants which are eligible for agricultural economy, by which it will operate on those who seek for its practical use, as well as on those who study botany as a branch of natural history. The extent of Trelowarren botanic garden is a square of nearly an acre, lying direct east and west, surrounded by a brick wall, sixteen feet high. On the south aspect of this wall will be a range of glass for the culture of the more tender exotics. One half of the garden is illustrative of the Linnæan arrangement; the other half of the natural arrangement of Jussieu, as adopted by Decandolle. Each arrangement is surrounded by a border five feet in width, appropriated to the flowering of the more beautiful herbaceous plants, including annuals. Through the centre of the garden there is a gravel walk, in which, in the middle of the garden, there is a temple, partaking of the character of a botanical library with its appurtenances, as *hortus siccus*, &c. Six feet from each wall is a gravel walk, cutting at right angles the centre walk, which affords three additional distinct departments; the first for medicinal plants, the second for agricultural purposes, and the third for the family of Gramineæ. With regard to the detail of the Linnæan department, care has been taken to limit the number of species of the more numerous

genera to six, with the exception of Solida, Aster, Helianthus, Cnicus, Carduus, and some others where illustrations are necessary to decide the approximation of one species in relation to another of the same genus. By this limitation a greater number of genera is obtained. The department is divided into thirty-six beds, each two feet and a half wide, with an alley one foot and a half wide, edged with box and gravelled. The class Tonandria Monogynia commences with the genus Blitum, with its species; proceeds thus on through the whole system as far as Syngenesia Polygamia Necessaria, embracing every genus in which species are found suitable for botanical purposes. This affords one thousand species to develope the sexual systems of plants. With regard to the natural arrangement, the ground plan is the same as that for the Linnæan, which, consequently, will admit of the introduction of the same number of species; but varying these, unless where the introduction of the tribe renders this impracticable. The arrangement of the Gramineæ contains at present two hundred species, but sufficiency of room still remains for the introduction of a larger collection, which will be immediately effected. It is likewise in contemplation to add to this garden another portion of natural history, viz. an arrangement of earths, in some way approaching to that in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The locality of this garden is within one hundred yards of the house, directly annexed to a very beautiful and extensive pleasure-ground, laid out in the old style of gardening. The entrance is formed by two folding iron-gates, the pillars of which will terminate in busts of the founders of the two systems.

FRUIT-TREES.

THERE were anciently objects of veneration among the northern nations, as well as among the orientals. The ancient Germans worshipped their deities under the form of trees; their temples were groves and woods, in which were deposited their objects of devotion and their warlike trophies. Beneath the boughs of majestic trees they erected their altars; and here also were held their judicial and festive meetings. The early Christian teachers called these meetings in the woods the devil's banquets; and, owing to the high favour in which they were held, it was found necessary to institute, in their stead, festivals in honour of the martyrs, at which, however, frequent intoxication prevailed. Even when subsequent laws strictly prohibited the worship of oaks and other trees, popular superstition would scarcely suffer a bough to be lopped off. The missionaries,

therefore, destroyed the sacred groves, which might truly be regarded as the seat of the old worship of nature; for, with the common people, trees were under magical influence. This feeling of reverence for trees gradually wore away, and depredations committed in groves, woods, &c. are no longer regarded as sacrilege, but merely considered as common offences. Surely it were a task worthy of the pious pastor and philanthropist to instil into the minds of the common people the conviction that blessings grow up for them with every tree. Their value and the benefit to be derived from their cultivation, are forcibly and pleasingly recommended by a modern German writer, Hebel, in a simple dialogue, from which we extract a passage:—*John.* Were I at liberty to choose between a cow and a cherry-tree, or a walnut-tree, I would choose a tree.—*Thomas.* You are shrewd enough. You think that if you had a tree of your own, you would also have a garden or field of your own in which the tree should grow. In the same way a house door of one's own is not a contemptible thing, but with a cow of your own, safe and sound on her four legs, chances would still be against you. —*John.* You are quite right, Thomas. A tree eats neither clover nor corn; it sucks nourishing moisture from the earth as quietly as a babe sucks its mother's milk; it receives warm life from the sun, and freshness from the air, and shakes its hair in the storm. A cow might happen to die, but a tree lives and bears its blossoms, its birds'-nests, and its blessings, for our children and our children's children. Trees would be the happiest of beings, if they knew how free and gay they are; how beautiful they look in spring; what a protection they afford when clothed in the full-leafed glory of summer; how men stop to admire them, and thank God for the pleasure they afford; how gratefully the weary traveller rests beneath their shade, to smoke his pipe or eat his crust of bread; in short, how they deal out benefits to all around them, and confer happiness on young and old. Even in winter, trees give us no trouble, for they do not require to be housed; no, they brave the chilling blast, and guide the traveller on his way when roads and paths are buried beneath the snow; directing him first to the right, then to the left, now a little more to the left, and over the hill. If ever you should become a great man, Thomas, I would advise you to encourage the growth of trees and religion. In no way could your influence be better employed for the benefit of man; for, though a tree, when planted and grafted, costs little or nothing, it grows at last into a capital which yields good interest, and piety secures the promise of happiness here and hereafter. For my own part, when I earn money enough to buy a little plot of ground, and my mother-in-law

that is to be consents to my marrying her daughter, if God should grant us children, for every child I will plant a tree. Each tree shall bear the name of the child for whom it is reared, William, John, or Louisa, and it shall be the child's first and sole property. I shall watch their increase in size and beauty, and, in a few years, I shall see an urchin climbing up, and gathering the interest of his capital. If it should please God to take one of my children from me, I shall beg of the parson to come and bury it under its own tree. On the return of spring, when the trees appear as if risen from the dead, clothed in all their glory, full of hope and blossoms, and with feathered songsters perched on every spray, I will kneel down beside the grave, and whisper softly, "Sweet child, thy tree blooms. Rest in peace!" The fine idea which was thus conceived by Hebel, on the Lower Rhine, had been previously realized in the remote regions of the north. At a little distance from Pawlosk, near Petersburgh, a country-palace of the late empress-mother of Russia, there is a family grove, every tree in which has been planted on the birth of one of the princes and princesses. A simple shield, hung upon each tree, denotes the name of the individual for whom it was planted. The imperial family were accustomed to make frequent excursions to this truly sacred grove, where, beneath the shade of the trees, a festival was solemnized by hearts knit together in the bonds of affection.

AN EVENING IN SPRING.

THE glorious Heaven its golden tinting throws
On young flowers filled with dew;
The vernal landscape's trembling image glows
Through waves of clearest blue.

The mountain streamlet,—the bright blossom'd hedge,—
Woods bathed in sunlight streams,—
The evening star, that on the purple edge
Of yonder soft cloud beams;—

The meadow green,—the shrubby valley cool,—
The hill with verdure clad,—
The alder-shadow'd brook,—the lilied pool,—
All, all are fair and glad.

Oh! how encircleth everlasting Love,
Creation with its band!
The glow-worm's light,—yon fiery orbs above,—
Are kindled by one hand.

At thy command, Almighty! from its place
Drops the frail leaflet here:
At thy command, through realms of boundless space,
Is hurl'd the falling sphere.

L——X C.

THE BRITISH OAK. The large Golenos oak, which was felled in the year 1810, for the use of his Majesty's navy, grew about four miles from the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire; the main trunk, at ten feet long, produced 450 cubic feet; one limb 355, one ditto 472, one ditto 235, one ditto 156, one ditto 106, one ditto 113, and six other limbs, of inferior size, averaged 93 feet—each making the whole number 2426 cubic feet of sound and convertible timber. The bark was estimated at six tons; but as some of the heavy body bark was stolen out of the barge at Newport, the exact weight is not known. Five men were twenty days stripping and cutting down this tree; and a pair of sawyers were five months converting it, without losing a day (Sundays excepted). The money paid for converting only, independently of the expense of carriage, was 82*l.*, and the whole produce of the tree, when brought to market, was within a trifle of 600*l.* It was bought standing for 405*l.*; the main trunk was nine feet and a half in diameter, and, in sawing it through, a stone was discovered, six feet from the ground, above a yard in the body of the tree, through which the saw cut; the stone was about six inches in diameter, and completely shut in, but round which there was not the least symptom of decay. The rings in its butt were carefully reckoned, and amounted to above 400 in number, a convincing proof that this tree was in an improving state for upwards of 400 years; and, as the ends of some of its branches were decayed, and had dropped off, it is presumed it had stood a great number of years after it had attained maturity.

THE YEW—THE CRAB—AND THE BOX. "To give new beauties to your garden," says the Rev. I. Laurence, in his "Clergyman's Recreation," "none in my mind is to be compared to the yew, which is so tonsile, and grows so very thick and beautiful with clipping, and withal bids defiance to the hardiest winters, that it is the best and most lasting ornament in a garden. To make one in love with these hedges, you need only take a walk in the Physic Gardens at Oxford, where you are presented with all that art and nature can do, to make the things most agreeable to the eye." Mr. Cobbett, when relating many particulars of the yew, in his "Woodlands," (for his pen has an original power in describing these subjects, he himself telling us, that his "heart and mind is wrapped up in every thing belonging to the gardens, the fields, and the woods,") observes, that "It resists all weather, stands uninjured on the bleakest hills, where even the scrubbiest of thorns and underwood will hardly live. Big as the head of this tree generally is, in proportion to its trunk; most heavily laden as it constantly is with leaf; forming, as it does, such a hold for the wind,—

neither head nor trunk ever flinches, though in situations where it would be impossible to make an oak grow, and where no other large tree could be prevented from being blown out of the ground." In his description of the crab, he says, "In hedges it is very beautiful in the spring, and also in independent trees, covered with blossoms as bright as those of the carnation, and a great deal larger. When the coppices are cut, the crabs, if they go up in a single stem, are generally left as the oaks are; and in the month of May, the garlands presented by the crab-trees, while the primroses bespangle the ground beneath, and while the birds are singing all around, certainly give us, altogether, something more delightful than almost any thing else accessible to our senses." In his "English Gardener," he thus mentions an almost unheeded shrub: "The box is at once the most efficient of all possible things, and the prettiest plant that can possibly be conceived: the colour of its leaf, the form of its leaf, its docility as to height, width, and shape, the compactness of its little branches, its great durability as a plant, its thriving in all sorts of soils and all sorts of aspects, its freshness under the hottest sun, and its defiance of all shade, and all drip;—these are beauties and qualities which, for ages upon ages, have marked it out as the chosen plant for this very important purpose." And after describing how it should be clipped, he says, "If there is a more neat and beautiful thing than this in the world, all I can say is, that I never saw that thing."

Value of the Spanish Chesnut. In the proceedings of the Bath and West of England Society, an important communication was read by Dr. Parry, from a Mr. Fryer, an arborist of Bath, "On the Culture of the Spanish Chesnut-tree." The essay dwelt on the great durability of this tree, and alluded to the many valuable purposes for which it is available. Dr. Parry, in confirmation of what he had read to the society, added that an extraordinary proof of the durability of the chesnut-tree was presented by the Tortwood chesnut, which, he said, had borne heavy crops of fruits for the last three years, although it was well known as a boundary tree in the reign of King John—700 years ago! The chesnut, as an ornamental tree, is excelled by none, and equalled by few, and it has a degree of greatness belonging to it which strongly recommends it to the forester's attention; its timber is universally allowed to be excellent for liquor casks, not being liable to shrink, nor to change the colour of the liquor it contains. Its fruit, too, is valuable, not only for swine and deer, but as human food. Bread is said to have been made of it, and found very wholesome. Pontey, in comparing this tree with the beech, says it is found to thrive best in a dry soil; and, like the latter, will make a prodigious

progress where it is far from rich. On sandy ones, says he, where the oak would make but slow progress, I have seen the chesnut grow extremely quick; and therefore, in such cases, the latter should be substituted in the place of the former. Its wood and bark are known to possess the same valuable properties as the oak, in an eminent degree; while it is, in a measure, exempt from what may be called its principal defect—namely, the perishable nature of its sap or younger wood. Hop-poles and stakes of this wood are esteemed every where for their great durability, which, of course, have but little of heart in them. In a note upon this passage, Mr. Pontey says, "I have really been astonished to observe the rapid progress of this plant on sandy soils; more particularly at Berry Hill, near Mansfield. If the proprietors of lands in that quarter, who are anxious to raise oaks upon them, would, instead of planting thousands of that article upon an acre at a great expense, content themselves with planting two or three hundred small chesnuts among larch, firs, &c., and take care to prune them, either annually or every second year, as they are apt to form double heads, and large branches; and likewise take care the other trees did not over-top them, I am persuaded they would, at a very trifling expense, provide a supply of the best species of timber, to succeed the firs, &c."

VINES. The cultivation of vines in England was formerly carried on to a great extent, and in several parts there were valuable vineyards. Few of these now remain, but instances of vines of extraordinary size and growth, are by no means rare. At Valentine House, near Ilford, there is a remarkable vine of the black Hamburgh sort, which has proved incredibly productive. "This vine," says Mr. Gilpin, in his Reflections on Forest Scenery, "was planted a cutting, in 1758, and as the species will not easily bear the open air, it was planted in the hothouse, though without any preparation of soil, which in those grounds is a stiff loam, or rather clay. The hothouse is seventy feet in the front; and the vine, which is not pruned in the common way, extends two hundred feet."

APPLE TREE. It is asserted that a gardener of Bohemia has discovered a new method of propagating apple trees of a superior quality, by small cuttings, the lower ends of which he inserts into potatoes and plants them, with an inch or two of the cut above the surface of the ground. The potatoe nourishes the wood, which speedily throws out roots and becomes a flourishing tree.

THE PINK-EYED POTATOE OF WALES. Both the early and late are common in Glamorganshire, and better varieties of this valuable esculent do not exist. The early variety admirably

succeeds—the early prolific and the ash-leaved kidney; the late variety should not be used until towards the return of spring; they are excellent bearers, are very mealy, and last until June, when young potatoes take their place.

Magnificent Cypress. In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent cypress, called the cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne (1520), so that it must now be at least 400 years old; yet it still retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a cypress ninety-three and a half English feet in circumference, which does not yet show the slightest symptom of decay.

Fountain Tree. There are no rivulets or springs in the Island of Ferro, except on a part of the beach which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of fountains, however, nature has bestowed upon this island a species of tree, unknown to all parts of the world. It is of moderate size, and its leaves are straight, long, and ever green. Around its summit a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture that they constantly distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these springs, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort; and are thus supplied with a sufficient abundance of water for themselves and for their cattle.

Inverting Trees. In the course of ascertaining how far a circulation of sap is carried on in trees, some interesting facts have been determined by Mr. Knight and others with regard to the effect of inverting stems, or, in other words, of planting the superior part of the stem, and thus converting it into a root. If the stem of a plum or cherry tree, which is not too thick, be bent, and the top be put under ground, while the roots are gradually detached, in proportion as the former top of the stem becomes firmly fixed in the soil the branches of the root will shoot forth leaves and flowers, and in due time will produce fruit.

The Weeping Willow. It is a curious and interesting fact, that the first weeping willow grown in this country, was introduced at the commencement of the last century, by Mr. Vernon, a Turkey merchant, who brought it with him from the banks of the Euphrates, and planted it at his seat in Twickenham Park. This circumstance is highly illustrative of that prophetic song of the Jewish captives in the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, verses 1, 2. "By the rivers of Babylon there

we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

LINES TO A BOWER.

Once more I visit thee, my bower;
Nor dream of grandeur, fame, nor power,
  Calm haunt of innocence and ease;
When tired of sounds of heartless mirth,
When tired of all besides on earth,
  Thou canst not cease to please.

Sing, sing, thou unseen joyous bird,
Thy gladdening note I oft have heard,
  Sweet herald of the hastening spring;
My heart as light, and spirits gay,
As thine, wild songster on the spray,
  That doth so blithely, loudly sing.

Blow, flow'rets! blow around my bower,
Refresh'd by many a silvery shower;
  Still flourish here, thou lily pale,
Carnation bright, and blooming rose;
Here too the honeysuckle blows,
  And scents the fresh and balmy gale.

My much-lov'd,—my unalter'd bower,
Bespangled o'er by leaf and flower,
  'Tis here that I delight to rest;
Here, hid from every mortal eye,
Unmark'd by stranger passing by,
  No sorrows heave my breast.

Not yon proud castle's 'scutcheon'd walls,
Fair terraces and banner'd halls;
  Not sculptur'd stone, nor cloud-capt tower,
Can yield my heart such dear delight,
Nor even captivate my sight,
  Like thee, my solitary bower!

By a Lady.

FLOWERS.

Love of Flowers. The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive: the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the village its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sober months of winter our love of nature, like

the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid: but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring: it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection: and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us: for the fair buds of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and autumn; no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season; to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding, being opening year's hilarity; and the child, let loose from the house, roots in the flowery mead, and is

"Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours—in harmony and good will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

PERFUME OF FLOWERS. It is not sufficiently observed, by all the admirers of flowers, that the agreeable perfume of plants, in full bloom, when diffused through close apartments, becomes decidedly deleterious, by producing headache, giddiness, and other affections of the brain. But it is in confinement alone that such effects become evident. In the garden, when mingled with a wholesome and exhilarating atmosphere, amidst objects that awaken the most delightful sensations of our nature, these sweets are a part of our gratifications, and health is promoted as a consequence of enjoyment so pure. Who has not felt the excitement of spring, of nature in that delightful season, rising from lethargy into beauty and vivacity, and spreading the sweets of the thorn and the violet, auxiliary to our gratifications? Amidst the beauties of the flower-garden these pleasures are condensed and refined; and the fragrance there, hovering on the wings of the breeze, cannot be imagined less wholesome than pleasant.

BULB OF THE TULIP. Bulbs have exercised the ingenuity of the most scientific botanists, and it is extremely gratifying to watch their annual reproduction; to observe the progress of

their incipient blossoms, from their earliest formation to maturity; and to detect a flower in the recesses of a little bulb, where it is discoverable in embryo, several months before its appearance to the common observer. If a tulip bulb be cut through in the autumn, the miniature flower will be found in the centre, perfect in all its parts in proportion to its advanced stage of vegetation. Of its future colour no evidence at that period can exist, because this is a property dependent on exposure to the atmosphere, whereby the fluids of its vessels, which have been stored up in the bulb, or newly taken in the roots, are properly concocted with gases imbibed therefrom. Though it be as indispensable that vegetables be admitted to imbibe atmospheric air, as it is for animals to breathe it, yet a flower is not always dependent on immediate contact with the atmosphere for its colouring principles, for we frequently find it conveyed to them through the medium of the foliage, at a period when the flowers are most ingeniously excluded any exposure. The crocus flower, at the time the leaves are issuing from the earth, presents a familiar example. Our young friends should examine these bulbs and flowers in different stages of their growth.

BEAUTIFUL BLUE VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, violets, beautiful blue violets,
Laden with perfume and dripping with dew,
From dell and from dingle, by rills and by rivulets,
Lady, at sunrise I sought them for you.

Enclosed in a cluster of green leaves I found them,
Hiding their heads from the gaze of the day,
Betrayed by the sweets they themselves shed around them,
I culled the coy blossoms and bore them away.

Slight not, ah! slight not the shy little flower,
It seeks not to vie with the gay garden rose;
Though humble the incense it brings to your bower,
If its life be a short one, 'tis sweet to the close. * * *

ORIGIN OF THE FLOWER, "FORGET ME NOT." Mills, in his work upon chivalry, mentions that the beautiful little flower, "Forget me not," was known in England as early as Edward the Fourth, and in a note gives the following pretty incident:—"Two lovers were loitering along the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden discovered some flowers growing in the water, close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to pos-

sess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers on the bank, and cast a last affectionate look on his ladye-love, said, "Forget me not!" and was buried in the water.

GIGANTIC FLOWER. The late Sir T. Stamford Raffles, in his travels in Java, first discovered that extraordinary flower, the "Rafflesia Arnoldi," vulgarly called by the natives the Devil's Betel-box. It is parasitic, fungous in structure, brilliant in colours, red, yellow, and purple. Its breadth is commonly about three feet, and the central cup capacious enough to hold twelve pints; yet it is an odious object, with its brick-red petals, pale pustular spots, and rank carrion scent.

NOVELTY IN HORTICULTURE. A splendid unit has lately been added to the list of hardy flowering shrubs. The plant is a species of the currant bush, most nearly allied to the black currant, which it resembles very closely, both in the form and smell of the leaves, and also in the general appearance of the plant, with this exception, that the flower petals of the new species are of a bright scarlet, and hang in gracefully sweeping clusters of from twenty to forty individual flowerets upon each. The botanical name bestowed on this new variety is Kibes Sanguinea, and the English one that of Scarlet-flowered Currant. The fruit of it, from the description we have heard, is not likely to be of much value; but should the plant possess a disposition to cross with the other species, we need not despair of acquiring, in due time, a hybrid which will be not merely ornamental, but may vie in usefulness with any of the black, the red, the white, or the champagne varieties.

PACKING FLOWERS. A very excellent utensil has been invented by Mr. Cooper, the Duke of Wellington's head-gardener, for sending cut flowers to London or to any distance without injury: it is simply a cylinder of tin, or any other suitable material, of three or four feet in length and eight or nine inches in diameter. In the centre of this is a cylinder of tin of an inch in diameter, which fits into sockets in the bottom and in the lid. Round this small cylinder the flowers are tied as they are upon a May-pole; the pole so charged is inserted in the socket in the bottom, then the tube is filled with water and corked and the lid put on, in which is a socket that embraces the tube. The case may then be sent to any distance, the water keeping the flowers cool and fresh.

METHOD OF OBTAINING NATURAL FLOWERS IN WINTER. Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you wish

to preserve, such as are latest in blooming and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissars, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long: cover the end of the stem immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk, wrap each of them separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, where they will keep without corrupting. In winter or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over night, cut off the end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will see the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colours, and breathe their agreeable odours.

THE FLOWERS.

The flowers, the flowers, the sweet young flowers,
Too soon, too soon they die,
So like the heart's most joyous hours,
Which vanish like a lover's sigh!
The flowers, the flowers, the young spring flowers,
Their fragrance breathes at rosy day,
Twining around love's holiest bowers,
To perfume vows that pass away!
The flowers, the flowers, &c.

Ye fade, but oh! your dying breath
Is sweeter than your early blush,
Emblem of friendship, true in death,
Unsullied by wild passion's flush.
Ye flowers, ye flowers, ye lovely flowers,
Oh why do you bloom and tempt the eye,
Yet shrink beneath the storm that lowers,
And in your heaven-born beauty die?
The flowers, the flowers, &c.

MRS. GREVILLE.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS OR FLOWERS THE WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING. Mix 1 lb. of nitre with 2 lbs. of bole ammoniac and 3 lbs. of clean common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass till it is quite full—cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down. Put the glass three or four inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of three or four inches with the above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

SEED TIME. The copious rains of February, with which the soil has, in most seasons, been drenched, though well adapted for making the roots of perennial plants send forth shoots, would be unfavourable, if continued, for the germination of seeds, which require to be moist, but not soaked, in order to spring well. It is this which renders dry weather at this season so valuable, and which gave rise to the proverb, that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." When wet weather continues during this month, seeds are apt to fail by becoming mouldy or by rotting; whereas, when they are got in dry, they are more certain to germinate vigorously. Self-sown seeds, for the same reason, seldom produce such fine plants as those reared from seeds which have been carefully dried and kept out of the ground during winter,—a fact with which florists are well acquainted, as self-sown flowers soon lose all the beauties acquired by cultivation, and return to the character originally belonging to them in the wild state.

THE TULIP.

BEHOLD the gay tulip—here pause and admire!
How stately it rears its proud head;
Decked out in the richest of nature's attire,
The queen of the whole flower-bed.

To the genial sunshine its bosom it spreads,
And wantonly sports in the gale;
Then folds itself up, when eventide sheds
Its gloom o'er the thickening vale.

Even so in the glittering sunshine of wealth
To revel vain mortals delight;
And suspend their career in the absence of health,
Or the gloom of adversity's night.

But soon, gaudy tulip, thy beauty must fade,
Short, short is thy season of pride;
It was thus with the crocuses down in the shade—
They flourished, then sickened, and died!

And thus it must be with all living at last,
Nor beauty nor strength can avail;
When the season allotted to mortals is past,
We sink into death's silent vale.

But the tulip's gay flower, when withered away,
And its root to appearance is dead,
Shall flourish again in its splendid array,
The queen of the whole flower-bed.

And to short-sighted man shall less favour be given,
When the grave's gloomy winter is o'er?
Ah! no—for securely transplanted in Heaven,
In bliss he shall bloom evermore.

* * *

DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS IN PAVED PATHS AND COURTS. The growth of weeds between the stones of a pavement is often very injurious as well as unsightly. The following method of destroying them is adopted at the Mint at Paris and elsewhere, with good effect:—One hundred pounds of water, twenty pounds of quick-lime, and two pounds of flour of sulphur, are to be boiled in an iron vessel; the liquor is to be allowed to settle, the clear part drawn off, and being more or less diluted, according to circumstances, is to be used for watering the alleys and pavements. The weeds will not re-appear for several years.

PHOSPHORESCENT LICHENS. Several species, especially "subcorticalis, subterranea, and phosphorea," are occasionally phosphorescent, and more or less luminous in the dark; and hence they often give to the cellars and mines in which they grow an extraordinary and brilliant appearance. In the coal mines in the vicinity of Dresden, they are said to be so abundant and so luminous, as even to dazzle the eye by the brilliant light that they afford. This light is increased by the warmth of the mines; so that, hanging in festoons and pendent from the roof of the various excavations, twisting round the pillars, and covering the walls, they are said, by their brightness, to give to the Dresden coal mines, in which they abound, the semblance of an enchanted palace. Mr. Erdman, the commissioner of mines, thus describes the appearance of the Rhizomorphæ in one he visited:—"I saw the luminous plants here in wonderful beauty; the impression produced by the spectacle I shall never forget. It appeared, on descending into the mine, as if we were entering an enchanted castle. The abundance of these plants was so great, that the roof, and the walls, and the pillars, were entirely covered with them, and the beautiful light they cast around almost dazzled the eye. The light they give out is like faint moonshine, so that two persons near each other could readily distinguish their bodies. The lights appear to be most considerable when the temperature of the mines is comparatively high."

SEA-WEED BANKS. The "Sargassum vulgare," the tropic grape of sailors, and the "Fucus natans" of the older writers, is worthy attention, not only from its wandering habits, quitting as it does the submarine soil, to which it probably in its early stages is attached, but also for the astonishing profusion in which it so frequently is found. It only grows within forty degrees of latitude on either side of the equator, but currents often cast it on our coast. It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of this plant, that it is chiefly local in its position,

even when detached, forming two great banks, one of which is usually crossed by vessels homeward bound from Monte Video, or the Cape of Good Hope; and so constant are they in their places, that they assist the Spanish pilots to rectify their longitude. It is probable that these banks were known to the Phœnicians, who in thirty days' sail, with an easterly wind, came into what they called the "Weedy Sea;" and to the present day, by the Spaniards and Portuguese, the chief tract is named Mar de Zargasso. It was the entering of such fields of fucus as these that struck so much terror into the minds of the first discoverers of America; for sailing tardily through extensive meadows for days together, the sailors of Columbus superstitiously believed, that the hindrance was designed by heaven to stay their adventurous course: hence they wildly urged their commander to proceed no further, declaring, that through the banks thus woven by nature, it would be presumptuous impiety to force a way.

VEGETABLE CONSUMPTION. Plants that grow in the shade generally perish from the repeated attempts they make to reach the light. When trees have taken root between high walls, or low down in the fissures of rocks, they grow so weak from their unnatural length, that they wither in a kind of vegetable consumption.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin;'
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "Would God that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they! MISS BOWLES.

CHESS.

ORIGIN OF CHESS.

THE game of Chess, it is said, had its origin at the siege of Troy, and was invented by Palamedes, to amuse the Grecian chiefs.

The following account of the Origin of Chess is given by the Arabian writers. At the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian æra, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly corrupted by his flatterers. This young prince soon forgot that monarchs ought to be the fathers of their people, that the love of the people for their king is the only solid support of the throne, and that they constitute all his strength and power. It was in vain that the brahmins and the rajahs repeated to him these important maxims. Intoxicated by his greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a brahmin, named Sissa, undertook, in an indirect manner, to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of chess, in which the king, though the most important of the pieces, is powerless to attack, and even to defend himself against his enemies, without the assistance of his subjects. The new game speedily became celebrated; the king of India heard talk of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa, while explaining the rules of it, gave him a taste for those momentous truths, to which till this moment he had refused to listen. The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude, changed his conduct, and gave the brahmin the

choice of his recompense. Sissa required to be delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chess-board, one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount till the sixty-fourth square. The king, without difficulty, acceded to a request of such apparent moderation; but when his treasurers had calculated the quantity, they found that the king had engaged to perform a thing, for which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice. They found, in reality, that the amount of these grains of wheat would be equal to 16,384 cities, each containing 1024 granaries, each granary containing 174,672 measures, each measure consisting of 32,768 grains. Of this circumstance the brahmin availed himself, to make the king sensible how much sovereigns ought to be on their guard against those who surround them, and how much they ought to fear lest even their best intentions should be perverted to sinister ends.

CHESS. We know not what credit is due to the report so generally prevalent, that the death of Philidor, the famous chess-player, was greatly accelerated by his extreme sensitiveness, at being beaten in successive games of chess by the Turkish Ambassador; but, however this may have been, we understand his Excellency found his match in this country, long before his return to Constantinople; and was himself beaten over and over and over again, and at last with a castle given him, by the late Mr. Page, a lawyer of Haverfordwest, South Wales.

MORALS OF CHESS.

PLAYING at chess is the most ancient and most universal game known among men; for its original is beyond the memory of history, and it has, for numberless ages, been the amusement of all the civilized nations of Asia, the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese. Europe has had it above a thousand years; and the Spaniards have spread it over their part of America. It is so interesting in itself, as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and hence it is never played for money. Those, therefore, who have leisure for such diversions, cannot find one that is more innocent; and the following piece, written with a view to correct (among a few young friends) some little improprieties in the practice of it, shows, at the same time, that it may, in its effects on the mind, be not merely innocent, but advantageous, to the vanquished as well as to the victor. The

game of chess is not merely an idle amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired or strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions. For life is a kind of chess, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events, that are, in some degree, the effects of prudence or the want of it. By playing at chess, then, we may learn—I. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequences that may attend an action: for it is continually recurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"—II. Circumspection, which surveys the whole chess-board, or scene of action, the relations of the several pieces and situations, the dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other, the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece, and what different means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn its consequences against him.—III. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such as,—"If you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere: if you set it down, you must let it stand:" and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed, as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely, but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.—And lastly, we learn by chess, the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favourable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so subject to sudden vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after long contemplation, discovers the means of extricating oneself from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory by our own skill, or at least of getting a stalemate, by the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers, what in chess he often sees instances of, that particular species of success are apt to produce presumption, and its consequent, inattention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by the present success of his adversary, nor to despair

of final good fortune upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it. That we may, therefore, be induced more frequently to choose this beneficial amusement, in preference to others, which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance which may increase the pleasures of it should be regarded; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the players, which is to pass the time agreeably. Therefore, first, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be exactly observed by both parties, and should not be insisted on for one side, while deviated from by the other, for this is not equitable. Secondly; if it is agreed, not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other. Thirdly; no false move should ever be made to extricate yourself out of difficulty, or to gain an advantage. There can be no pleasure in playing with a person once detected in such unfair practice. Fourthly; if your adversary is long in playing you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay. You should not sing, nor whistle, nor look at your watch, nor take up a book to read, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing that may disturb his attention. For all these things displease; and they do not show your skill in playing, but your craftiness or your rudeness. Fifthly; you ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves, and saying that you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes: for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game. Sixthly; you must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expression, nor show too much pleasure; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself, by every kind of civil expression, that may be used with truth, such as,—"You understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive;" or, "You play too fast;" or, "You had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour." Seventhly; if you are a spectator while others play, observe the most perfect silence. For if you give advice, you offend both parties; him against whom you give it, because it may cause the loss of his game; him in whose favour you give it, because, though it be good and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think until it had occurred to himself. Even after a move or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, show how it might have

been placed better: for that displeases, and may occasion disputes and doubts about their true situation. All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is therefore unpleasing. Nor should you give the least hint to either party, by any kind of noise or motion. If you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator. If you have a mind to exercise or show your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticising, or meddling with, or counselling the play of others. Lastly; if the game is not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself. Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him kindly, that by such a move he places or leaves a piece in danger and unsupported; that by another he will put his king in a perilous situation, &c. By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may, indeed, happen to lose the game to your opponent, but you will win what is better—his esteem, his respect, and his affection, together with the silent approbation and good-will of impartial spectators.

Curiosities of Chess. Ferrand, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the countess at chess, she conceived a hatred against him, which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long while in prison, though she could have easily procured his release. Our Charles I. was thus occupied when informed that the Scots had finally resolved to sell him to Parliament; but he was so intent upon the game, that he finished it with great composure. Innumerable are the similar instances that might be adduced to prove the deep fascination which this bewitching game exercises over the minds of those who lend themselves to its seductions.

AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

The construction of machines capable of imitating even the mechanical actions of the human body, show exquisite skill; but what shall we say of one, capable not only of imitating actions of this kind, but of acting as external circumstances require, as though it were endowed with life and reason? This, nevertheless, has been done. M. de Kempelen, a gentleman of Presburg, in Hungary, has constructed an Androides, capable of playing at chess! Every one, who is in the least acquainted

with this game, must know, that it is so far from being mechanically performed, as to require a greater exertion of the judgment and rational faculties than is sufficient to accomplish matters of greater importance. An attempt therefore to make a wooden chess-player might, *à priori*, seem almost as ridiculous as to make a wooden preacher, or counsellor of state. That such a machine really was made, however, the public have had ocular demonstration. The inventor came over to Britain in 1783, and exhibited his automaton to public inspection for more than a year. He paid this country a second visit in 1819, when his invention excited as much wonder as ever, notwithstanding the vast progress made in the interim in mechanical science. The room where it was exhibited, when seen by the writer of this article, had an inner apartment, within which appeared the figure of a Turk as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it was attached by the wooden seat on which it sat. The chest was placed upon four castors, and, together with the figure, might be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest in the centre was raised an immoveable chess-board, of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure had its eyes fixed, its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which was originally placed in its hand. The exhibition begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in front of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front and two in the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest, made to contain the chessmen, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors and a green cloth screen contrived in the body of the figure and its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covers them is raised, so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and, to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each is in a great measure rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. The chest is divided by a partition into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one-third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other

machinery used in clock-work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower part of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at the bottom, makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted in a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess. In playing a game, the automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always gives the first move. It plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from inadvertence in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of the game, the automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hand and fingers open on touching the piece which it takes up, and convey it to any proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion, upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece, the automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece which it conveys from the board, and then returning to its own piece, it takes up and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness, and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling, bending at the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move. After a move made by its antagonist, the automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move, upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs through curiosity to observe in what manner the automaton will act (as, for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle), the automaton taps impatiently on the chest with its right hand, replaces the knight on its former square, and not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces, thus

appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained makes the automaton more of a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game. It is of importance that the person matched against the automaton should be attentive in moving a piece to place it precisely in the centre of the square, otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place, and if a piece be touched it must be played somewhere. This rule is strictly observed by the automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at the delay. During the time the automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion, and then its antagonist may make its move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibitor, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side. It is understood, indeed, that the automaton cannot play unless M. de Kempelen or his substitute is near to direct its moves; but it is very certain that the whole mystery lies in the chest, and that there can be no connexion with the floor or any part of the room, as the inventor advertises his willingness to exhibit at private houses. A person who could beat M. de Kempelen, was of course certain of conquering the automaton. It was made in 1769. His own modest account of it was "that it was a mere bagatelle, not without some merit as a piece of mechanism, but the effects of which depend chiefly on the happy means employed to produce illusion." Since drawing up this account, the writer has been informed, that to avoid the obstructions frequently occasioned by the inattention of stranger antagonists, in moving the pieces as required exactly to the centres of the squares, a new arrangement has been contrived, by which the adversary does not play at the same board with the automaton, but has a chess-board to himself, on which he copies the automaton's moves, and makes his own; while a person who attends at the automaton's board, copies with due precision for the automaton the adversary's moves.

ANCIENT CHESS-MEN.

EARLY in the year 1831, a singular discovery was made in the Isle of Lewis, Scotland, on the sea-shore, in the parish of Uig, of a considerable number of chess-men, curiously carved out of the tusks of the animal called in Icelandic, rostrangr, or rosmar, but in other parts of Europe, the morse, walrus, and sea-horse. They were discovered by a peasant of the island whilst digging on a sand-bank, and having been since purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, are now deposited in that establishment, together with a bone or ivory fibula, and fourteen table-men, or draught-men, which were found with them. The chess-men are sixty-seven in number, but the pieces so vary in size that it is difficult to select even two sets which correspond exactly. The largest king is four inches and one-eighth in height, and six inches and three-quarters in circumference; and the largest queen is three inches and seven-eighths in height, and five inches and three-eighths in circumference. The largest bishop, knight, and warder (the latter holding the place of the rook, or castle), are respectively five inches in height; and that of the largest pawn is two inches and three-eighths. For the sake of distinction, part of them were originally stained of a dark red or beet-root colour, but from the long-continued action of the salt-water, the colouring matter, in most cases, has been discharged. It has been suggested, that some of these pieces are in a fossil state, as they exhibit appearances distinct from the rest. Of the whole number six are kings, five queens, thirteen bishops, fourteen knights, ten warders, and nineteen pawns. The KINGS, which in point of costume and attitude, nearly resemble each other, are represented as elderly men, with large spade-shaped beards, moustaches, and hair falling in plaits over their shoulders. They wear low quatrefoil crowns, either plain or ornamented with a border, and sit on square-formed chairs, having backs richly carved with various scrolls, figures of animals, interlaced arches, and tracery work, in the best style of the twelfth century, as seen on monuments and in manuscripts. Their dress consists of an upper and an under robe, the former of which, or mantle, *clamys*, is thrown in folds over each arm, and left open on the right side, as high as the shoulder, (where it is fastened by a clasp), for the purpose of leaving the arm free. This was the usual and most ancient form of regal dress in the northern regions, and is frequently presented in the manuscripts and seals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, as well as in those of England, Scotland, France, and Germany. Each of the figures

holds a sword with both hands across his knees, as though in the act of drawing it, according to the old mode assigned to royal personages. The swords are broad and short; the scabbards are marked either with a simple diagonal line, or with lines placed diagonally. In the different figures there are some slight variations, and in one the hair is not plaited, but spreads over the back in six long wreaths; the ornaments of the chairs are also diversified; one of them exhibits an intersection of semicircular arches, as seen in some of our Anglo-Norman arches. The QUEENS, who are also crowned, are represented sitting in chairs, ornamented in a style similar to that of the kings. From the back of the head of each hangs a species of hood, which spreads over the shoulders, and accords with what was universally worn by ladies of rank in the middle ages; as is proved by manuscripts and monuments of various nations. From the shoulders to the feet depends a long mantle, which shows in front a sub-garment or gown. The sleeves of this, like some of the Saxons and Norman French, are short, with a worked border, and from the elbows to the wrists are a series of plaits, resembling bands, which probably were worn round the arm. Most of these figures are represented in a contemplative posture, the head resting upon the right arm, which is supported by the left. One of them holds a curiously shaped drinking horn in the left hand. In the different figures there are some variations in the forms of the crowns and hoods, and in one a striped petticoat and the feet are visible, which are covered in other instances; the chair-back of the latter piece furnishes also another example of interlacing round arches. The BISHOPS are of two descriptions, both in posture and in dress. Five of them are represented in ornamented chairs, and the remaining eight in a standing position. All the sitting figures, and four of the standing ones, wear the stole, tunic, &c., of the form anciently prescribed, and corresponding with representations of much greater antiquity. The mitres are very low, and in some instances quite plain, but have the double band, or *infulæ*, attached behind. The hair is cut short round the head. They hold a crosier with one, or with both hands; and in the former instances, the other hand holds a book, or is raised in the attitude of benediction. In the details, both of the habits and other work, there are numerous minute variations. The KNIGHTS, which are full-length figures, mounted on horseback, are probably the most interesting portion of the whole. They are habited in long coats or gambesons, which descend in folds as low as the feet; the sleeves have a cuff, or border, at the wrist. Their helmets, with a few exceptions, are of a conical shape, with round flaps to protect the ears and neck. All the

figures have moustaches and large round beards, except one, which has the beard separated into three forks. A long kite-formed shield, suspended from the neck, hangs on the left side of each, ornamented with various devices, approaching, in some instances, very closely to heraldic distinctions. Beneath the shield appears the sword, which is fastened round the waist by a belt, and in the right hand each knight carries a massive spear. The leg has, apparently, a covering of some sort down to the ancle, where it is met by a species of half-boot, without spur. The horses are caparisoned in high saddles, plain or ornamented; saddle-cloths, curiously bordered, stirrups, and bridles; the mane is cut short, and the hair suffered to grow down on the forehead. On one of the shields is a cross, bearing a lozenge, plain; on another is an ornamented lozenge, and the remainder are variously indented with crosses and other ornaments. The WARDERS are armed warriors, (*Hrôkr*, in Icelandic) which here take the place of the rook or castle, and are represented in a standing attitude, wearing helmets of various shapes, but chiefly conical, some with and others without flaps. The pawns are of various shapes and sizes, but chiefly octagonal, with conical terminations; on one is a fret-like ornament, and on another some scroll-like adornment; the others are plain. It is alleged by Mr. Madden, that these chess-men "were executed in Iceland, about the middle of the twelfth century," and he establishes that fact by reference to the material of which they are composed, to the general costume of the figures, and the peculiar forms of some of them, to the locality in which they were found, and to "the testimonies of numerous writers in ancient and modern times, touching the existence of the game of chess in Scandinavia, and the skill of the natives in carving similar figures." The estimation wherein the tusks of the walrus, from which these chess-men were unquestionably carved, were held by the northern nations, rendered them a present worthy of royalty.

CARDS.

SOME writers tell us that cards are of modern invention, and were merely intended to divert a French monarch during a fit of the gout; but others assert them of great antiquity—that they came from Egypt, and were originally meant to be the vehicles of much useful instruction, instead of being what they have since proved to be—the bane of society. The colours are two, red and black, which answer the two equinoxes. The suits are four, answering to the four seasons. Their emblems

formerly were, and still are, in Spain—for the heart a cup, the emblem of winter: the spade an acorn, the emblem of autumn: the club a trefoil, the emblem of summer: the diamond a rose, the emblem of spring: the twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the number of weeks in the year—the thirteen cards in each suit to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips calculated, in the following manner, amount to the number of days in a year:—

The number of each suit	55
	4
The number of all the suits	220
The court cards multiplied by ten . .	120
The number of court cards	12
The number in each suit	13
	365

CARDS AND TENNIS. Cards and tennis were invented by the Lydians, a people of Asia Minor, among whom, according to antiquarians, all games had their origin:—These people were so much addicted to gaiety, that to express a light and careless action, it was said proverbially, to be done *Lydio more*.

PARISIAN GAMBLING. The vice of gambling has increased so fearfully in Paris, since the revolution, that it is thought deserving the special castigation of the press. A new weekly paper, devoted exclusively to this purpose, made its first appearance a short time since, entitled L'Espion des Jeux, or "Spy upon the Gaming-tables." In the prospectus, the editor, who gives his name, pledges himself fearlessly to expose the names of the domestic agents of the various "hells" of the metropolis, the country travellers to these establishments, *en coleurs de jouers novices*, the "rooks," and, lastly, the unfortunate "pigeon," with details of all the dreadful consequences which this infatuation leads to,—suicides, robbery, desertions of family, divorces, &c. It is calculated, that the daily outlay of the Parisian establishments cannot be less than 720*l*., the tax they pay to government 200*l*., and their profits 600*l*., whilst they supply about a third of all the suicides for the year. At the head of this little periodical is a spirited vignette of a gambler, rushing from the noted 113, in the Palais-Royal, desperately intent upon self-destruction, and a woman and child, on their knees, supplicating him to change his purpose. In the distance is another victim, throwing himself from a bridge into the water below.

CONVERSATION.

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTTISH BEAUTY.

It has been said by some one, that no woman is capable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration, and write with rapture, of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass; but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect; it is not in loveliness of face, for there nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it in the depth of their feelings, nor in the sincerity of their affection, that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence. The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion, which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person, and mind, and heart, which

insures to man the greatest proportion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of inspiration; these are his words:—

> "She dwelt among the untrodden ways
> Beside the springs of Dove;
> A maid whom there were none to praise,
> And very few to love:
> She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh!
> The difference to me!"

This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvass, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The Poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood, would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aërial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the maternal wear and tear of the world, and would never survive the betrothing. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. It was the intention of nature, that they should be the mothers of warriors, and poets, and philosophers, and historians, of men of sense and science; and she formed them for the task. Look at them move along. If art with its scale, and its compasses, and its eternal chant of "the beau ideal—the beau ideal," had peopled the world, we would have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with lay figures and beings, "beautiful exceedingly," but loveless, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered. I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decisions of true love, I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research; look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There, a man very plain, is linked to a woman very lovely; a creature as silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man, to a very little woman; a very portly lady, to a man, short, slender, and attenuated; the brown weds the black, and the white the golden; personal deformities are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty, than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, 'which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?' is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of

artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty in the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendour, and a third the lily for its purity; and they are all right. We know not, indeed, by our natural theory of female loveliness, which of the nations has the most beautiful women, because we know not which of them is the happiest. Wherever there is most bosom tranquillity, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal: she is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eye, and therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is, compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit-trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that English woman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek, contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honourable to nature, and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes

made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye and vex the heart. * * * *

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's love 's a holy thing,
And when 'tis kindled, ne'er can die;
It lives—though "treachery" and "slight"
To quench the constant flame may try.

Like ivy, too, it grows—'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green;
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing!

Oh! woman's love—at times it may
Seem cold and clouded, but it burns
With true, undeviating ray,
Nor ever from its idol turns.

Its "sunshine" is a smile; its frown
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;
A *tear* its weapon is—beware
Of woman's tears—there's danger there!

Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast.
Its joy, to meet—its death, to part—
Its sepulchre,—a broken heart! * * *

Advantages of Female Conversation. Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They, too, will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits which we pick up in boyhood without this supervision. Unfortunately you may have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness, or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress.

Light Conversation with a heavy Man. "Charlotte, my dear, there is a ring at the hall bell," said Mrs. Shawford, the morning after the ball. "Who can it be?"—"Perhaps the Sydenhams—no! it is Henry Waring."—"What shall we do? He is so very heavy, and is always calling."—*(The servant an-*

nounced Mr. Henry Waring.)—"How do you do?" inquired Mrs. Shawford, "I hope Mrs. Waring and Eliza are quite well."—"Quite well, thank you."—"I hope they are not fatigued. It was so very kind of Mrs. Waring to stay so late. Eliza looked exceedingly well; I think she has quite recovered."—"Yes."—"Been shooting to-day?"—"No."—"Pray, is it true, Mr. Henry Waring," inquired Charlotte, "that Dewhurst Hall is taken?"—"I don't know."—"Very great thing for the neighbourhood, if it be."—"Yes."—*(A pause.)*—"Beautiful weather," remarked Mr. Henry Waring.—"Very fine, indeed," agreed Mrs. Shawford. "When do your family go to town?"—"Next week."—"I hope we shall induce papa to take us soon," said Charlotte; "I want to hear Paganini."—"Yes."—"Have you heard him?"—"No."—"He must be very wonderful."—"Yes."—"You are very fond of music, I believe?"—"Pretty well."—*(Pause the second.)*—"The Dean ages, I think," observed Mrs. Shawford, with a sigh.—"I think he does."—"I suppose William Rushton will soon return," observed Miss Charlotte Shawford.—"I suppose he will," replied Mr. Henry Waring.—*(Pause the third.)*—"Pray, is there any talk of Donnington balls this year?"—"I don't know."—"They were very pleasant."—"Yes, very."—*(Pause the fourth.)*—"Have you heard any thing of your cousin?" inquired Mrs. Shawford.—"Believe they had a letter the other day."—"I hope he is quite well?"—"Yes, quite well."—"I suppose the important day will soon arrive now?"—"I suppose it will."—*(Pause the fifth.)*—"Will you take some luncheon, Mr. Waring?—it is in the dining-room."—"Thank you; I have lunched."—"How does John like Oxford?"—"Oh! I don't know—pretty well."—"Great change?"—"Yes."—*(Pause the sixth.)*—"Sure you will not take any luncheon?"—"No, thank you. Good morning, Mrs. Shawford. Good morning, Miss Shawford."—"Good morning. Pray remember us most kindly at home."—"Yes.—Good morning:" and he retired.—"Very heavy man is Mr. Henry Waring," observed Mrs. Shawford.—"Shocking!" said Charlotte.

ECONOMY AND GOOD MANAGEMENT.

THE terms economy and good management have not alone become obsolete and vulgar, but they have lost their claim to a distinct and uniform meaning; they, perhaps, always admitted of some modification, according to the conception of those who applied them; but they have, in modern days, lost entirely their

only genuine signification. We shall generally find the common worldly acceptation of economy, of a very incomplete and limited nature, and confounded frequently with meanness and parsimony; although genuine economy, which may be considered as uniting wisdom with consistency, admits no such shabby coadjutors. As far as females are concerned, no quality has been more generally misapplied or worse understood than this; though so many have not only claimed a just knowledge of its signification, but have been infinitely satisfied with their own proficiency in it. There are, however, few more certain modes of judging of a woman's real character, her disposition, her taste, and even of her abilities, than by becoming acquainted with her notions and her practice as it relates to general domestic economy. We may perceive that which is regulated by meanness, by pretension, by selfishness, by thoughtlessness, by folly, and by contracted views, and by many and various impulses of common and merely worldly dispositions. But we may sometimes perceive, and admire, that economy which results from the qualities most strongly opposed to these. Generosity and liberality are not only consistent with this, but are essential parts of it; but meanness, in whatever shape it may appear, is only a depreciated imitation of it. Good sense and correct taste will point out, that respectability is confined to no rank, station, or fortune, nor increased by the adoption or possession of any one circumstance of luxury or convenience, although it may be impaired by unfounded pretensions, or forfeited by inconsistency and want of principle. In considering economy, as to the circumstance of domestic female arrangement, I look upon it as that quality which is to direct us in making a wise and just calculation as to our pecuniary means, with reference to the necessities that must arise, the wants that will arise, and the desires that may arise. Although all the advantages of a good education may be required for such a purpose, yet the direction that has lately been given to that will render it, perhaps, inefficient, or even tending to mislead those who are guided by it. An error, or a false calculation, at the commencement, will often continue to perplex, and to prevent any satisfactory balance of the accounts. A deficiency of all experience, and the want of good practical instruction, will produce very imperfect and erroneous calculations as to the necessary adjustment of the scale of living with the pecuniary resources. A girl, recently removed from the school-room, and taken immediately from the drawing-room, may have attained a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, but she may yet be as incapable of making any such calculation as she was when she left the nursery. With her wants and her wishes she may be

well acquainted, but with such a regulation of them as circumstances may require she may be wholly unacquainted. Habit, too, may have made luxurious wants necessary to her, and an abandonment of them may never present itself to her mind. Experience even will fail to instruct those who are entirely unprepared for the reception of her severe and difficult lessons; and, as they are, when learned at all, gained but slowly, and as inconveniences and difficulties make much more hasty advances, expedients must be resorted to; and, as they are selected with the same want of judgment and the same selfish feelings which made them necessary, we must witness, too often, the bad combination of thoughtless extravagance and mean, inefficient economy. But even such a union as this will obtain from the undiscriminating world the title of a good manager, a title so frequently misapplied, that it may be considered, by some, rather as a term of contempt and reproach than of just approbation. The good managers of modern days present often to our imagination pictures that we turn from in disgust; they are of various descriptions and degrees, according to the acceptation of the term to the minds and feelings of those who bestow it. A very fashionable good manager is often one who has managed to get into a rank in society which she does not claim by any one just pretension, and who manages to appear otherwise than she really is; to dress herself and her daughters, to have an equipage, and to give entertainments with the same degree of splendour that regulates these circumstances with those who have more than double her income; one, in short, who manages to obtain all that she desires, by making efforts and sacrifices which she is not withheld from by any scruples of delicacy or propriety, or regard for the welfare or feelings of others, or by any other more powerful principle. Another, perhaps, succeeds in establishing her claims to this title, by entertaining her friends with her proficiency in economy and good management, according to her own, and, perhaps, their conception of the subject. Such lady managers can furnish directions to cheap shops, and are great adepts in the delinquencies of servants and tradespeople, and are very liberal with their advice, and very well acquainted with the concerns and resources of their friends; they are sometimes, too, very ill-used persons, and more imposed upon and deceived than such experienced good managers deserve. But the wise and good directress of a family is not only neither of these, but has no one point of resemblance to them. She is one who has, by early cultivation, obtained correct notions and established habits of genuine economy, founded upon Christian principles; acknowledging reciprocal duties in every degree, and in every circumstance where her

fellow-creatures are concerned; they allow no personal or family considerations to compensate for one deviation from truth and justice; and they can perceive, at once, the absurdity and the insufficiency of the selfish and contracted views of mere worldly economists. But there are innumerable claims to the title of a good manager: it would be an endless attempt to describe either of them, or the economists, as they exist in every rank and degree. Many have discovered, in spite of defective education, that helplessness does not increase comfort, and that idleness, however varied, does not secure happiness: without, therefore, deprecating the system so far as to apply one which is more allied to usefulness with their children, they endeavour to repair the defects they discover, by a desire to become notable and industrious; but, like every late acquirement, it is generally ungracefully and unsuccessfully employed. Such proficients fix their attention upon some one point of domestic economy, and imagine, that good management and industry are comprised in that which occupies their time and attention. They are too apt, too, to make a display of their proficiency, which is injurious to the cause they would promote; for the uninitiated are easily alarmed at any departure from good taste and refinement, and must be strongly prejudiced against a cause which they perceive to produce hurry, bustle, or any sacrifice of peace or comfort; but, to the better instructed, the existence of any of these proves a degree of error, in exact proportion to their extent or continuance. Neither is the desire for making an appearance which is at variance with actual circumstances, confined to any one station; it becomes only more ridiculous as it descends from the lady manager to others, actuated by the same principles, but exercising their powers under different circumstances. We may, perhaps, witness an absurdity in the shape of a man-servant, useful, and really indispensable for certain employments of a multiform character. But good-nature itself may surely be permitted to smile on beholding this gracious pretender to liveried honours, fresh from the garden or the stable, attending at a table, infinitely more in keeping with the neatly attired and dexterous female, who would have lent her more satisfactory assistance at the same board for the same company only a few years ago. But I need not seek to furnish instances of absurdity arising from this prevalent and established fashion of adopting the modes and habits of persons and stations at a distance from ourselves; or endeavour to expose the various follies and inconsistencies which result from such a departure from good sense and good order. Meanness, derogatory imitations, false principles, servility, and every other base and unworthy feeling must be resorted to for the purpose

of keeping up this stupid, senseless race after imaginary consequence: this must be evident to all whose better feelings deter them altogether from such a pursuit.

Domestic Social Intercourse. We hear continually of the great and extraordinary improvement which has taken place in society within the last thirty years. I am far from desiring to deny this. Refinement has abolished much that was wrong in itself, and that was disgusting and disagreeable. Better education has improved conversation; subjects tending to improvement are more frequently discussed; and much, very much that is good, has been accomplished. But, again, we have to ask, why is this, even, to be diminished in value, by the manifest introduction of so much that is evil? In contemplating the present actual state of society, considering it as it relates to the interchange of courtesy, visiting, and the intercourse of fashionable, genteel life, it is any thing but wise, rational, or calculated to good. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine, in a country professing not only Christianity, but claiming a high degree of Christian cultivation; a country, too, where all are educated, accomplished, and refined; it would, I say, be difficult to imagine a more heartless, unmeaning, unsatisfactory result of all these boasted advantages than we may find, at this period, in every rank and in every situation where human beings are brought together. Could the system, the motives, and the feelings which dictate and govern this deplorable state of things, be justly and carefully analyzed, and viewed without disguise, there are many who, though they join in the folly, would blush for themselves and for others. It would not only exceed my powers, but my intentions and my purpose, to endeavour to depict modern visiting, modern friendship, unlimited acquaintance, ridiculous entertainments, unnatural hours, and all the absurdities, and follies, and false taste, and vapid dissipation of these distinguished days. It is, to the greatest possible degree, bad in itself, and, like every thing that is bad, extends itself, where its evil consequences multiply to an extent, certainly not within the contemplation of the directors of the mischief. It has been directed by the same desires and the same views which have guided female influence in every other respect and circumstance; the first object has been the attainment of a step in consequence and celebrity. Nor, again, have plausible reasons been wanting for its pursuit. The desire for good company has ever been considered as a laudable desire; and the contemptible one, of selecting associates with a view of maintaining a vulgar pre-eminence over them, is justly considered as a proof of degradation of character. But is not this term,—good company,—one of doubtful im-

port; and one, like many others in the vocabulary of fashion, often made subservient to convenience, and subject to misapprehension? Does not good company comprise, with too many, the company or society to which, in point of fact, they do not belong; and is it not with an ardent desire to appear to belong to it, that they so diligently seek it? Has the actual goodness of the individuals who constitute the good company, of each rank and degree, any thing to do with the desire that is evinced for their society and countenance? May they not be as far from good as is compatible with fashionable morality, and yet lose no claim to their distinction? Although, perhaps, some of the happiest of those hours which we are permitted to enjoy here are to be enjoyed in the well-selected society of our fellow-beings, we shall find the race after good company to be at once fatiguing and vexatious. We prepare for ourselves, in setting out, mortification, wounded feelings, and great sacrifices. We lose time, peace, comfort, and, frequently, health and fortune. We withdraw our hearts, by degrees, perhaps, from domestic pleasures and duties; we wean our affections from friends, and often from kindred, and become indifferent to all the warmer sources of social intercourse. And what do we exchange these for? the worthless, vapid, heartless, fatiguing enjoyments of the world, and the condescending countenance of good company. This same arbitrary world, too, is of an uncompromising nature; it will not be satisfied with lukewarm disciples. Its claims are exacted under the title of the claims of society, but they are somewhat exorbitant. Fashion must be forthwith substituted for expediency. She must direct the disposal of their time, govern their hours, regulate their household, adjust their expenses, preside at their tables and toilets, direct them in their choice of acquaintance (fashion has dismissed friendship altogether from her attention), and define their claims to intimacy; and, in short, govern and direct, without permitting either prudence, or judgment, or good sense, or even good taste to interfere!

LIGHT UP THE HALL.

Light up the hall in the Gothic tower,
There's many a maiden will dance, to night;
And many a lover in beauty's bower,
Will worship the stars by pale moonlight!
Let there be revelling in the lone valley,
Where never before bright smiles were seen;
And with dulcet notes chase melancholy
To a secret cell, where man ne'er has been!

Let the minstrel bard, with his new-strung lyre,
In the garb of a Saxon be seen and heard;
And oh! let his thrilling notes of fire
Be echoed with rapture, and well preferred!
Look into his eyes, ye daughters of beauty,
And trace the rays of his bounding soul;
Then seek to learn of him life's best duty—
But let not his looks your hearts control!

Bid him be mute with his silver viol,
And chaunt his hymn to the virgin bride!
Around him keep smiling with love the while;
But oh, from his sight, emotions hide!
He may not be likened to bards of gladness,
His sorrow's confined by his dark-haired brow,
He erst loved a maiden to very madness,
And worships her memory even now. SONGS OF THE LOIRE.

THE PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.

* * * * To return to the rank of life I am now considering, before they were so intent upon getting into another. The first ranks of these had been generally, as I have already observed, well educated; and many were accomplished, elegant, and even refined: but the chief point of distinction between these and their successors, arises from the views of those who conducted their education, and the mode of conducting it. Such women were not shut up in a school-room during the whole period of childhood and youth. It has been discovered, that ornamental accomplishments to be learned well must be learned early, and practised constantly; but another discovery had also been made many years before, viz. that useful accomplishments must also be learned early, and that practice in them was alike essential. When these then were considered as most essential, there was much to learn out of the school-room. Now that these things are reversed, the duties belong to the school-room; and, if some little knowledge of useful attainment is required, it is expected to be readily gained when time can be spared from more important avocations; but this time does not commonly arrive during the period devoted to learning, for Art is incalculably longer in finishing her performances, now they are so generally unassisted by Nature. In the days I allude to, a hope was entertained, that, by a prudent disposal of time and means, some of the ornamental accomplishments might be added to the more essential useful ones; but, as these had certain limitations, none were attempted that did not promise success in the cultivation. Every young lady did not play or learn to sing, but may I venture to say, that some played more effectively; and few, if any, attempted to sing

without voice, or musical ear or taste. Many ranks here followed each other, possessing various claims to respectability and legitimate gentility, but many of these with little claim to opulence: these, then, taught their children the real nature of independence; they were taught to do much for others; and, if members of a large family, they were early trained to habits of usefulness, without considering for a moment that they were forfeiting one claim to the degree of respectability which was attached to their birth or station; and, as the desire for seeking another was less urgent, no artificial means for gaining consequence were resorted to. But the desire for distinction and advancement has involved parents in a fresh exercise of their duty; they have now to render their children fit for any rank or station they may be called upon to fill; provided it be above that which they are already entitled to by birth and fortune. Marriage holds forth a promising and attainable means for the encouragement of such hopes and views. But the want of fortune must be supplied; and while, by parental partiality, grace and beauty can be given without limitation, elegance and accomplishments must be added to ensure perfection. The universally-adopted plan of domestic education has greatly facilitated the cultivation of accomplishments where money was not abounding: its superior advantages have long been the theme of conversation between such sensible mammas as soon discovered they could get all they required by no other means. They here found, too, a satisfactory mode of exercising their economy: they could find a governess who would undertake to teach a large family of girls every thing, including accomplishments, for a very moderate salary. No great difficulties were to be surmounted for finding such: the victims of parental folly and vanity soon began to accumulate, and they had no other resource than teaching; and many were to be found who would undertake much for the advantage of a home and some remuneration. Away then went all the young ladies, of all ranks and degrees, to the school-room; and all the trouble was removed from the mamma's hands at a very moderate cost; and the papa was more than ever assured that the wife was a very good manager, and was soon persuaded that his children were very clever, or talented; and he soon received a proof of it when he heard them, at an early age, execute a piece of music on the piano-forte—music, which certainly found its way to his heart, whatever might be its merits as to composition or execution. The mamma, too, now had leisure to make her way in the world, for the sake of her children; and she soon finds herself amongst thousands who are pursuing the same course, with the same consolatory feelings of self-approbation. It

would be quite impossible to trace the gradations of society, or describe the changes which they have each undergone; but we must at length arrive at a point where even gentility must cease: that it is claimed, like every thing else in this false world, long after it is lost, there can be no doubt; but it must naturally cease before we come to those who do not pretend to any alliance with it. Between those, then, who may fairly be pronounced as educated and genteel, and those who do not even claim such distinctions, a very numerous, and formerly useful and respectable, class exists; but these are all changed too, and the change is, perhaps, more pregnant with misery, and more to be lamented than that of any other. The females of this degree, thirty years ago, would exhibit a striking contrast with those of this period: they certainly have not partaken of the improvement which society has undergone during that time. The industry, activity, and self-denial, which then were considered as essential to promote the welfare of such families as were supported by the actual employment of the husband, and which were pursued by every wife who aspired to respectability in her station, were by degrees abandoned, when they found that such employments were incompatible with that degree of gentility, which must be adopted in order to reach that of the neighbour whom they desired to imitate and to claim equality with. We have only to see the majority of these females, and to obtain a glimpse of the interior of their abodes, to give credit to a representation which might be given of their pursuits, habits, and employments. Such women might formerly be found, not only contributing by their personal exertions to the comfort and well-doing of their families, but often, if the nature of his business permitted it, assisting their husbands; they had no time for vulgar dissipation, and no money to spare for idle, inconsistent luxuries. They found pleasure in the substantial comforts of home; their refinement consisted of cleanliness and good order; and their accomplishments were of a nature to produce pleasure and satisfaction on all who felt their influence. They were not rich, perhaps, but they were independent; and they were not poor till artificial wants, and artificial pleasures, and unsubstantial comforts, were sought for. And themselves, and their families, and their dwellings, are all alike proofs of this melancholy change. Here you may find music (such as it is), quadrilles, waltzes, satin slips, ringlets, small waists, and pale faces. Every sacrifice can be readily made that will contribute to advance a claim to gentility. The laws of exclusion, and the gradations of petty consequence, are also in use. Ingenious substitutes for luxury are also discovered; and various other devices are practised in imitation of ranks at a considerable

distance from their own. A trip to Margate or to Brighton is insisted on for the benefit of the dear children, with other equally consistent arrangements for the advancement of the family; and a fatal advance they too generally make, for poverty and ruin, in some cases, advance still faster. Although absolute ruin does not overtake all the vulgar pretenders to gentility, yet the loss of real respectability and general comfort is the certain lot of every one of them. Some degree of salutary restraint may yet keep off poverty, and its train of misery, but if vanity, folly, and inconsistency still guide the female department, comfort and respectability will disappear; neatness and good order will be wanting; and they are not supplied by dirty finery, slatternly appearance, and the generally disreputable aspect of domestic affairs. Such persons formerly instructed their servants, and assisted them, and practically taught them the advantages of activity, industry, and cleanliness. Their own neatness and propriety of dress and demeanor operated as a perpetual check to that disposition which female vanity, united with ignorance, ever will be prone to, and which contributes its full share to the misery and the vice of this class of our sex. Their duties, too, kept them at home, where their active vigilance prevented much that now arises from the abandonment of those duties, and the loss of that salutary example. There are, doubtless, in this degree, as in all others, many respectable exceptions; but, admitting this, it yet must be considered, like them, too, as having gained little by our boasted improvements. We hear of the depressed state of trade, and of the sad misfortunes arising from this cause; but has not trade also been influenced, like every thing else in this country, by the mania for getting out of our places, and by false notions, and a system of falsehood altogether? The general adoption of refinement has set every description of trade or business at a vast distance from any pretensions to true gentility; and, as neither wealth nor independence can produce satisfaction, without the claims to superiority, the females have exerted their influence to induce their husbands, fathers, and brothers, to emancipate themselves as much as possible from this degrading pursuit. Many have withdrawn altogether, content to resign greater gains, in the hope and expectation of gaining a more satisfactory step in consequence. Many more have not placed their sons in their own business, in order to save them, at least, from any injudicious impediments in their road to fame. These circumstances, combined with other causes, have tended to withdraw much from trade and business that added to its respectability altogether; and it is by degrees getting too much into the hands of speculators and adventurers; and these, having nothing real

or substantial, either in the way of fortune or character to lose, embark fearlessly upon a new system altogether—false appearances, false credit, false and uncertain profits, and various other false methods, unknown to the former respectable classes in this rank of life, and comprehensible only to those who are initiated in the arcana of modern business. Much testimony has been brought to light in confirmation of this statement. The examination which the books of tradesmen have undergone in the course of the last few years, bear sufficient evidence as to the share that actual misfortune has had in their failures. They have in many instances been, morally considered, as flagitious, and as culpably injurious to credit, as those false signatures which have brought their perpetrators to condign punishment. That trade, as well as every other department of society, has suffered from various and unavoidable changes and disasters, cannot be doubted; but that it has, like them also, suffered more from the changed habits and views which fashion, folly, and vanity have introduced amongst its followers, cannot be contradicted.

THE PRINCE DE LIGNE AND MADAME DE STAEL. The Prince de Ligne described to me the enthusiasm which Madame de Staël excited when she visited Vienna in 1808. "Immediately on her arrival," said he, "I went to pay my respects to her; and having inquired the cause of her journey to Vienna—'I am come,' she replied, 'to place my son at the engineer school (*l'ecole de génie*).'—'He has been at the school of genius since his birth, madame,' observed I. This little compliment quite won her heart, and she affected all the admiration for me which I really and sincerely felt for her. If, when she asked Buonaparte who was the greatest woman of the age, he had indulged her harmless vanity, and replied, 'You,'—instead of churlishly saying she who had most children, I will venture to affirm that we should not now be driving to the castle of Schoenbrun for the object we have in view. It cannot be denied that Corinne, and her Genevese coterie, had no small share in Napoleon's fall." As he uttered these words, the carriage stopped at the castle gate.

SMEATON AND GAY. At an early period of Mr. Smeaton's life, he met with a curious adventure, arising from his likeness to the poet Gay. He was walking with Mrs. Smeaton at Ranelagh, when he observed an elderly lady and gentleman fix their marked attention upon them. After some turns the strangers stopped, and the lady, addressing Mr. Smeaton, said, "Sir, I do not know you, but so strongly do you resemble my poor dear Gay, we must be acquainted: come home and sup with us; and if the minds of the two men accord as much as their countenances, you will find two cheerful old folks who can

love you well; and I think you can as well discern it." The strangers were the duke and duchess of Queensberry. Mr. Sheridan accepted the invitation, and the friendship of the parties continued without interruption.

Dr. Watts resided for forty-six years in the master-house at Stoke Newington, then the seat of Sir Thomas Abney. The golden oak, at the top of the house, is noticed by Dr. Watts in his "Lyric Poems," as well as the other parts of the mansion, then just built. Mrs. Abney, the daughter of Sir Thomas, ordered, by her last will, that this estate should be sold, and the produce distributed in charitable donations.

Sheridan possessed all the plausibility and finesse requisite for a modern statesman, or theatrical manager, which talents he often turned to good account. On one occasion, when he gave a dinner at the Piazza Coffee House, Covent Garden, on quitting the room, he desired that the bill might be sent to him next morning, which injunction was punctually obeyed by one of the waiters, who, after remaining some time below, was ordered to walk up. Mr. S. then asked him if he was fond of the play, and if he had not a friend or two he should like to take with him? The fellow answering in the affirmative, with many obsequious bows, Mr. S. instantly presented him with half-a-dozen orders for Drury Lane, assuring him at the same time that he had no money just then, and begged he would look in some other day; which request the waiter, in gratitude, was unable to refuse: he quitted the house, and Richard was himself again!

Dr. Lollis, who wrote on the constitution a most valuable and admired work, was for a long time suffered to feel the power of want, and the infirmities of disease, unpitied and unrelieved. A trifle was sent him by the Literary Fund, to which he was necessitated to apply. That such a man should need wherewith to buy him bread was a disgrace in any civilized country in which he might live. Juvenal, thy words have been realized:—

——— Cum fregit subsellia versus
Bestia! ———

Thomson's Residence at Richmond. This unostentatious building, which will always command the veneration and respect of the admirers of sublime poetry and benevolent feelings, is situate in Kew-foot Lane. It was purchased after the poet's death by George Rose, Esq. who, out of veneration to his memory, forbore to pull it down, but enlarged and improved it at the expense of 900*l*. Mrs. Boscawen repaired the poet's favourite seat in the garden, and placed in it the table on which he wrote his verses. Over the entrance is inscribed,

"Here Thomson sung the Seasons and their changes."

The inside is adorned with suitable quotations from authors who have paid due compliments to his talents: and in the centre appears the following inscription: "Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial, though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of Nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable Seasons. Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the universe, its flame glowing through all his compositions; animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, save only by his death, which happened at this place, on the 22nd of August, 1748." Thomson was buried at the west end of the north aisle of Richmond church. There was nothing to point out the spot of his interment, till a brass tablet with the following inscription was lately put up by the Earl of Buchan: —"In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems entitled 'The Seasons,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' &c. who died at Richmond, on the 22nd of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O. S. 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792." Underneath is the quotation from his "Winter:"

> "Father of Light and Life, Thou God Supreme!
> Oh, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
> With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
> Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

QUEEN ELIZABETH. The following graphic sketch of the character of Elizabeth is that drawn by her godson, Sir John Harrington, in his Nugæ Antiquæ:—"Her mind was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the western point on a summer's morn; 'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections. And again, she could put forth such alterations when obedience was lacking, as left no doubting whose (Henry VIII.'s) daughter she was. When she smiled it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in if they could; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in a wondrous manner on all alike."

DR. YOUNG. In the war in Flanders, the celebrated Dr. Young, author of the Night Thoughts, attended the English

army in quality of almoner. One day, being deeply engaged in reading the tragedies of Æschylus, he entered, in his reverie, the camp of the enemy. He was surprised to find himself seized: he was taken as a spy, and conducted to the general. The doctor informed him of his name, which he was no stranger to, and told, with the greatest simplicity, the circumstances of his adventure; on which he was received with the greatest distinction, and had soon the liberty of returning to the English camp.

Hannah More. This celebrated writer, one of the first and foremost in an age adorned by so much of female genius, died 7th September, 1833, at Clifton, in her eighty-eighth year. From the humble station of the daughter of a village schoolmaster, near Bristol, she raised herself, by her talents and virtues, to high literary distinction and universal respect. Having early in life attracted friends, she was, principally through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse of Bristol, enabled to set up a school in conjunction with her sisters, which soon obtained great reputation. An acquaintance with Garrick led her to write for the stage, and her pieces were very successful; but, on taking a religious turn, she abandoned this pursuit, and expressed an opinion that the drama and its performances were not in unison with true piety and christianity. Having realised a competency, she retired to Mendip, and earnestly devoted herself to the propagation of moral and religious principles, not only among the colliers and lower orders in that neighbourhood, but throughout the country, by her tracts and other publications. Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, published in 1809, was a novel of much originality, and led to a multitude of imitations: it ran through ten editions in twelve months. Mrs. More had the honour of being consulted on the education of the Princess Charlotte; and on that occasion printed, (1805), Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess, in 2 vols. 8vo. Her works, but by no means including the whole, have appeared in eight volumes, and display a mind of extraordinary fertility and power. Mrs. More enjoyed the happiness of an intimacy with Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Bishop Porteus, Beattie, and many other of the most celebrated persons of that day; and in later times, it may be truly said, that, either personally or through confidential correspondence, she was, even in retirement, almost equally well acquainted with the most distinguished men of the present time. To the very end of her life (broken as it was by pain and suffering), her manners were amiable, instructive, affectionate, and endearing—without austerity or pretension to superior godliness; for she was good in every sense of the word—benevolent, just, and pious; strict in the discharge of her own duties, and

liberal in her construction of the conduct of others. Her biography is, we observe, already announced. Her example cannot be too soon set in its proper light before the world.

THE MAGDALEN.

" Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?
Where are the dancing steps that but kept time
To our own inward gladness—where the light
That flushed the cheek into one joyous rose—
That lit the lips and filled the eyes with smiles?
Who would recall their youth and be again
The dreaming, the believing, the betrayed?
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears!
Although beloved, and beautiful, and young,
Yet happiness was not with my unrest;
For I had pleasure, not content—each wish
Seemed granted only to be weariness;
No hope fulfilled its promise, and no dream
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.
Then there was love—that crowding into one
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse,
Till we loathe life—glad, beauteous, hoping life—
And would be fain to lay our burden down,
Although we might but lay it in the grave—
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.
God of those stars, to which I once appealed
In a vain phantasy of sympathy,
How wretched have I been in my few years!
How have I wept throughout the sleepless nights!
And then day came, with all those vanities
With which our nature mocks its wretchedness,
The toilsome pleasures and the dull pursuits—
Efforts to fly ourselves, and made in vain.
Too soon I learnt the secret of our life,
That 'vanity of vanities' is writ
Deep in the hidden soul of human things;
And then I sank into despondency,
And lived from habit, not from hope; and fear
Stood between me and death, and only fear.
I was a cast away; for, like the fool,
Within my soul I said, There is no God!
But then a mighty and a glorious voice
Was speaking on the earth—Thus saith the Lord,
'Now come to me, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest;' and lo! I came,
Sorrowing; and the broken, contrite heart,
Lord, thou didst not despise." L. N.

Woman. Who would undervalue the sex that knows it? Were we not born of woman, and should we not honour her? Nursed by her, and not regard her? And since we existed before her, should we not live and admire her as the last and most

perfect work of nature? By woman's love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the Muses the lovers of the learned? Do not all "noble spirits" follow the Graces because they are women? There is but one Phœnix, and she is a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love and the tongue of persuasion? O divine perfectioned woman, if to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty! a fair woman, who is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence.

Old English Sumptuary Laws. It is well known that in the reign of Elizabeth (and of her immediate successor, James I.), several sumptuary laws were enacted,—laws for limiting the expenses of dress. Elizabeth attached to regulations respecting articles of dress a degree of importance nearly equal to that of the monarchy itself. She issued numerous proclamations on the subject, and caused precepts to be sent to the companies, for the purpose of having her orders carried into effect. Thus, by her orders, in 1579, two members of the Ironmongers' company were chosen to attend, with two men free of the Grocers', at Bishopsgate, from seven o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon. They were to examine the habits of all persons passing through the gate! But to do her majesty justice, she was not by any means quite so outrageous as his majesty King James, her successor. Some of his feats in putting down extravagance, are thus described:—"James exceeded Elizabeth in his love for these minutiæ. 'The abuse growing by excesse and strange fashions of apparell, used by manye apprentises, and by the inordinate pryde of mayde servauntes and woman servauntes, in their excesse of apparell and follye in varietie of newe fashions,' caused that decorous monarch such uneasiness about the year 1611, that the mayor, by his orders, sent precepts to the wardens of companies, enjoining them to convene, and to harangue their several fraternities on this heinous sin. 'Mr. Warden Burrell,' on reading the precept to the Grocers' company, 'made sundrye godly and charitable exhortacions to each to see reformacion made in his owne familye, accordynge to the meaning of the same;' and the common council afterwards embodied certain regulations into an act, in which every item of apparel to be worn, both by apprentices and maid servants, with the kind of material composing it, or 'the stuffe, fashion, and goodnesse,' are detailed

with the minuteness of a tailor or dress-maker. Apprentices were to wear 'no hat,' the facing whereof should exceed three inches in breadth in the head; or which, with the band and trimming, should cost above five shillings; the band was to be destitute of lace, made of linen not exceeding five shillings the ell, and to have no work or ornament than a plain hem and one stitch. And if the apprentice should wear a ruff-band, it was not to exceed three inches in height before it was gathered and set into the stock, nor more than two inches in depth before the setting into the same stock. The collar of the doublet was to have neither 'poyet, well (whale) bone, or plaits,' but to be made close and comely, and, as well as the pantaloons, was to be made only of 'cloth, kersey, fustian, sackcloth, canvasse, English leather, or English stuffe,' and of not more than two shillings and sixpence the yard; his stockings were to be of woollen, yarn, or kersey; he was not to wear 'Spanish shoes with polonia heels;' or to have his hair with any 'tufte or lock, but cut short in decent and comely manner.' The London servant-girl was, if possible, more restricted. She was to wear no 'lawn, kambrick, tiffany, velvet lawns, or white wires on the head,' or about 'the kerchief, koyfe, crest cloth, or shadow,' but only linen, and that not to exceed five shillings the ell. Her ruff was, on no account, to be of more than four yards in length before the gathering or settings in, or of greater depth than three inches; nor was she to 'wear any fardingal at all, great or little; nor any body or sleeves of wire, whalebone, or other stiffing (stiffening), saving canvasse or buckram only.'"

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WOMEN. Upon this subject so much has been said and written by men of abilities, that it is not easy to imagine a "new light" to show them in; or to place them in an attitude in which they have not already been placed. But, talking of a nation, if one did not say something about so considerable a part of it, the subject must appear mutilated and imperfect. As brevity is the soul of wit, I shall be brief; and I shall only touch on the principal points in which the women of France differ from those of other countries. When a French lady comes into a room, the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, holds herself better, has her head and feet better dressed, her clothes better fancied and better put on, than any woman you have ever seen. When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness; her accents are the accents of grace; she embellishes a trifle; interests upon a nothing; she softens a contradiction; she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly; and when she has a mind, she sharpens

and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world. Her eyes sparkle with spirit; the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy; in telling a story, she is inimitable; the motions of her body, and the accents of her tongue, are equally genteel and easy; an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humoured and cheerful; and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased. Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly; but, perhaps, it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French; the French are superior to them in many instances. I have mentioned some of these points in other places. Here I shall only say there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman; it is in the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric. I have mentioned here the women of England, and I have done wrong. I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. To settle the respective claims of the fair sex in these two countries, requires an abler pen than mine. I shall not dare to examine it, even in a single point, nor presume to determine whether, in the important article of beauty, form and colour are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered as preferable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall only venture to give a trait. If a goddess could be supposed to be formed, compounded of Juno and Minerva, that goddess would be the emblem of the women of this country. Venus, as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand, justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it, for I have given the preference to the women of England. One point I had forgotten; and it is a material one. It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe. The English women are the best wives under heaven; and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands. * * *

A CHARM TO OBTAIN A HUSBAND. Early on the first of March the young maidens of the village of Stebun Hethe (now called Stepney) used to resort to Goodman's fields, the only

remains of which, now not built upon, is the Tenter Ground, in search of a blade of grass of *reddish tint*, the charm being, that the fortunate finder got the husband of her wishes within the month.

HYMN.

O THOU! who taught my infant eye
To pierce the air, and view the sky;
To see my God in earth and seas,
To hear him in the vernal breeze;
To know him midnight thoughts among:
Oh guide my soul, and aid my song.

Spirit of Light, do thou impart
Majestic truths, and teach my heart;
Teach me to know how weak I am,
How vain my powers, how poor my frame;
Teach me celestial paths untrod,—
The ways of glory and of God.

No more let me, in vain surprise,
To heathen art give up my eyes;
To piles laborious science reared
For heroes brave, or tyrants feared;
But quit philosophy, and see
The Fountain of her works in Thee.

Fond man! yon glassy mirror eye;
Go, pierce the flood, and there descry
The miracles that float between
The rainy leaves of watery green;
Old Ocean's hoary treasures scan;
See nations swimming round a span.

Then wilt thou say—and rear no more
Thy monuments in mystic lore:
My God! I quit my vain design,
And drop my work to gaze on Thine:
Henceforth I'll frame myself to be,
O Lord! a monument of Thee. CRABBE.

WEDDING RINGS. The singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave to the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the *fourth* finger of her left hand, *because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart*, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.

Decay and Renovation of Human Beings. The world itself, as we have seen, appears at intervals to have been subjected to changes involving even the fundamental laws by which it is governed. Nothing, therefore, belonging to the world can reasonably be expected to be permanent. Had there even been an approach to such permanence, the beautiful adaptations of organised beings to the pre-established laws of inanimate matter, and all the other wonderful arrangements we have described, could not have been manifested as they now are. Besides, to the changes we ourselves undergo, we are indebted for the greater part of the enjoyments of our life. If none died, none could be born; and the present arrangements of human society could have no existence. There would be none of the pleasing relations of parent and offspring; none of the agreeable variety of childhood, of youth, of maturity, and of age, experienced by every individual; which, with all the other numerous relations of society, incidental to the persons of different individuals, contribute so largely to human happiness. Were men exempt from change, whether the rest of the world were supposed to be progressive as it is, or whether it were stationary as it regards him, the same uniformity of dull monotony would prevail, the same want of motive. In short, with our present constitution and feelings, perpetuity and uniformity would be physically and morally impossible. But why, it has a thousand times been asked, why has the world been so constituted? Why this unceasing round of change? Whence its origin? What its object? Such questions the Great Author of the universe alone can answer. But as within those narrow limits by which our observations are bounded, wherever we can trace His designs, we see that his works are never without an object, we cannot doubt that in determining their perpetual change, there is no less an object, though it be above our comprehension. By placing immaterial and intelligent beings for a time, in personal connexion with matter, He has, indeed, communicated to them a knowledge of those properties of matter which so strikingly display His wisdom and power; and this may have been one of His objects; but to speculate farther on points so utterly beyond our capacity, would be presumptuous: for who can "know the mind of God, or who hath been His counsellor?"

Velocity and Magnitude of Waves. The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the form only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling

in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum. A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biasses the judgment; and, lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water-valley to the summit. This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water to much below her water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle, may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone lighthouse, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.

MODIFICATIONS OF SLEEP. Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus, an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose, while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while the fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is in nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is by them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted, that they fell asleep on the deck, amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement. Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus, when sound itself ceases to be so. Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped, that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this, so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether; and it did not take place till the mill was set going again. For the same reason, the manager of some vast iron-works, who slept close to them, amid the incessant din of hammers, forges,

and blast furnaces, would awake, if there was any cessation of noise during the night. To carry the illustration still further, it has been noticed, that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which is ringing, may hear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be nevertheless aroused by its sudden cessation. Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound; the noise of the bell was no stimulus; it was its cessation, which, by breaking the monotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW. Mary Scott, so well known in tradition and in song by the title of "The Flower of Yarrow," was a native of the parish of Yarrow. She was the daughter of John Scott, of Dryhope, and gave her hand to Walter Scott, of Harden—no less famed for his free-booting, than his bride for beauty. A curious contract relating to their marriage is still preserved in the charter chest of the present Mr. Scott, of Harden. From this it appears that the Laird of Dryhope engaged to find his son-in-law in man's meat and horse meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day—five barons becoming bound that on the expiry of that period the latter should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. A daughter of the Flower of Yarrow was wedded to Gilbert Elliott, of Stobbs, commonly called "Gibby wi' the gowden garters." At their marriage, as at Harden's own, a contract was made, equally characteristic of the rudeness and rapine of the times. Finding it inconvenient to take home his wife, Gibby besought his father-in-law to lodge her for some time—a demand which was complied with only on condition that he should give as her board the plunder of the first harvest moon. From them was descended the late Lord Heathfield.

CUSTOMS OF THE GALLA NATIONS. There is a rough nobility existing among this nation, whose ancestors have been raised to the dignity of chieftain by valorous feats in war; and it is from those families alone that the king can be chosen. No one of these superiors can be elected until time has conferred upon him forty years of experience. However, in their savage calculation, the killing of an enemy is considered as equivalent to a year's experience. The Galla are almost all mounted on horses, which, from constant practice, they of course manage with great dexterity. In passing rivers they dismount, and grasp the tails of their horses, which tow them across. Their arms consist of a shield made of a bull's hide, and a long lance sharpened at the end, and then hardened by fire.

TRUE PATHOS. We have seldom read a more simple, pathetic sentence—it comes from a deep, overflowing heart—than the following, taken from Mrs. Shelley's preface to the new edition of Frankenstein: that book was written in happy moments, when youth, and hope, and wedded love, for her husband was living, were hers: "And now once again I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words which found no true echo in my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk, many a drive, and many a conversation when I was not alone; and my companion was one whom in this world I shall never see more. But this is for myself; my readers have nothing to do with these associations."

OBLIGATIONS OF THE MARRIED STATE. The law hath said, that married persons shall not be legally separated upon mere disinclination of one or both to live together; the disinclination must be founded upon reasons which the law approves. "When people understand that they must live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodations, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and good wives from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives—for necessity is a powerful mistress in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once to be understood that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many couples, who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offices, and to the moral order of civil society, would live destitute of mutual unkindness—in a state of estrangement from their common offspring—and in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality."

THE KISS AMATORY. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing, first innocent love. There is that in female beauty that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye and the carnated skin,—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul,—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sun-lit stream, seen through an opening in its willow banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek,—and

at once you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door-bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps, in the daring intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or, in an affectation of the Quixotic style, kneeling, with mock heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in affected jest; and, the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you, quite unawares, feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld.

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Religion, when its healing smile
First trembled o'er our patriot isle,
By her assuasive meekness won
A way to visit hearts undone.
Nor did her Christian valour quake
To front the vengeance of the stake.
Though limb by limb the fire devour'd,
She neither shook, nor shriek'd, nor cower'd,
But gloried in the murd'rous flame,
To sing a martyr'd Saviour's name.

MONTGOMERY'S WOMAN.

IT may sometimes produce a desirable effect if we examine the soundness of certain maxims current among mankind, and come to an explicit understanding how far they are tinctured with the selfishness of the men who "have their portion in this life." Among the foremost of these popular apophthegms is that which stands at the head of this article—a phrase of almost every body's adoption, and what is worse, far more generally acted upon than usually falls to the lot of such summary maxims. It is not very easy to frame, in so compendious a phraseology of four short words, another sentiment so utterly at variance with every principle of Christianity, and so fully contradicted by every thing that is excellent in a dispensation avowedly sent into our world for the suppression of all that is selfish in the human heart. The instructions of Him who "taught as one having authority," are in direct opposition to

this favourite maxim of a selfish spirit—and as to its agreement with the most unquestionable practical illustrations of genuine Christian principle, let it be enquired, Did charity begin at home, when He who was rich, for our sakes became poor? When He, who had glory with the Father before the world was, became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief? When He, whose dwelling was amid hosts of angelic worshippers, submitted to be despised, scourged, spit upon, and crucified by the hands of wicked men? Can we be "followers of him as dear children" if we suffer our charity to begin at home? Did charity begin at home when the apostles went out from Jerusalem into the Gentile world, encountering perils in every place, buffetings and cruel mockings, imprisonments, tortures, and death, while they declared among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ? Can we be the true disciples of the same Lord as these first heralds of his salvation, if we make our charity begin at home? Did charity begin at home when some bearer of heaven's loving message ventured upon our shores amid the aborigines of the land, of savage habits and exercising horrible rites? Or when the unassuming Moravians left the lovely vales and flowing streams of Germany to encounter the perpetual snows and dwell upon the icy shores of the farthest north, that the benighted tenants of the frozen zone might have life and immortality revealed to them? Or when a Swartz toiled under a Hindu sun to snatch victims from beneath Jaggurnutha's car, and a Brainerd traversed the trackless wilds of the new world to communicate to the scattered hunters of those interminable forests the true knowledge of the Great Spirit, and of his wonderful interpositions on behalf of his erring children? Does charity now begin at home when Christian missionaries sacrifice country, kindred, and all the comforts of civilized life and of social piety, to dwell among cannibals, Caffres, and men of strange languages, and stranger practices, to impart to them the beatitudes of the Christian revelation? Can we be treading in the path marked by the footsteps of all that ever have been or now are amiable and excellent, under an economy emphatically that of love, if our charity begins at home? One thing is certain, that among the multitudes who cherish this maxim with so much favour, the charity of a vast majority ends where it begins, even in the supreme love of their own dear selves. Let every Christian who aspires to be worthy of the name, repudiate the unhallowed maxim, and hold no fellowship with its unfruitful principle.

THE HEART OF A YOUNG POET is the most sacred thing on earth. How nicely strung are its fibres, how keen its sensibilities, how shrinking the timidity with which it puts forth its

gentle conceptions! And shall such a heart receive rude usage from a world which it only desires to improve and to gladden? Shall its trembling nerves be stretched on the rack, or its nice apprehensions turned into the instruments of its torture? Shall its warm energies be met with icy scorn, and its tearful joys made sport for the idle and the unfeeling? Would the annihilation of all the dulness in the world compensate for one moment's anguish inflicted on hearts like these?

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

When is youth's gay heart the lightest?
When the torch of health burns brightest;
And the soul's rich banquet lies
In air and ocean, earth and skies;
Till the honied cup of pleasure
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest?
When a kindred heart thou meetest
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life;
Ere the scowl of care has faded
The shining chaplet fancy braided;
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye,
Rich revealings of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united:
The sober joys of after years
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest?
When friends grow cold we've loved the longest,
And the bankrupt heart would borrow,
Treacherous hopes to cheat the morrow;
Dreams of bliss by reason banished,
Early joys which quickly vanished,
And the treasured past appears,
Only to augment our tears;
When, within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts, blindly trusts, to future years.

Oh! this is grief, the preacher saith,
The world's dark woe that worketh death;
Yet oft, beneath its influence bowed,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud;
And heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's dark'ning way,
Through thorny paths, to endless day.
Then the toils of life are done,
Then youth and age are both as one—
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect or pain, the bosom wring;
And the joys blest spirits prove,
Far exceed all earthly love!

MRS. MOODIE.

LOOSE PEARLS.

The world was sad! the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled. CAMPBELL.

PONTIUS PILATE. In the neighbourhood of Vienna, about twenty miles from Lyons, stand the ruins of a tall square Roman tower, called the Tour de Mauconseil. The legends of the country affirm that this was the abode of Pontius Pilate, and that in a fit of despair and frenzy he threw himself from its windows into the Rhone, where he perished. This point the good Catholics must settle as they can with the Swiss, who maintain that he drowned himself in a little Alpine lake on the mountain which bears his name; and that the storms by which it is frequently agitated are occasioned by the writhings of his perturbed spirit.

The velocity of the wind varies from nothing up to 100 miles in an hour; but the maximum is variously stated by different authors. According to Smeaton, a gentle breeze moves between four and five miles per hour, and has a force of about two ounces on a foot; a brisk pleasant gale moves from ten to fifteen miles, with a force of twelve ounces; a high wind, thirty to thirty-five miles, with a force of five or six pounds; a hurricane, bearing along trees, houses, &c., has a velocity of one hundred miles, and a force of forty-nine pounds on the square foot.

The female heart, owing to its affinity for the balms and wormwoods that sweeten and embitter life, is a curiosity that every author worthy of perusal delights to analyse.

When at eve, at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope—a native land of love; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal.—MADAME DE STAEL.

——— ———I do believe
That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor;
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeful tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launched our own adventurous bark. F. KEMBLE.

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of time, diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away beneath earth and heaven.

Love, which lives in storms, and often increases in the midst of treachery, cannot always resist the calm of fidelity.

TO MY BROTHER.

My brother! thoughts of early days are ever sweet to me,
The recollections that they bring, are filled with thoughts of thee—
Thou ever wert my chosen friend, in pleasure and in grief;
The first to smile when I was glad, the first to bring relief.

Oh! calmly like a summer brook, our days of friendship past,
Although perchance a "fitful cloud," might sometimes overcast,
The tempest, if at all it came, was very short of life—
And love, more tender, covered o'er the momentary strife.

And though those summer days, so sweet to both of us, are past,
And manhood with its thousand cares is coming on so fast;
Yet as I travel on the world, where fiercer passions rage—
My spirit loves to rest upon that calm and silver age.

Pure days of childhood! ye are gone—your light hath passed away—
But faithful recollection still retains a lingering ray;
The shadow of the joy remains—the substance is not here—
But distance seems to hallow it, and render doubly dear. * * *

WOMAN. When virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven; and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist. The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses. The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart. The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips. Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

WHAT IS LOVE? Is love a mere passion, an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred hearts, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apologue all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive at their formation, the impress of their destiny, however widely separated at their birth, and know and recognise each other when they meet? God forbid!

MATERNAL AFFECTION. What pen can describe all the emotions of joy and sorrow which at times agitate a mother's bosom; the tender solicitudes for the object of her affections—her alarms and dread when in danger of losing it—and her despair when it is gone for ever? A noble Venetian lady, having lost her only son, became a prey to excessive grief. Her confessor endeavoured to console her: he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to sacrifice his son, and which he obeyed without murmuring. "Ah! my father," she replied, with much vehemence, "God never would have commanded such a sacrifice to a mother."

The line which separates regard and love is so fine, that the young heart transgresses the boundary, before it is aware of having even verged upon it.

> All memory is a trance,
> In which love is the fondest of the dreams—
> Or, let us change the image—in the shrine
> Of the veiled soul there is a lyre whose themes
> Are vowed to love—the feelings are its strings.
>
> E. L. BULWER.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF MENTAL EMOTION. George Grokatchi, a Polish soldier, deserted from his regiment in the harvest of the year 1677. He was discovered a few days after, drinking and making merry in an ale-house. The moment he was apprehended he was so much terrified, that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court-martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word; nay, he became as immoveable as a statue, and appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. In the prison to which he was conducted he neither ate nor drank. The officers and priests at first threatened him, and afterwards endeavoured to soothe and console him, but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immoveable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, and he gradually sunk and died.

TO A SINGER.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee, sorrow sings
Perpetual sweetness near—divine despair!
Thou speak'st—and music with her thousand strings,
Gives golden answers from the haunted air.
Thou mov'st—and round thee Grace her beauty flings,
Thou look'st—and love is born! O songstress rare,
Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
In those resistless tones—in those dark eyes? BARRY CORNWALL

Morals impose silence on the laws, and it is they alone that either aggrandise, or overthrow empires.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most tenderly, most dearly, most devoutly do I love a little lock of hair; and, oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing—save that soft, smooth, burnished, golden and glorious fragment of the apparelling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

The best writers and deepest thinkers have usually been but indifferent companions.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns—as the heavens are sometimes overcast, and sometimes fair, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and pains.—BURTON.

THOU NOT HERE.

The stream is sparkling still,
The sky is blue and clear;
And the pine looks proud upon the hill—
And thou not here!

The flowers are all in bloom,
The woodlark warbles near;
And there's beauty's breath in the perfume—
And thou not here!

My heart the fond want feels,
My weary eye and ear
Asks sunshine why around it steals,
And thou not here!

Have I not known thy smile
The wildest winter cheer?
Oh the summer gladness comes like guile
While thou'rt not here! †

How often are associations in the mind so rapid, as to escape our own consciousness!

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

Love certainly is not eloquent; it cannot talk to, but it can talk for ever, of the object.

All earth is but an hour-glass, and the sands that tremble through are men.

The peasant who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the power of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly conversant in the dispute about matter and motion.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

TO MY PAGE.

Thy words would make me hope, dear boy,
That life still yields some treasured sweet;
But that I know its base alloy,
Beguiling, never-ending cheat.

'Tis true, I smile and idly play
With each and every fluttering thing;
But artless all! far on its way
My spirit longs to take its wing.

Yet, if there's aught that life can give,
Pure in its essence, just and true;
I wish to find it, while I live,
In Friendship's vow received from you. MRS. C. WYATT.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts of my early hours, ye come all clothed in light,
And flash upon my mind all beautifully bright.
Thoughts of my girlhood days, ye wear a wilder form,
And beam upon me now, half sunshine and half storm.
Thoughts of that happy time, when love and hope were young,
How fadeless seemed the flowers, across my pathway flung:
Thoughts of the saddened now, their history who can tell?
Mournful and dark they are, to hope the funeral knell! * *.

Talk of the love that outlives adversity! the love that remains with prosperity is a thousand times more rare. The one is the keen, but bracing north wind of existence, that invigorates and nerves for exertion; the other is the enervating hot-breath of summer, which sicklies and weakens our best resolves, makes us feverish, captious, and suspicious even of those we love best.

THE SUN.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection! † †

For every woman of fortune who marries a man of merit and poverty, there are at least fifty men who take unto themselves wives with no other portions than their virtues or attractions.

RELIGION.

Would'st thou be happy? serve and love thy God:
The soul is ever vacant till He comes
And makes therein his dwelling,—then it stands
On the world's edge—enwrapped in contemplation,
And ponders on futurity and heaven.
Until at last, expanding in its size,
It comprehends infinity, and swells
Into immortal and immense desires—
Gigantic as eternity:—then flies
Its sunshine, Godhead, and its home, the skies. * * *

It is a fact confirmed by long observation, that in Rome the period of penance and fasting is the period of crime. Almost every deliberate murder, or other crime of sufficient magnitude to involve capital punishment, is committed at this season. On the other hand, crimes of such enormity rarely occur during the season of games and festivals. The joyous spirit which then prevails moderates the bad passions of the Romans, and appears even to elevate and purify their character.

Salvation is the confluence of every attribute in Deity, extinguishing by contrast whatever else was splendid, while God himself effused the sparkles of heaven upon the question of despair, and dissolved the darkness of human destiny in a flood of everlasting light!—Rev. Dr. Andrews.

DEATH.

An unseen, cold, and uninvited visitor,
Who hustles by the porter at the gate
And the loquacious lackey at the door—
Although it be a palace,—rushes up
Unceremonious, to the inner chamber;
Giveth no card of entrance, doth not knock
Before he enters, though a king be there!
Undraws the curtains of the princely couch,
And tips his arrows in the very room
Where monarchs breathe their last! †

Professional avocations have a deadening influence on the finer sensibilities of the mind—they destroy and annihilate our softer aspirations, and reduce all that we perceive and feel to the dull standard of reality.

The man of superior worth and talents will always be too proud to stoop to the low arts by which vulgar minds are won.

Of all that has been said of a death-bed repentance, the essence may be summed up in a few words—that it is wise to distrust, and presumptuous to deny the efficacy.—CHRISTMAS TALES.

When on his death-bed, Alfieri begged that the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles-Edward Stuart, the Pretender, who was, as the inscription on his tomb records, "his only love," might be brought in; and at the instant he saw her, he exclaimed, "Clasp my hand, my dear friend—I die!" They were the last words he uttered.

HOPE.

Hope is the soul of human life!
When mingling in the toils of strife
We always dream of future rest—
We always dream we shall be blest;
'Mid storms that burst, and clouds that roll—
It sheds abroad a holy light
Dispersing—vanquishing the night:
Hope is of human life the soul!
It is the conqueror that breaks
The deep sleep of the tomb;
The magic talisman, that makes
Earth's wintry desert bloom! DELTA.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! day is declining,
On blue-bell and daisy the dew-drop is shining;
On the down of the thistle thy sweet couch is spread,
And the soft star of even will light thee to bed.
O! haste thee then home—or the ladies of ton,
Will ne'er shine so lovely, until thou art gone!

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! why dost thou linger?
Some arch boy will press thee with spoiler's rude finger;
So in fashion's bright revels, the youth with gay air
Will wound beauty's bosom, and mock her despair.
O! then, haste thee away, on thy gay spotted wing,
Press the thistle's sweet down, but beware of the sting.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As pilgrims bend at sainted shrine,
And breathe to heaven a lowly prayer,
Hoping to view some ray divine,
They leave their costliest offerings there.
Though I can boast no worthy gem,
Which on this altar might be laid;
I'll place my heart, and thus, like them,
Give all—where my devotion's paid! H. W. C.

They have never panted after good, who have not feared evil.

AN EVENING IN ANCIENT GREECE. There was a dreamy stillness in the air—there was a golden glory over the sky—there was music in the far-off hum of distant nature sinking to repose—there was a fragrance in the soft breath of the valley, as it stole timidly through the multitude of drowsy flowers, as if afraid to wake them from their evening sleep; all told of one of those few days which are lost in loveliness from their dawning to the close—so full of every fine essence of joy, that we tremble to see them pass, lest we should never find anything so beautiful on earth again. The whispering murmur of the small long waves as they wooed the quiet sands on the sea shore; the pale and timid lustre of the stars, as they shone out one by one, through the still purple heaven; the slow changes of a rosy cloud, as it dallied with an unseen wind—spoke peace! Peace, the first, the last great blessing—the mightiest of promises—the object of virtue, of wisdom, of knowledge—the only desire that experience leaves—the hope beyond our life—the glory of eternity—peace!

A PORTRAIT.

She moved upon this earth, a shape of brightness!
A power that from its object scarcely drew
One impulse of her being; in her lightness,
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright form of some immortal dream,
Which walks, when tempests sleep, the waves of life's dark stream.

* *

THE COURIER DOVE.

Outstrip the winds, my courier dove,
On pinions fleet and free,
And bear this letter to my love,
Who's far away from me.
It bids him view thy plumes whereon
The changing colours range,
But warns him that my peace is gone
If he shall also change.
It tells him thou return'st again
To her who set thee free;
And, oh! it asks the truant when
He'll thus resemble thee?

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in the human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, and made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side

with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.—ADDISON.

As gratitude can only grow in a virtuous soil, so a virtuous mind will be ever found to possess it.

Flattery is like the smoke of the incense, it defiles the object it pretends to adore.

The wise and good—while they are rising gradually to fame or honour, would have all the praises justly bestowed on them in the end, doubled in the progress of their pursuits, could the world see every step by which they rose.

Few women give into friendship,—to those who have experienced love, friendship is insipid.

LONDON.

Terrible city! London—thou
Who liftest like a queen thy brow;
Stern, cold, and proud, the night when first
Thy mighty world upon me burst:
Houses, yet none of them my home,
  Faces, of which I knew not one—
I felt more than I ever felt—
  A stranger—utterly alone. L. E. L.

The happiness of our lives depends much on the active performance of the duties of our station; nor have we any right to infer, that, if they are not properly discharged they would be better if we moved in a more exalted sphere: usefulness is confined to no station, and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart, and activity of mind.

MEMORY.

What is Memory? 'tis the light
  Which hallows life—a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night;
  An echo—Time the passing sound:
A mirror—its bright surface shows
  Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret:
A generous spring, a beam which glows
  Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf, nor storm, nor blight can fade;
  An ark in Time's bereaving sea—
A perfume from a flower decayed—
  A treasure for Eternity!

Eternity!—the only theme that confuses, humbles, and alarms the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp any defined space, any defined time, however vast; but this is beyond time, and too great for the limited conception of man. It had no beginning, and can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, it cannot be divided, it cannot be added unto: you may try to abstract from it, but it is useless. Take millions and millions of years from it, take all the time that can enter into the compass of your imagination, it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost. Think on it—the brain becomes heated and oppressed with a sensation of weight, too powerful for it to bear—reason totters in her seat, and you rise with the conviction of the impossibility of the creature's attempting to fathom the Creator—humiliated with the sense of your own nothingness, and impressed with the tremendous majesty of the Deity:

Time is man—Eternity is God!

The world is a great book that will give those proper information who learn to read it.

MATERIALS FOR POETRY. Good sense is the body of poetic genius; fancy its drapery; motion its life; and imagination the soul that is every where, and on such, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

What is the one bright star
  All others far above
Undimmed by darkest clouds?
    The star of Love!

What is the fairest flower
  Blooming where'er we rove,
Living 'mid clouds and storms?
    The flower of Love!

What cheers amid the crowd
  In palace, cot, or grove,
And makes all nature glad?
    The smile of Love!

And where the star, the flower,
  The smile soft as the dove?
Seek and you'll find them all
    In Woman's Love. * * *

The chronology of the heart disdains all ordinary modes of calculation.

Few faculties more deserve or better repay cultivation than that of the imagination,—it is the soil whence flowers and fruits equally spring.

The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. WORDSWORTH.

If there be a situation wherein woman may be deemed to appropriate angelic attributes, it is when she ministers, as only woman can to the wants, and the weakness of the invalid! Whose hand like hers can smooth his pillow? whose voice so effectually silence the querulousness of his temper, or soothe the anguish of his disease? Proffered by her, the viand hath an added zest, and even the nauseous medicament is divested of its loathsomeness.

The character of poetry has always fluctuated with the times.

THE DEATH-BED OF AN EMPRESS. The death-bed of the Empress Maria-Louisa of Austria, was a very remarkable one: when she was near her dissolution one of the ladies in waiting said she was sleeping. "No," said she, "I could not sleep, if I would indulge repose; but I am conscious of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep,—I wish to meet my dissolution awake." She died shortly after.

Byron says, in a note to his "Bride of Abydos," that the following line has met with objections:—

"The mind the music breathing from her face;"

and continues in the following eloquent manner:—"I will not refer to him who 'hath not music in soul,' but merely request the reader to recollect for ten seconds the features of the woman whom he believes to be most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. There is an eloquent passage in the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between painting and music, in the 3d vol. cap. 10, De L'Allemagne. And is not this connexion still stronger in the original than the copy,—with the colouring of nature than of art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described. Still, I think there are some who will understand me, at least they would have done so had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination, but memory; that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied."

As the boundaries of science are enlarged, the empire of imagination is diminished.

The insincerity of friendship is repugnant to nature itself.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

In truth she was a light and lovely thing,
Fair as the opening flow'ret of the spring:
The deep rose crimson'd in her laughing cheek,
And her eyes seem'd without the tongue to speak;
Those dark blue glorious orbs!—Oh! summer skies
Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes. MRS. NORTON.

VIRGINIA WATER. To the light and gay we would say, visit the Virginia Water under a bright sky; look upon the lake, when it breaks into dimples and laughs with the sun; go, when the flowers are blushing in the light, and the birds carolling among the boughs—when nature has put on her gayest robe, for no where does she wear it more gracefully; but to the world-worn who have lived to see clouds obscure the sun, and storms wither the flower,—to the poet whose existence is rather one of feeling than of fact, and to the spirit bowed on whom the blight of care has fallen, we say, wander there in the moonlight, when the nightingale is alone with its melody—when that mystic and mysterious voice is amid the leaves which sounds like the language of an unknown world; when the tall trees throw their long shadows far across the waters, then wander through the woods and glades of the Virginia Water, and all sweet moods and memories be with you.

FLORENCE. A little below Pratolino, the road winds round an oak-covered hill, and on emerging from the woods, the rocky summit of Monte Senario, with its convent and cypress groves, the olive-covered hill of Fresole, consecrated by the genius of Milton, and Florence with its domes and towers; the silver stream of the Arno, and its classic vale, break upon the view in all their rich combination of beauty; antique towers o'ergrown with ivy, old convents and picturesque ruins, crown the distant summits, and realise the remark of Ariosto, "that the soil appeared to produce palaces."

TO MY CHILD.

Child of my heart—my sweet, my lov'd first-born,
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours;
Thou rainbow, who dost come when all the showers
Are past and passing—rose which hath no thorn,
No pain, no blemish—pure and unforlorn;
Untouched, untainted—oh! my flower of flowers,
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers:
To seamen stranded, life assuring morn.
Welcome! a thousand welcomes! care who clings
Round all, seems loosening now her snake-like fold,
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems
Cast back into her youth of endless springs;
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

What some ancient writer says of iron may be applied to poetry—its use is the first step to civilization, and civilization is freedom.

> Love! love! there are soft smiles and gentle words,
> And there are faces, skilful to put on
> The look we trust in; but 'tis mockery all!
> A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing
> The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
> The thirst that semblance kindled! There is none
> In all this cold and hollow world—no fount
> Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
> A mother's heart. MRS. HEMANS.

He who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one appeared before, is, in the eye of reason and philosophy, a nobler agent than the hero who mows down whole ranks of chivalry, and impurples half a province with the blood of armies uselessly slain.

THE SOUL. What makes the soul so valuable? Its immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will still exist: amazing thought! Will it never tire? Will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? Will the wheel never be broken at the cistern? Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As heaven's wall shall gather no mosses from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of heaven not one shall be seen leaning upon his staff for very age! What! like the angels never grow old! to be always the same through dateless centuries as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself? Oh no! the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a sulphureous tree, or jutting wall, which in Gehenna's cavern, or burning fields, may afford him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on.—REV. DR. ANDREWS.

Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which covers Futurity has been woven by the hand of Mercy.

The word "daisy" is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology,—"the eye of day."—CAMPBELL.

Youth is ever confiding, and we can almost forgive its disinclination to follow the counsels of age, for the sake of the generous disdain with which it rejects suspicion.

> Oh! many a shaft at random sent
> Finds aim the archer little meant;
> And many a word at random spoken,
> May soothe or wound a heart that's broken. SIR W. SCOTT.

Gulnare, the name of the heroine of Lord Byron's "Corsair," means, literally, The flower of the pomegranate.

> She died! yet scarcely can we call it death,
> When heaven so gently draws the parting breath.
> She was translated to a finer sphere;
> For what could match or make her happy here?

True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream, to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul; and if it does not necessarily include, at least it reflects, a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

In the poet's communications with the world, in his commerce with society, many things tend to strike him with chagrin, and to fret his temper. His thoughts are not as their thoughts, and the thirst of fame is more congenial to his ideas than the love of riches; but in the prospect of a landscape he perceives images of beauty and delight offering themselves to his unsated gaze, "without money, and without price," silent beneath the cope of a still heaven, or stirred into a beautiful agitation by its breezes.

> He was the last of all his house, and, from
> His very boyhood, a "severer gloom"
> Than such as marks the child, gathered and grew
> Around him, like an overshadowing veil;
> And yet at times—often when some sad tale
> Was told—from out that seeming darkness flew
> Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
> Burn'd with the lightning of his brain, and then
> He spoke and look'd more proudly. * * *

Who is so unhappy as to have been always ignorant of the delights that attend the progress of the universal passion, till at last every look, every word is love; when the rustle of the garment, the fall of the foot, are known afar off; when silence itself is interpreted, and the very atmosphere breathes of the beloved?

WIDOWHOOD. A widow hath always been a mark for mockery; a standing butt for wit to level at. Jest after jest hath been huddled upon her close cap, and stuck like burrs upon her weeds: her sables are a perpetual black joke. Satirists, prose and verse, have made merry with her bereavements. She is a stock character on the stage; farce bottleth up her crocodile tears, or labelleth her empty lachrymatories; comedy mocketh her precocious flirtation; tragedy even girdeth

at her frailty, and twitteth her with "the funeral baked meats, coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables." They are like the Hebrews, a proverb and a byword amongst nations; and accordingly, a class, that by our milder manners is merely ridiculed, on the ruder banks of the Ganges is literally *roasted*. —CHARLES LAMB.

The child when "delightfully dwells he mid fays and talismans" is not only rich in present pleasure, but is unconsciously now nourishing a sense which, through all after life, will prove one of his purest sources of enjoyment.

THE CROSSES OF LIFE.

Death takes away the happy and the young,
And life that is most loathsome is most long;
And smiles are given to those who prize them not;
And scorn and coldness are the fond one's lot;
And honours come to those who shrink from fame,
And smothers many a soul of flame:
Those whom we don't like, ev'ry day will call,
And those we do like, never come at all.

It must be confessed that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour; but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, ours is the disgrace.

Clouds and vapours which threaten to obscure the horizontal sun, are often converted into fleeces of gold and silver; or are made, when stretched into curtain-work of fire and tresses of flame, to embody the very radiance they would conceal, and to extend a royal drapery around the rising king of day.

Reading perfects nature.

EVENING PERFUMES.

"The actions of the just, like flowers, give out the richest perfume at evening."—MADAME DE STAEL.

Didst thou e'er note at the evening hour,
The fragrance breathed from every flower?
More delicate far, more richly sweet,
Than the scent it yields in the noon-day heat.

The balmy clusters of Mignonette,
Or the Heliotrope—more fragrant yet,
Or the unpretending briar, we greet
With its title so truly earned—"the sweet."

Or the Jessamine—Poesy's favourite—
Or the virgin Clematis, whose wreaths of white
Droop o'er the trellis—hang on the wall,
Just as the snow-flakes there might fall.

So when the years of the just decay,
And their days, like evening, fade away,
Their deeds will yield, like grateful flowers,
The sweetest scent in the closing hours. SOPHIA H.

Sweet is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow ray of a departing sun, it falls tenderly, yet sadly on the heart.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Many poets and poetical writers of prose, as Cowley, Cowper, Rousseau, and Wordsworth, have felt a delight in solitude, from their feelings not being there so much exposed to those jarring discrepancies of society, which tend to lower our ideas of human nature.

The triumph of women lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

All the pomp, all the glitter, all the distinctions of life, are despicable as the playthings of a child, when amidst the sublimities and solitudes of nature, we commune with God and his works.

A Sunday in the country is so holy in its repose, such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

A woman can never be free—it is the distinction of the sex which is weakest both in soul and body, to be always under protection and guidance; and she ought never to wish to weaken the bonds that make her dependent on the will and opinion of another.

Madame de Staël praises in monuments their noble inutility. Yet how can that which moves affection be useless?

THE VOICE OF FAME.

A thrilling voice is thine, O Fame—a deep and thrilling voice;
Thou biddest those who hear its call, rise upwards and rejoice;
For thee the chieftain leaves his hall, the monarch quits his throne,
The warrior girds his war-sword on, to claim thee as his own.

"Stern manhood" craveth for thy boon, and thine are boyhood's dreams,
For thee the poet trims his lamp, and studieth by its beams;
For thee the lover quits the one to whom he breathed his vow;
The soldier mounts his noble steed, to gird thee round his brow.

I love thee, for thou art to me the brightest 'mid the bright,
Each thought of thee breathes o'er my heart a voiceful cheering light;
I would not quit the hope I hold, for all man prizeth most;
Thou art my gem, my joy, my star, my pride, my love, my boast. †

Genius, well directed, merits every encomium that the gratitude of those who are benefited by its noble labours can lavish on its undertakings and achievements.

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy—recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed—but in another world, and with another sun.

All our real labour lies in a nut-shell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one Herculean effort—and the rest is mechanical.

TO IANTHE.

Flower of my spirits, bud of my sight,
Blossom of beauty, rose of delight;
The spring of my bosom's lone desert art thou—
The shrine where I breathe the soft words of each vow.
A rose art thou, Mary, and yet without thorn—
A sun without even, a star without morn;
Music and beauty thine attributes are,
Sweet essence of all that is fragrant and fair. * *

The king of terrors himself turned pale when Jesus expired, and the arches of hell were hung in mourning, when he said—"It is finished!"

Heaven doth work
By many agencies; and in its hour
There is no insect which the summer breeze
From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may serve
Its deep unsearchable purpose, as well
As the great ocean, or the eternal fires
Pent in earth's caves! MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound,
Piercing the tumult of the seas,
That wildly dash around:
From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees;
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze.

And blessings, blessings on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow;
Kind hearts, although they know me not,
Like mine, must beat and glow.
And blessings from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze! MRS. HEMANS.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects, a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of thee! P. B. SHELLEY.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtue.

Conscience, that vicegerent of God in the human heart. whose "still small voice" the loudest revelry cannot drown.

THE MOTHER PRAYING.

Lo! she is praying.
See, see before her, slumbering mild,
A fair hair'd and a faded child;
He is her son—could any other
Look with such rapt look save a mother?
That bosom which seems nigh the bursting,
Yon child was suckled, nestled, nurst in;
Those lips which o'er his sick bed hung—
Have shrieked for him the birth-time pang.
Oh! of all mortal pangs there's nought
So dreadful as the death of thought.
He wakes, he smiles, looks up and there
He rises, God hath heard her prayer:
In all Rome's miracles there's nought
Like that a mother's prayers have wrought.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WISDOM IN YOUTH. He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of latter life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you; and who can, if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished there for want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you. The ancients fabled part of this lesson in the history of Phaëton, who vainly attempted to guide the chariot of Apollo. The world is too much for juvenile sagacity; and he must have become greyheaded who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of Nature, and the subtleties of human life, without being either crushed by the one, or duped by the other.—REV. DR. ANDREWS.

Wisdom is an open fountain, whose waters are not to be sealed up, but be kept running for the benefit of all.

The truth generally lies between the extremes of unqualified censure, and undistinguishing approbation.

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

Praise and wine strengthen, provided they do not intoxicate.

Friendship as often freezes in the atmosphere of apathy, as it consumes in the blaze of anger.

BYRON'S VIOLETS.*

She came with the young violets,
The fairest of the field;
And bade them breathe the gratitude
Her glowing heart concealed.

From Nature's book of poesy
She took the leaves new blown—
They spoke unto the British bard
In language like his own.

The summer azure of the heart,
That gratitude imprints;
The violet's velvet leaf reveal'd,
In all its softest tints.

The glowing tear of gladden'd age,
Contentment's sparkling spell,
Breath'd in the bright and balmy dew,
That from the fair leaves fell.

The pious prayer of thankfulness
That seeks its source on high;
Was wafted softly on the breath
Of the silent violet's sigh.

There's not a flower that ever bound
The poet's radiant brow,
That may compete with the soft grace
Of these sweet violets now.

Amid his laurel wreath of fame
They glow with lovely light;
And breathe a balm on Byron's name,
That makes it bland as bright.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

Those high minds which, with creative genius, have given, in whatever form, a permanent being to the conceptions of sublime imagination, whether they have embodied their thoughts in marble, in colours, or in imperishable words, have all trained and enriched their genius in self-meditation. That eloquence which preserves in living form the character of men and nations, which has swayed the passions, or enlightened the reason of multitudes,—that poetry which has poured forth, in awful or dazzling shapes, imagery of the inmost passions and feelings of men, and made almost the soul itself a visible being, the very powers which Bacon imparted to the science of nature, he drew from the science of mind. It was in the study of the mind itself, that he found the true principles which must guide natural philosophy.

Though joy itself be transient and fleeting, it is preceded by long hope, and followed by yet longer recollections.

They who talk from thought and reflection are rarely eloquent.

* Maria Montanari, an old woman of ninety-five, was an object of Lord Byron's bounty, during his residence at Ravenna, in 1821. In testimony of her gratitude she brought him some violets.

MUSIC.

There's music in the sighing of a reed,—
There's music in the gushing of a rill,—
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

BYRON. The sceptre of his power is, indeed, girt with the wings of an angel, but it is also wreathed with earth-born serpents; and while we admire, we must sigh—and shudder while we bow.

GENOA. In the arsenal of the palace at Genoa, are some light cuirasses, made purposely for some Genoese ladies, who intended to join a crusade against the infidels. These female warriors were at length persuaded to give up their design, by Pope Boniface the Eighth, who himself wrote a letter for that purpose.

THE SPELL OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief.

Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—dear home! BERNARD BARTON.

FIDELITY OF WOMAN.

———Thou shalt stand
A deity, sweet woman, and be worshipped.

Home comprises all the space that a woman should desire to shine in.

ARIOSTO. At Ferrara, in the Benedictine convent, is a full-length portrait of Ariosto; it is in a paradise, and the poet is placed between St. Catherine and St. Sebastian. He intimated his desire to be thus painted to Garafolo, in the following curious sentence: "Put me in your paradise, because I shall not go in the other."

To cultivate the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance, at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is almost as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn, every thing bleak and bare; and there will be but a drowsy residuum in place of healthful nourishment to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.

DISTANCE. Distance in truth produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective; objects are softened and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary

points of character are melted down; and those by which it is remembered, are the more striking outlines, that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists, too, in the mental as in the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is with the mind as with the soil—it must be allowed to lie fallow occasionally; and when so unemployed its possessor is no more to be called idle, than a skilful farmer at one period of the rotation of his crop is to be called lazy.

The throb of the heart is the voice of fate.—SCHILLER.

> The tooth of malice never rankles more,
> Than when it bites and healeth not the sore.

Do the frowns of fate startle you? Fear her smiles yet more.

We disdain the maxim, that, when beauty, or any thing else, is unadorned, "it is adorned the most." It was Thompson who said this. But Thompson, beside being a poet and a sloven, was a Scotchman; and consequently knew nothing about the matter. Even truth herself cannot afford to go naked; what affectation is it, then, in a poor forked animal like man, to pretend an indifference about what is essential to distinguish him from the rest of his fellow beings! Other animals can reflect, and reason, and resolve; can anticipate, and act, and suffer, and choose; can love, and hate, and revenge: but man alone can dress, can choose the cut and colour of his coat, and whether it shall have a high collar or a low one, a long waist, a short waist, or no waist at all; or, what is of more consequence than all, whether it shall be a Stultz or Nugee, or "a deed without a name." Man, therefore, for ever must be the noblest of animals.

> Had limner's hand
> Traced such a heavenly brow and such a lip,
> I would have sworn the knave had dreamed it all,
> In some fair vision of some fairer world;
> See how she stands, all shrin'd in loveliness!
> Her white hands clasped; her clustering locks thrown back
> From her high forehead, and in those bright eyes
> Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light
> That fall from those surpassing orbs as though
> The starry eyes of heaven wept silver dew. FANNY KEMBLE.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone for ever.

A woman should be the directing power that sets the machine of domestic life in motion, but she ought to be as careful that her influence is rather felt than seen, as a good watchmaker will be to exclude from the sight, the spring on which the watch depends.

TRUE LOVE.

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush,
And falls unseen, until its bright drops strew
With odours—herb and flower, and bank and bush,
Oh! love when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first breathed words and her half conscious blush
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring—
The first hour of true love is worth our worshipping.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

VERSATILITY OF TALENT. Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being one of the greatest painters of his age. The prince of painters was a courtier, a lover, and fond of dress and company. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent—a writer of sonnets (which Wordsworth hath thought worth translating), and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a lutenist and a satirist. Titian was an elegant letter-writer and a perfect gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses are more polished and classical than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself, doze over it, or vary his pursuits, or else be idle.—HAZLITT.

In joining contrasts lieth love's delight,
Complexion, stature, nature, mateth it
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites:
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylphs,
And breasts that case the lover's fear-proof heart
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell:
Haply for this on Afric's swarthy neck
Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,
That makes the orient poor! so with degrees,
Rank passes by the circlet graced brow
Upon the forehead bare of nobleness,
To print the nuptial kiss. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Musical composers have one advantage over authors—their beauties can neither be injured by time, nor impaired by bad translators.

The intellectual faculties are in no one always in a state of tension, or capable of projecting those thoughts which in happier moments are cast forth with perfect ease; and which, when thrown out by the imagination or the fancy, constitute the charm, and form the essence of poetry.

To a fond parent, who would not have his child corrected for a perverse trick, but excused it, saying it was a small matter, Solon very well replied, "Ay, but custom is a great one."—LOCKE.

After all the good instruction that can be given, example must go hand in hand with precept. If children receive solemn injunctions against a vice which they see their parents practise, or exhortations to the performance of a duty they see them neglect, the precept will be more likely to excite ridicule in the youthful mind than observance.—MRS. KING.

O WERE I BUT A THING OF LIGHT.

O were I but a thing of light,
To float upon the air,
And mingle with the spirits bright
In happy wandering there:
I'd track each sun-beam as it sped
To gladden hall and bower,
And when the light of heaven had fled,
I'd rest within a flower.

O were I but a thing of light,
No earthly care to know,
To smile when nature's mood was bright,
And weep but for her woe;
Yet like her tear when day is past,
Her smile at morning's beam,
My sorrows might as briefly last,
My joys as sweetly gleam. MISS WOLLASTON.

It was well observed by Pythagoras, that ability and necessity dwell near each other.

The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence, which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain, which alone is common to all.

It is with the ages of man, as with the world, the early scenes are ever better than the succeeding ones, and the earliest the best.

There are three sorts of nobility—divine, worldly, and moral; the divine depends upon the power of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

We cannot command the gifts of fortune, or titles, but we may deserve them.

We cannot command bright talents and extensive capacities, but we may make those we have, useful to ourselves and others.

We have so great an idea of the human soul, that we cannot bear the thought of wanting its regard and esteem; and it is this united esteem and regard which composeth all the happiness of man.—PASCAL.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is a power the soul to cheer
  In sorrow's darksome day;
And make e'en Winter's gloom appear
  As beautiful as May!
A star whose ever-beaming ray
  Is borrowed from above;
And lights the wanderer on his way
  'Tis gentle Woman's Love!

'Tis Woman's Love that gives to joy
  The brightest gem she wears;
And when Hope's festival is by,
  Can dry the mourner's tears:
They sin, who tell us woman's heart
  No stedfast faith may prove;
Sooner will life itself depart
  Than constant Woman's Love!

Like ivy o'er a wither'd tree,
  It blooms around decay;
And lives when that it loved, may be
  For ever passed away:
It lives, though suffering more than word
  Or thought may ever prove;
And not a sigh or tear records
  A Woman's blighted Love!

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAY FLOWERS.

TIME. There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident; it is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space, a portion out of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing of years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and not what we have suffered, that makes us old.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation. But when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment. MOORE.

BEAUTY.

Oh! what a pure and sacred thing
  Is beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
  One only mansion with her light.

Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
  The flower that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sun-beams, dothnot lie
  Hid in more chaste obscurity.

MOORE.

All the worth of some persons lies in their great names, or the mighty pretensions with which they are ushered to our notice; but when we come to be near and to observe them, all the opinions we had formed upon their merit disappears, and we find that it was only the distance which had formerly imposed upon us.

It has been wisely observed, that the body cannot be healthy unless it be exercised; neither can the mind. Indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing else to think of but calamities, no wonder but it dwells there.

Children should be taught to feel deference, not to practise submission.—MARY W. GODWIN.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

——— She passed away,
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Lay only down to slumber—then forbear
To let on her blest ashes fall a tear;
Or if thou'rt too much woman, softly weep,
Lest grief disturb the silence of her sleep.

Were governments Christian, they would not violate the repose of countries. Were people Christian, they would not hire themselves out to kill without knowing why; the military profession would be at an end. There would not be less courage in the world. The first Christian dared to die, but not to fight. They would not kill at Cæsar's command, but they submitted to be killed, and dying, overthrew the altars of his gods.—Fox.

A TRUTH. It is always a proof of false refinement, when a fastidious taste overpowers sympathy.—MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

For the sake of health, medicines are taken by weight and measure: so ought food to be, or by some similar rule.—SKELTON.

WOMEN. Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if you fail to attend to it or abuse it.—HOGG.

The greatest beauty in female dress is that which is most simple, and at the same time gracefully adapted to exhibit the natural beauty of the female form. This simplicity should be observed even in colour; a profusion of tawdry and glaring colours bespeaks a tasteless and vulgar mind, even if the wearer were a duchess. Colour should also always be adapted to complexion. Ladies with delicate rosy complexions look well in white and light blue better than dark colours, while, on the contrary, sallow hues of complexion will not bear these colours near them, and imperatively require dark, quiet colours to give them beauty; yellow is the most trying and dangerous of all, and can only be worn by the rich-toned, healthy-looking brunette.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell—the spring, with all spring flowers, will come
To bless and cheer thee in thy woodland home,
With all her gladdening spells and wildering tones,
Her vernal treasures, stain'd like precious stones,
Her wandering scents, her rainbow-splendours bright,
Her dancing waves, like floods of silvery light,
Her flower-awakening smiles, her hurrying birds,
And golden airs, that waft love's murmur'd words,
And soften them to music more divine!
Alas! some other voice perchance than mine
May pour its plaint in thy forgetful ear:
Yet no! I will not nurse those thoughts of fear.
Oh, tell me—will thy soul remember still?
Will thy swoln heart and quicken'd pulses thrill
With recollected tones of mine, once dear
Beyond all heaven's spring music to thine ear?
To golden lands I go; to glorious shores,
Where the sweet sunshine streams, and heaves and pours,
As though 'twould turn each glittering leaf to fire,
Which thrills and murmurs like a wakening lyre
To the rich musk-winds breathings; sweeping past,
With spells and gifts, that e'en might flush the waste:
Where birds, flowers, skies, magnificently strange,
Astonish and enchant with ceaseless change!
Yet though they momently may touch and charm
My melancholy heart, till throng and swarm
Emotions long suppress'd—too soon, alas!
These fine emotions melt away and pass. Lady E. S. Wortley.

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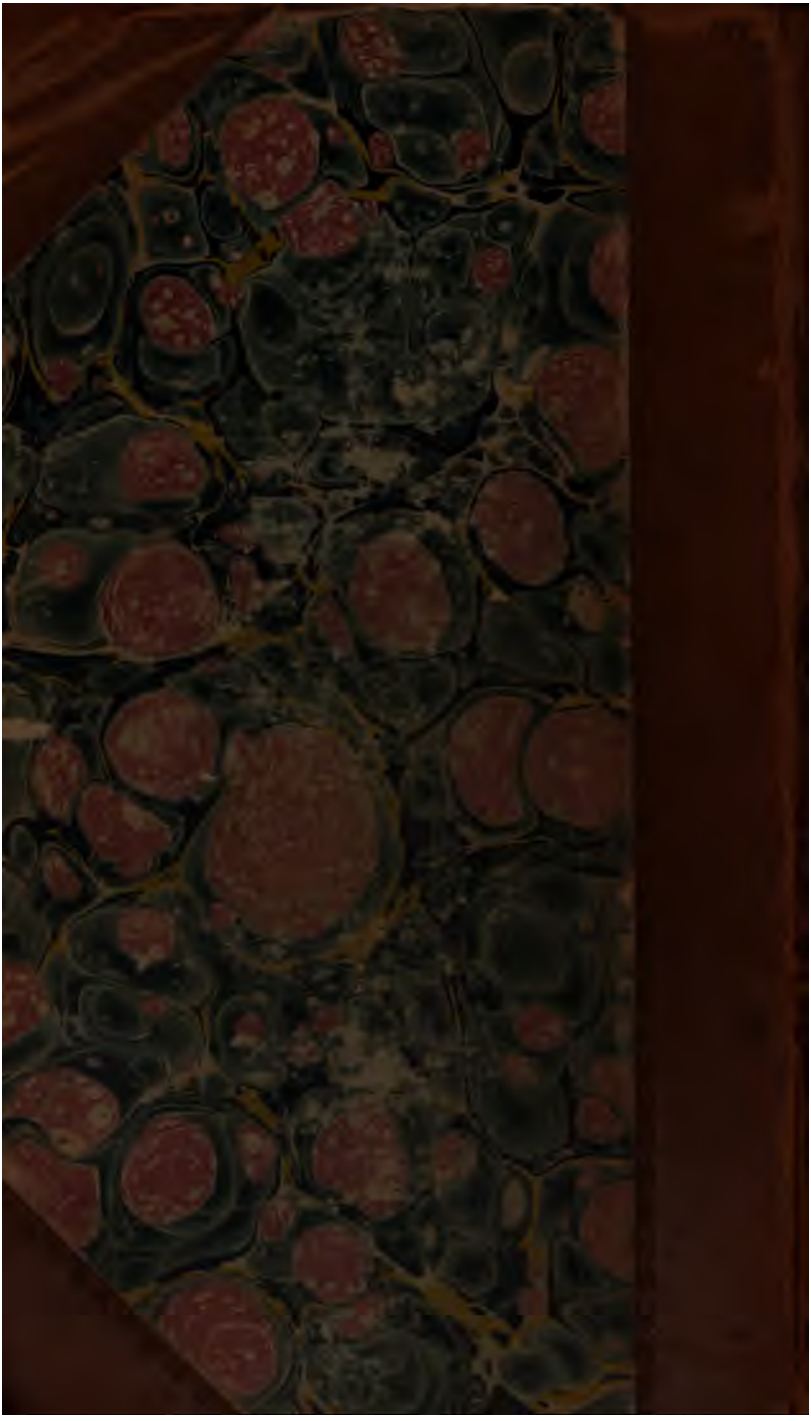
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